

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

November



15c



Spotlight Cover of
Jeanette MacDonald

Win Free 39-Day Mediterranean Cruise!

The Real Story of Randy Scott's Secret Marriage

5106



“How about a week from Thursday?”

Her phone was always ringing . . . would she like to see this? . . . would she like to go there? . . . could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It's the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, *do* whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because

of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Safe

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine's Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas

on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

If you like
Listerine Antiseptic,
chances are you'll like
Listerine Tooth Paste.
162 brushings in the big,
double-size tube, 40¢.
Regular size, 25¢.

"Ridiculous"



SAYS
MODERN
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Intelligent"



SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"**R**IDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about

tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

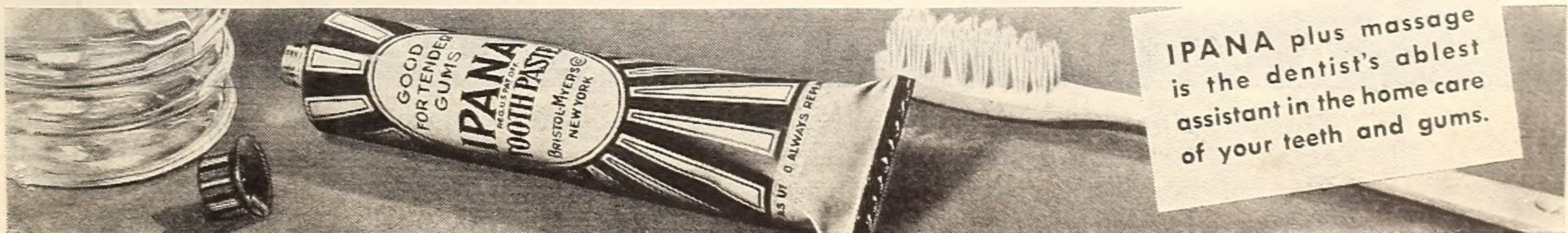
"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well

as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and *switch* today!



IPANA plus massage
is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.



Jean
HARLOW
William
POWELL
Myrna
LOY
Spencer
TRACY

IN
LIBELED LADY

with **WALTER CONNOLLY**
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Production

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

OCT -1 1936

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OCT 22 1936

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director



THE TEMPTATIONS of ROBERT TAYLOR

The current Hollywood phenomenon is that young man whose fan mail exceeds that of any other actor; who in his brief career has already played opposite some of the most dazzling cinema beauties; and whose new rôle is the most exciting of all—leading man to Greta Garbo in "Camille."

Robert Taylor has so far withstood all the Hollywood temptations to take himself seriously. How will he react to this new assignment, admittedly the most difficult ever given a young actor? In the next issue of SCREENLAND—the December number—an exclusive story will tell you not only Taylor's reactions to "Camille" but also to the exacting private life of a great new romantic idol. You will enjoy this forthcoming feature whether you're a Taylor idolater or merely an amused spectator of the ever-changing Hollywood scene.

Remember—watch for the December issue of SCREENLAND, on sale at all newsstands November 3rd. Better reserve your copy NOW!

November, 1936

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	19
Win a Free Cruise to "The Garden of Allah." New Contest.....		20
Jeanette MacDonald's Merry Romance.....	Elizabeth Wilson	22
James Cagney, Rollicking Rebel.....	Dena Reed	23
The Real Story of Randy Scott's Secret Marriage.....	Jerry Asher	24
Kay Francis in "Stolen Holiday." Fictionization.....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	26
Is Society Ruining Hollywood?.....	Liz Williams	28
Most Exciting Newcomer. Simone Simon.....	Ida Zeitlin	30
Movie-Go-Round. Stars in Paris.....	Stiles Dickenson	31
When Collegians Tackle Hollywood. John Howard, Frances Farmer.....	Ben Maddox	32
Ann Is Happy Again. Ann Harding.....	Hettie Grimstead	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
Distant Star. Fiction.....	Margaret E. Sangster	54
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Josephine Hutchinson.....		56
SCREENLAND's All-Star Fashion Show.....		58
Mrs. Eddy's Boy, Nelson.....	Merlin Pierce	60
Basil Rathbone's "Busman's Holiday".....	Ruth Tildesley	62

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Go West Young Romance! Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur. Our Own Little Bubble Dancer, Ginger Rogers. Arline Advances. Arline Judge. Unhand That Woman! Watch Their Smoke! When Any Girl Meets Robert Taylor! When Mezzo Meets MacMurray. Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray. Mood Tragic. Barbara Stanwyck. Mood Merry. Olivia de Havilland. It's Silly, But We Like It! Jessie Matthews, Modern As Tomorrow, in her 16th Century English Home. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page.....		6
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	8
Inside the Stars' Homes. Loretta Young.....	Betty Boone	10
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		12
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		14
Ask Me!.....	Miss Vee Dee	16
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	64
Shining Eyes Are Key to Beauty. Beauty Article.....	Elin Neil	66
Femi-Nifties.....		74

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Jeanette MacDonald by Marland Stone.

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SCREENLAND

Honor Page

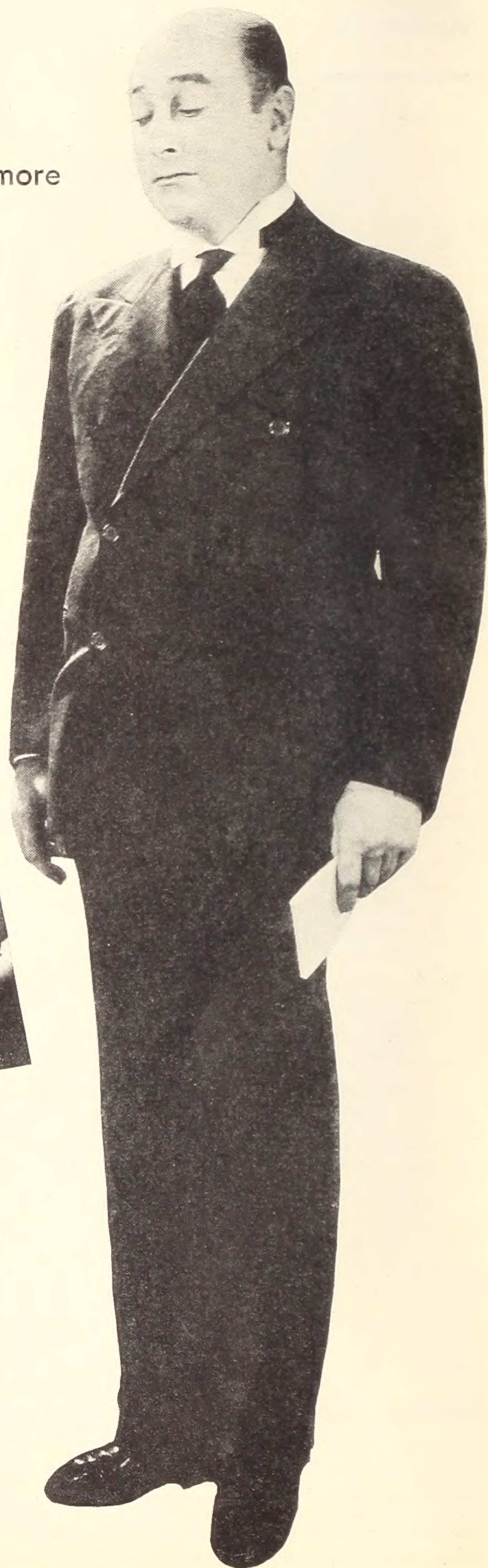


Hail Eric, the elegant Blore!
In films he is *never* a bore.
When called on to buttle
His fun is so subtle—
We wish we could see Eric more

That priceless artist, Eric Blore, is one of the true aristocrats of the screen, although almost invariably cast as a valet or butler. Right, a brooding portrait. Left, with Bob Montgomery; and below, stealing a scene from Frank Morgan, and that's no mean feat!



ONE of the grandest zanies ever to grace a screen—and when we say grace we mean it, for his fond flutterings and hoverings are as exceptional as Astaire's stepping—Eric Blore has recently surpassed even himself as the sublime butler or marvellous "man" to Robert Montgomery in "Piccadilly Jim." He is the reincarnation of Wodehouse wit in this gay and clever picturization of a "P.G." classic; and he manages, despite the competing presence of Montgomery, Madge Evans, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, and Cora Witherspoon, to steal the show every time he's "on." We have cheered Eric Blore ever since "The Gay Divorce," but we want to call your particular attention to the fact that, as one of the many unstarred stars of Hollywood, he has propped many a limping scene and halting situation, rescued more than one movie from dullness, and finally, in "Piccadilly Jim," comes into his own. Long may he save indifferent films from oblivion!



"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good
old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin' — the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D.T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.



A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."



Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the book-makers took more aspirin.



"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"



Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with

FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

TAGGING the ALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52 and 53



Follow
Your
Heart
Republic

Plenty of eye and ear appeal here, what with Marion Talley's excellent vocalizing reproducing smoothly, and a series of very lavish dance and stage spectacles bringing up the finale. It starts off on a humorous note with the family affairs of a musically-inclined household, develops a pleasing romance between Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett, and swings into the elaborate ending. It aims to entertain, and it does.



Sing,
Baby,
Sing
20th Cen.-
Fox

A mad, bad movie, but fun. Not always in the best of taste, this hilarious "romance" of a middle-aged movie idol and a pretty little torch-singer is highly burlesqued but always interest-sustaining. Adolphe Menjou gives a perfectly swell characterization, and Alice Faye has never been better—in fact, never as good—as the night-club cutie. The Ritz Brothers, Patsy Kelly, and Ted Healy add boisterousness to a hearty show.



China
Clipper
Warners

Warners dramatize for the screen another chapter in the history of aviation, with a film that has wide interest in telling about the development of plane service between the U. S. and China. Pat O'Brien is the flyer with a dream of air transportation to the Orient, a dream he drives on to realize even at the sacrifice of his own happiness. Pat, Humphrey Bogart, Ross Alexander, and Beverly Roberts all score.



Old
Hutch
M-G-M

Another leisurely, camera-wise performance by Wallace Beery, and a film to more than please the star's particular following. He plays a lazy, shiftless, but good-natured sort—the type Wally has so often played. When he finds a fortune it becomes a problem pretending to work so he can spend some of the money. Elizabeth Patterson is the sacrificial wife and Cecelia Parker and Eric Linden are the love interest.



How To
Vote
M-G-M

Here's Robert Benchley again, and funnier, if possible, than he was in his previous minor masterpiece, "How to Train a Dog." This time Mr. Benchley calls upon himself to substitute for an absent member at a political meeting, and with the aid of an intricate map and his lively imagination, puts on a great show. There is nothing funnier anywhere than Mr. Benchley in his deprecatory mood and his apologetic grin.



A Son
Comes
Home
Paramount

Mary Boland in her first serious dramatic rôle on the screen emerges with honors, but this one part does not establish Mary as a dramatic star equal in brilliance to her eminent position as a comedienne. The picture is interesting and has strong appeal, as it relates the story of a hard-working woman who must turn her son over to the law for a murder he committed. Julie Haydon and Donald Woods, excellent.

Every-
thing Is
Thunder
Gaumont-
British



But, alas, no lightning to illumine the earnest and really interesting efforts of Constance Bennett, who's called upon to produce emotional storms out of a pallid sky of story material. The same may be said of Douglass Montgomery, and that fine character actor, Oscar Homolka. It is all about an English officer who escapes a German prison camp, is shielded by a German girl. They fall in love. Fairish.

Lady Be
Careful
Paramount



A changed name and much-altered plot brings the rowdy "Sailor Beware" stage play to the screen as a gay rather than naughty offering. Here's real good fun for everybody, with Lew Ayres as the shy gob, Larry "Buster" Crabbe as the Marine, Mary Carlisle, Benny Baker, and other good players. Ayres may well re-establish himself as a popular favorite with this, and Mary Carlisle will advance far for her work.



Draeger-
man
Courage
Warners

Good—surprisingly so in view of the comparatively modest efforts in the way of production expense. There is an exciting, melodramatic element prevailing throughout the working out of the plot based on the rescue of three men entombed by a mine cave-in. Barton MacLane as head of the workers, and Jean Muir as his sweetheart give their parts dramatic realism, as do Henry O'Neill, Robert Barrat, and others.



To Mary
—With
Love
20th Cen.-
Fox

"That," says Ian Hunter in the final line of dialogue in this film, "is a portrait of marriage." And so it is, you'll agree at the conclusion of this swell screen reunion of Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter. It is a story of marriage often told on the screen, but not with the novel and sympathetic treatment given this. The acting is excellent, with Hunter scoring as emphatically as Myrna and Warner. Good entertainment.

(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN *The* **MAGNIFICENT BRUTE**

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS



A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*

EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

Another splitting Headache

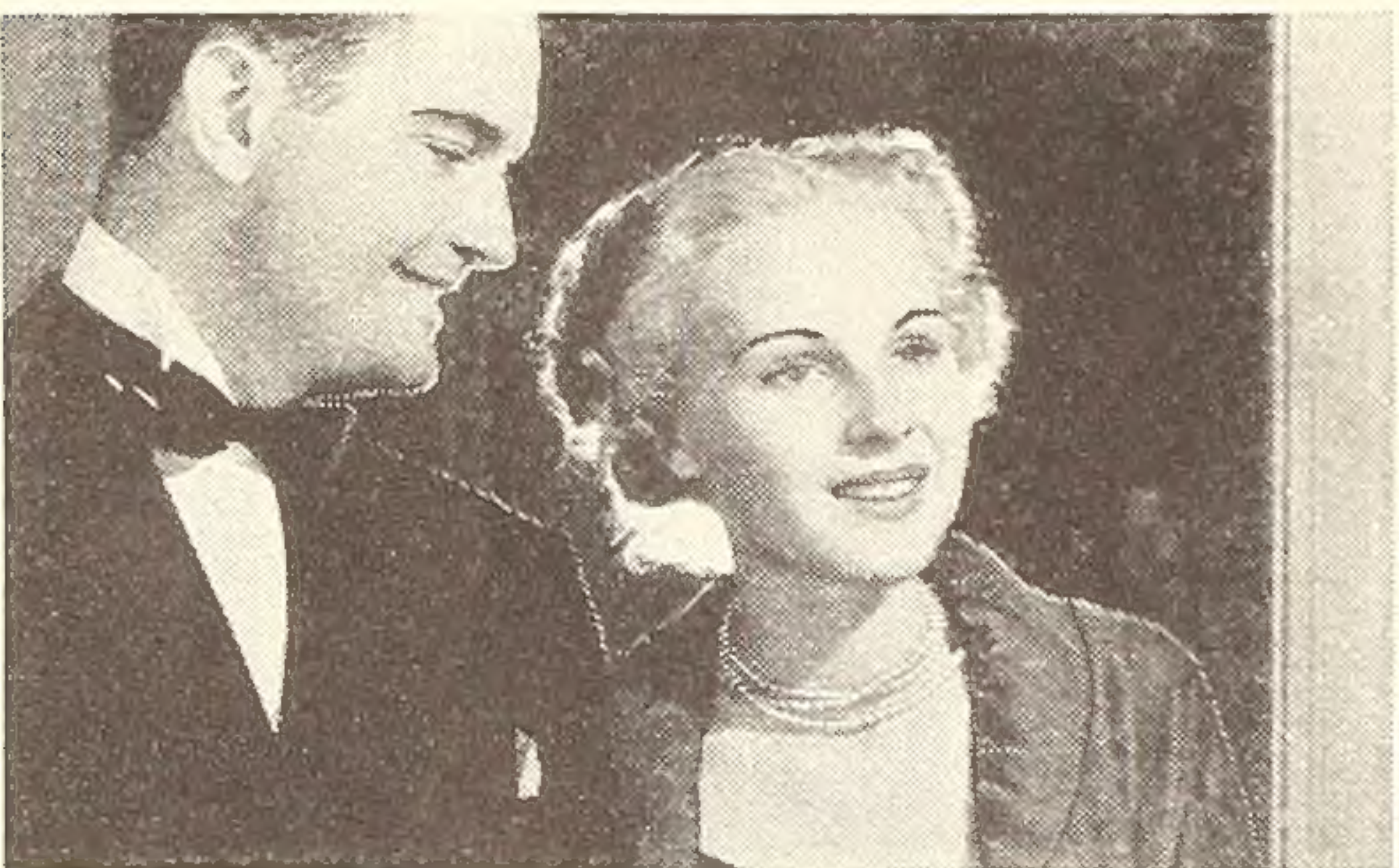


● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



THE 3 MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● Just *chew* FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.

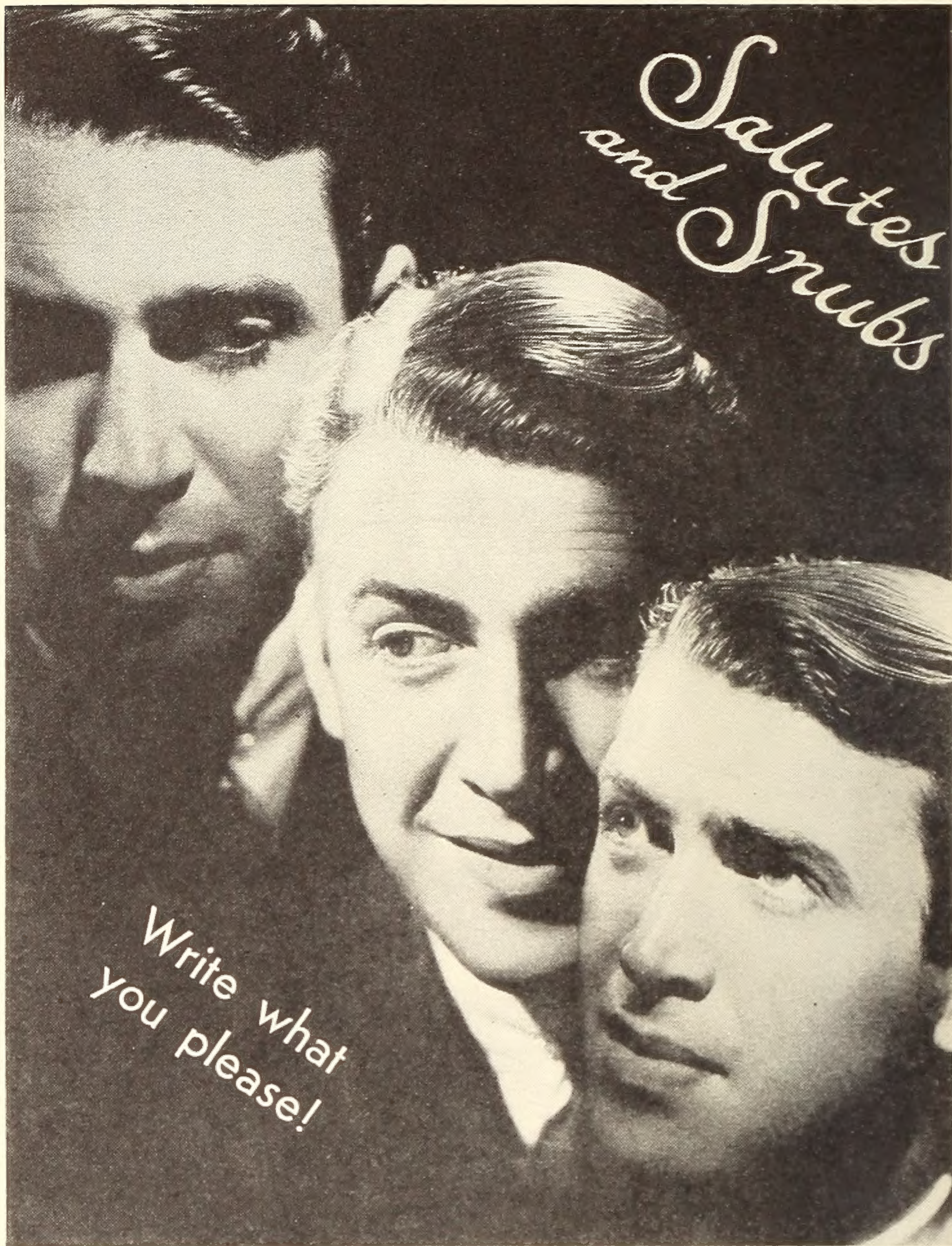


● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.



Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.



Write what you please!

BOB VS. BOB

Come on, Metro, 'fess up! Why do you insist on typing Robert Montgomery as the "lovable" playboy? Shove that cocktail shaker into Bob Taylor's hands and give Montgomery some real he-man rôles.

Lourene Kolb,
Amarillo, Tex.

"BEST" AND "WORST" OF IT?

If you must know, (but must we?), I give all my Salutes to Ginger Rogers for the Prettiest Teeth, Prettiest Hair, Cutest Nose, Best Figure, Best Dresser, Prettiest Eyes, Best Dances, and last of all she's my favorite actress. My Snubs: Worst Actress—Marlene Dietrich; Worst Actor—Gary Cooper.

Carmelita Impietro,
38 Maytide St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THAT "REGULAR FELLOW" TYPE

At last the typical boy-next-door type has caught the public eye! I refer to James Stewart, who is natural, likeable, a fine actor, and who definitely has what it takes to pull Miss America into the picture palaces. Here's to you, Jimmy! May you attain stardom in record time.

Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

BEGONE, "GHOST" SINGERS

At risk of being dubbed a crank, the writer ventures to protest "ghost" singers

He'll be a star soon, will James Stewart, according to the letter writers, who vote Jimmy top man, and so he heads our parade this month.

for straight dramatic stars. Admitting honesty as the best policy, can reactions be favorable when fans subsequently learn that the vocalizing they were handed as *bona fide* Goldie Glamorous was actually uncredited Ezma Duck?

George Wilton, Jr.,
1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

TURN-ABOUT FOR TAYLOR

As an all 'round good actor, Bob Taylor is it! But why is he always the rich playboy? Why can't one of his lovely leading ladies be the poor little rich girl and find love with Bob, as a common working man? He has plenty of talent. Let him use it.

Betty Dickson,
601 Mulberry St.,
Williamsport, Pa.

Do you want to "tell the world" what you do or don't like about some star, story, film, director, or producer? Then here's your chance. Write a letter to us, say what you think—so Hollywood and your fellow film-goers can read what you have to say. All your letters are welcome. Please try to restrict each comment to fifty words, but write as many letters as you please. Address them to: Letter Dept., Screenland, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Don't "knock, knock"—just write in.

THE CHALLENGE ANSWERED

Of course everyone can speak for himself, but in a recent issue Virginia King rated Leslie Howard as the worst actor! I can't let that go. I'd like to tell you, Virginia, that Leslie Howard is one of the finest actors, and ask if Gene Raymond seriously can be considered as up to Howard's standard in the art of acting?

Mariette Parker,
166 No. 16th St.,
East Orange, N. J.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY

Considering Hollywood's dearth of front-rank singers, it's amazing how certain stars are mismanaged. Elaborate plans are made for Ponselle, Moore, Pons, and MacDonald are doing famously. Yet, what is scheduled for Gladys Swarthout and Mary Ellis? These brilliant artists can't hold out much longer against shoddy material.

George Wilton, Jr.,
1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

JESSIE MATTHEWS SALUTE

Jesse Matthews can sing and dance and has personality-plus. When I went to see "It's Love Again," I had no idea this little English star was so marvelous. Let's see her in another film real soon.

Jane Brugger,
432 Marquette Ave.,
South Bend, Ind.

JESSIE MATTHEWS SNUB

Probably I'm just a crank, but I still can't like Jessie Matthews. I've read all the nice things they say about her, but I think she's too coy, and tries to be cute. She's a good dancer, but Ginger Rogers is far better. Sorry, I'm not a Matthews fan.

Jane Murray,
Dixville Notch, N. H.

OH, MR. DEMILLE!

Where is the promised DeMille male-and-female spectacle, "Samson and Delilah"? I suggest Mae West as the lady barber and Henry Wilcoxon as her husky stooge. (All Mae's leading men are stooges). What with the chorus boy type now in favor, Henry seems to me to be the only he-man left out there.

M. L. O'Neill,
Alexandria, Va.

GLAMOROUS GERTRUDE

I salute the most promising actress of 1936, Gertrude Michael! If this charming young woman is given half a chance she can climb to the top in no time. As I watch her on the screen she seems the most refreshing and glamorous star of all.

Earl Cobb,
807 College St.,
Georgetown, Tex.

VOTES AWARD FOR ARTHUR

According to my way of judging, Jean Arthur should win the Academy Award for 1936. Her court-room plea for Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds" was sensational, and she certainly made a delightful and charming "Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

Gene Pierce,
308 Boggs Ave.,
Appalachia, Va.

WHO'LL JOIN THE CHORUS?

Let's salute Humphrey Bogart! Can anyone ever forget him in "The Petrified Forest" and "Two Against the World," his latest hit?

Elizabeth Humphrey,
21 Brattle St.,
Worcester, Mass.

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!



See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest

and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27)

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

Seductive fragrance of Spring!



CHERRY April Showers Talc

THIS is the most famous, best-loved talcum powder in the world. Its quality is superb. Its fragrance is eternally new and forever right—the fresh perfume of flowers after a rain.

Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at fine stores everywhere.

*Exquisite... but
not Expensive*

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Dorothy R. Glad to be asked about such a good actor as Conrad Veidt. He was born in Central Europe, Jan. 22, 1893. Received degree in medicine at Berlin University. He is under contract to Gaumont-British Pictures; starred in "Rome Express," "I Was a Spy," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and "The King of the Damned." As for Griffith Jones, he was born in London and attended London University, after which he appeared on the London stage. "Escape Me Never" with Elisabeth Bergner was his first American picture. Write for photographs of both players to Gaumont-British Pictures.

C. Barry. So you're a Randy Scott fan, too. Then you'll enjoy our "scoop" story in this issue. Randy was born at Orange, Va., on January 23. Educated at Georgia Tech and University of Virginia. "The Last of the Mohicans" is released by United Artists. Both Randy and Henry Wilcoxon can be reached by addressing United Artists, Hollywood, California.

Manny Davis. Yes, Bing Crosby was a member of Paul Whiteman's orchestra and billed as "One of the Three Rhythm Boys." And look at him now! Bing's current Paramount picture is "Rhythm on the Range."

A Screenland Reader. Did you see Lloyd Nolan in "Texas Rangers"? Don't miss it. He was born in San Francisco, August 11, is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, and weighs 176 pounds. His eyes and hair are brown. Also, he is married! He is under contract to Paramount, so you'll be seeing him in future pictures. Now about Marie Wilson. In 1934, when Marie was 18, she appeared on the stage and was such a success that she was signed for the screen. Has appeared in "Broadway Hostess," "Stars

Over Broadway," and one of her latest pictures is "China Clipper." She was born in Anaheim, California. Marie may look dizzy but she's really a smart gal.

Phyllis. The "Bette" in Bette Davis' name is pronounced the same as Betty. "Under Two Flags" is the latest picture in which Claudette Colbert is seen. "Maid of Salem" will be her next. Too long between pictures!

K. G. K. Nice to know some filmgoers who are interested in the men who direct pictures. Pity the poor neglected directors like Henry King—but don't pity 'em too much, for they earn more than a dozen presidents. Director Henry King hails from your own fair Virginia. He was born in Christianburg, has brown hair and blue eyes, and his height is an even 6 feet. His screen career began in the early history of the industry. A few of the best known pictures of the silent films which he directed were "Tol'able David," "The White Sister," "Stella Dallas," "Lightnin'," "Over the Hill," and "State Fair." His most recent picture is "Ramona," released through 20th Century-Fox. The real name of Charles Starrett is Charles Starrett. Surprise!

Gertie and Boots. So you have joined the great army of Robert Taylor admirers! And that ring again! No, he did not buy it himself. It was given to him when he was a child, and he has worn it ever since. As a matter of fact, he is just a leetle superstitious about that ring, for he is convinced that bad luck would follow him if he did not wear it. Barbara Stanwyck was born July 16, 1907. Apropos of Bob and Barbara, there is a story in the September issue of SCREENLAND, which you should not miss, if you *did* miss it, which I doubt, better try to catch up with it!



Hollywood couples Merle Oberon and David Niven in romance rumors, and here they are in "Love Under Fire," in which David proposes earnestly and often.



Now here's a real close-up, with Ray Milland and Shirley Ross illustrating screen love technique.

Dorothy W. James Stewart, James Stewart, James Stewart—that's all I hear these days, except Robert Taylor, Robert Taylor, Robert Taylor! Indiana, Pa., has the distinction of being the birthplace of James Stewart—he's been a Hollywoodian less than a year. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, not as Joan Crawford, but Lucille LeSueur. And her husband, Franchot Tone, was born February 27, at Niagara Falls, N. Y. Robert Taylor, Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911. Write Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California, for photographs of your favorites just mentioned.

Harry Ralph Coppola. Thanks for the bouquets. And now I'll toss a little information at you! Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, June 17, 1905. He is 6 feet, ½ inch tall, has light brown hair, blue eyes and is married. Had stage experience, also much screen experience previous to signing a long-term contract with Fox in 1931. Latest picture, "Johnny Gets His Gun." Brian Donlevy made his début as the heavy in "Barbary Coast," also appeared in "It Happened in Hollywood," among other films.

A Constant Reader. Thanks for all the nice things you say—and now for your query about Edward G. Robinson. He was born in Bucharest, Rumania, December 12, 1893. Graduated from New York public school and took a Master of Arts degree at Columbia University. He entered the world war and served in the United States Navy. He is an accomplished linguist, speaking no less than seven languages. His greatest hobby is his young son! Next, he is an ardent lover of good music and a collector of paintings, particularly of the modern school. Maxine Jennings played the part of Tillie Jones in "The Witness Chair."

Leta Frances. My, you go a long time back with your questions. Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray in "Floradora Girl," Lili Damita with Warren William in "The Match King," Gloria Stuart with Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals," and Eleanor Hunt in "Whoopee." Helen Chandler with Richard Barthelmess in "The Last Flight," and Rene Adorée with Ramon Navarro in "The Pagan." The cast for the silent version of "Show Boat" follows: Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Otis Harlan, Helen Morgan, Jane La Verne, Alma Rubens, Jack McDonald, Neely Edwards.

For that uncertain feeling—



Do sudden swerves

Upset your nerves?

Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills

Disrupt your thrills

On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—

Keep calm and steady—

Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm
with **BEECH-NUT
GUM**



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

IF THEIR SMILES FALL DOWN, THEIR JOBS FOLD UP

New York's Handsomest Men SAY:

WILLIAM CRABB'S main interest outside the studios is golf. He plays an excellent game and keeps fit for studio work that way. He wants a career in Wall Street.

"For a thorough and safer cleansing, Listerine Tooth Paste every time!"

That's straight from the shoulder advice from the hardest boiled critics of tooth paste—the men who every day must face the merciless eye of the camera in New York commercial studios. Men like Glen Gallagher, William Crabb, Harry Conover, whose very livelihood depends largely on the perfection of their teeth, cannot afford to take chances with ordinary tooth paste.

Why not for you?

Why don't you discard the tooth paste you are now using and switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for a while? You may be amazed at the improvement in the looks of your teeth.

There are no coarse, hard abrasives in Listerine Tooth Paste.

Instead there is an exclusive combination of cleansers

chosen for their extreme gentleness. While they remove every vestige of debris on the teeth, they cannot harm the priceless enamel itself. Examined under the microscope, teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of a lifetime, showed no harm to the enamel.

Gentle polishing, too

The ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste that gives teeth such brilliance and lustre is so delicate, so fine, that only three places in the world can produce a product that will meet our specifications.

When you brush your teeth with Listerine Tooth Paste you know that you are getting the utmost in cleansing with the greatest degree of safety. There are two sizes: Regular 25¢ and the great big tube at 40¢, which contains 162 brushings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

St. Louis, Missouri



GLEN GALLAGHER is well known on the Coast as a polo and tennis player. In summer stock, he gains acting experience to fit him for moving picture work.



HARRY CONOVER is interested in radio as a profession and has worked as announcer and actor over New York and Detroit stations.

DOUBLE SIZE TUBE
162 BRUSHINGS FOR 40¢
REGULAR SIZE 25¢



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to
Frank McHugh from

Delight Evans

DEAR MR. McHUGH:

Sorry, but you'll have to get some glamor. It was all right for you to go along as usual when you were comedy relief in the big musicals, as one of the stock company. But now here's "Three Men on a Horse," and you're Number One Man, in the part Eddie Cantor wanted to play, which makes you Somebody Important in Hollywood. And you'll have to live up to it. I'm sorry, but you'll have to.

For instance, about your house, now. You've lived, you and Mrs. McHugh and your three children, in the same house for quite a while. It hasn't a swimming-pool or a patio, or even a pool for gold-fish. It's just the kind of a nice, average house that most of the married couples who come to see your pictures live in. I asked you if you weren't building a bigger house, and selling the old one. "I'm having the house painted," you replied. "Won't that do?" No, Mr. McHugh, it won't do. It's not enough.

Take the matter of your future; you ought to do something about that. After all, "Three Men on a Horse" may be a money picture, and you're in the lead; so you'd better think about that angle. How about a nice little strike, Mr. McHugh? But no: "I've got a good steady job and it suits me." Tut-tut, Mr. McHugh. *That's* no way to talk.

There is also the mat-

ter of publicity. When you—and Mrs. McHugh—came East for a vacation, Warners arranged some nice, practical interviews for you. Here was a chance to make the name McHugh mean something in the *N. Y. Times*; to make your kiddies sit up and say, "Why, there's Papa" in the rotogravure. And what did you do, Mr. McHugh? Talk about yourself? Oh, no! You talked about what a wonderful guy Pat O'Brien is; and what Hugh Herbert can do with a comedy scene; and how Spencer Tracy is a really great actor; and—and—and how about McHugh? Nothing!

Well, if you won't, you won't. You'll never believe, I suppose, that yours is one of the really exciting Cinderella careers of Hollywood. (Frank McHugh as Cinderella—let's make a note of that). Here you were sort of hoping you might, just *might* be given one of the supporting parts in the film version of the Broadway comedy hit—although you weren't counting on it. Then the blow fell. You couldn't have one of those little parts; no—you were going to be head man, one of the few really big comedy rôles written in years. You didn't believe it then, and even now that the picture is finished, you still don't believe it. But glamor

or no glamor, believe it or not, you're probably set for a lot more like it, so you'd better get used to the idea right now. McHugh is the name—McHugh.

It's the Frank McHughs of Hollywood who supply the needed human interest in the land of glamor. Here's Frank, at left, quietly sneaking scene below from Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, and Jeanne Madden.



Win Free 39-Day Cruise to "The Garden of Allah"

Enter SCREENLAND'S big new contest! First prize, wonderful Mediterranean cruise worth \$1,000. Other fine prizes



A luxury cruise packed with thrills to last a lifetime—that's the grand first prize in SCREENLAND's new "Garden of Allah" contest. The photo-montage across the top of our two pages gives you just a glimpse of the many exciting scenic wonders the first-prize winner will see. Left, Marlene Dietrich wearing the lovely costume which is the second prize: especially designed chiffon gown and stunning hooded cape.

THINK of it! A grand, gay, glamorous 39-day cruise to "The Garden of Allah!" A thrilling Mediterranean journey covering at least sixteen ports, including such romance-spots as Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Port Said (that far-famed "wickedest city in the world"), Rhodes, Venice, city of eternal romance, and finally back to New York! The first-prize winner in SCREENLAND'S "Garden of Allah" cruise contest will be transported from his or her own city to New York via TWA Douglas Skyliner, will be put up at the Park Central Hotel until time to board the beautiful Italian Line's SS Roma on the exciting cruise which sails from New York Jan. 30, 1937, returns March 10th. Then—glamor, adventure—new scenes, new people, new thrills!

That's not all! Besides the first prize, note the other fine prizes. Second prize, a Gruen watch to adorn the wrist of some lucky lady—a smart new model as beautiful as it is useful. Then the great third prize, Marlene Dietrich's stunningly exotic original costume, pictured on this page, which she wears as the lovely heroine of "The Garden of Allah," Selznick-United Artists' Technicolor special production which inspires our contest. Dietrich herself wore the especially designed chiffon gown and the hooded cape. (Imagine giving a SCREENLAND "Garden of Allah" party and as hostess greeting your guests in the actual costume worn by



Photo-montage by
Forest A. McGinn

Imagine being transported from one's home town by TWA luxury airliner to New York; boarding the Italian Line's beautiful SS Roma for a 39-day cruise, visiting such ports as Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, the mysterious Sahara, "Garden of Allah" itself; Jerusalem, Rhodes, Venice! These thrills are in store for first-prize winner. Right, Charles Boyer and Dietrich in a scene from "The Garden of Allah."

FIRST PRIZE:
Free 39-day
\$1,000 luxury
cruise on SS Roma

SECOND PRIZE: Lady's
wrist watch, latest type
Gruen, Precision, round model,
gold-filled case

THIRD PRIZE: Dietrich's most exotic
costume from "The Garden of Allah"
(pictured on opposite page)

10 FOURTH PRIZES: 10 sets, of 12 each, of ex-
quisite 11 x 14 portrait studies (suitable for framing),
from "The Garden of Allah" including Dietrich-Boyer
love scenes

50 FIFTH PRIZES: 50 one-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND.

PLEASE READ THE RULES!

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. After determining your answer to the question asked on the coupon, "Do you prefer all-color films? Yes or No," state reasons for your answer in letter form in not more than fifty words. Attach this letter to your coupon.
3. This contest will close at midnight November 2, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Mail coupon with your letter to: "Garden of Allah" contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
6. No entries can be returned. Judges' decision will be final. No member of the staff of SCREENLAND or of Selznick-International-United Artists organizations may compete.

Marlene!) Then more prizes: ten sets, of twelve each, of exquisite 11 x 14 portrait studies from "The Garden of Allah"—scenically enchanting, and some showing Dietrich and Boyer in their most exciting love scenes. Then for additional prizes, 50 one-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND. Surely, here's a contest worth entering!

Please don't fail to read the rules. Fill out the coupon completely. You will find this a simple, easy contest. The question on the coupon is simply: Do you prefer all-color films to black and white? State reason for your answer in fifty words. Contest closes midnight, November 2, 1936, so start in NOW!

I am entering SCREENLAND's "Garden of Allah" contest, with my letter enclosed. Check "Yes" or "No" in answer to question below.

DO YOU PREFER ALL-COLOR FILMS? YES
NO

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE





They met while ringing doorbells! They laughed as they loved! Result, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are currently filmdom's happiest couple.



MacDonald's Merry Romance

Here, for a refreshing change, is a real-life Hollywood love story just as gay as it is glamorous

By Elizabeth Wilson

"AM the happiest person in the world," said Gene Raymond.

"You mean," Jeanette corrected him with a deep sigh of contentment, "*we* are the happiest people in the world!"

Their engagement of one week had just been announced to a few personal friends by Mrs. Anna MacDonald, Jeanette's charming mother, and if you could have seen Gene and Jeanette standing there blushing like a couple of self-conscious high school kids and so thrilled by it all that they couldn't keep from holding hands, you'd just have to believe that all those glorious things the poets have written about Love are really true. If you are inclined to think that Love is a lost art, honey, take one look at Gene and Jeanette. See that glow? Um-mmmm, well, that's amour.

Of course, we in Hollywood rather suspected that something was going on there; for after all Jeanette and Gene have been going together pretty steadily for the last few months, and have been seen regularly dancing at the Trocadero, they love to dance, and darting in and out of previews surrounded by mobs of adoring fans. But you know how two stars are when they are career-minded, romance often takes a sock on the jaw, so we old romantics had to sit around holding our breath. But it's all right now, we can exhale and say "Ahahahah" over the beautiful engagement ring that Gene gave Jeanette—a nine-carat sapphire, dear reader, and my idea of the Crown Jewels. According to Jeanette's close friends the wed-

ding will not take place until she has finished a very difficult rôle in "Maytime," another of those popular operettas with Nelson Eddy, and maybe not then for Jeanette and Gene have been driving around the countryside looking for property on which they plan to build a low, rambling ranch house, and they'll probably want to move into it as bride and groom. Jeanette, thank heavens, is a folksy sort of person, even after five years in Hollywood, and she wants to have a dignified church wedding with friends and family around her—and none of this planning it off to Yuma in the middle of the night in the movie star manner. It's a first marriage for both of them.

Despite the fact that they were both well known New York stage stars, and came to Hollywood about five years ago on picture contracts, Jeanette and Gene never even met each other until a year ago. Which all goes to prove that it *isn't* such a small world after all. They met on the doorstep of Roszika Dolly's house and it was definitely *not* a case of love at first sight. Roszika of the famous Dolly sisters was having a party and it just so happened (call it Fate if you like), that Gene and Jeanette found themselves on her doorstep ringing her doorbell at practically the same second. "Darling," sang out Roszika when the door was opened, "I didn't know you knew Gene! How jolly! There are cocktails and tea on the terrace." Well, believe it or not, a few nights later Gene was ringing Louis Swarts' doorbell when a car drove up and there was Jeanette MacDonald, looking too beautiful for words, right there on the doorstep beside him. "Hello," said Gene, a bit taken back by the coincidence, "ringing door-bells for you is getting to be a habit with me." "Yes, isn't it," agreed Jeanette. And began to wonder.

(Continued on page 77)

THREE years is a lot of living in Hollywood and the James Cagney of today is a Cagney three years older, which, by Hollywood standards, is a lot wiser!

Such was my reasoning as the door opened and "Hello!" I heard in authentic Cagney as I faced the original, one eyebrow raised, the teeth set in two rows of gapeless grin. "It's been a long time since we've met—what are you doing?"

"Still interviewing stars," I laughed, "and you?"

"Still making pictures!"

"But differently——"

"Yes, differently!"

His quarters were cluttered with luggage and his fresh sunburn confirmed vacation days "Down East."

"How do you feel about this new Grand National company and a contract reputed to give you the tidy sum of \$100,000 a picture, *plus*? You're to pick your own stories, directors, casts—does so much responsibility weigh you down?"

"Not a bit! It's great, simply great—it means I'm set to do the things I want to do the way I want to do them—not a very depressing prospect, is it?"

Without waiting for my reply he sat up, fondly patting a wisp of a moustache which he later told me he was growing to relieve him from boredom, and which he would probably decide to shave the next day.

"You see you can't do six pictures a year. In my opinion you can't do more than three and do them justice—and three is what my new contract says! They're to be varied as much as possible, within my scope—the scope of action—a comedy, perhaps, a heavy dramatic rôle and even a musical, if practical. There are those who have the notion that actors should do as they're told in their rôles. That's the bunk!"

"Take Astaire. He knows what's best for him, does it, and results at the box-office justify his judgment. One must concede the importance of direction, too—that's why I want a hand in choosing a director who understands the way to develop the things I can do best!"

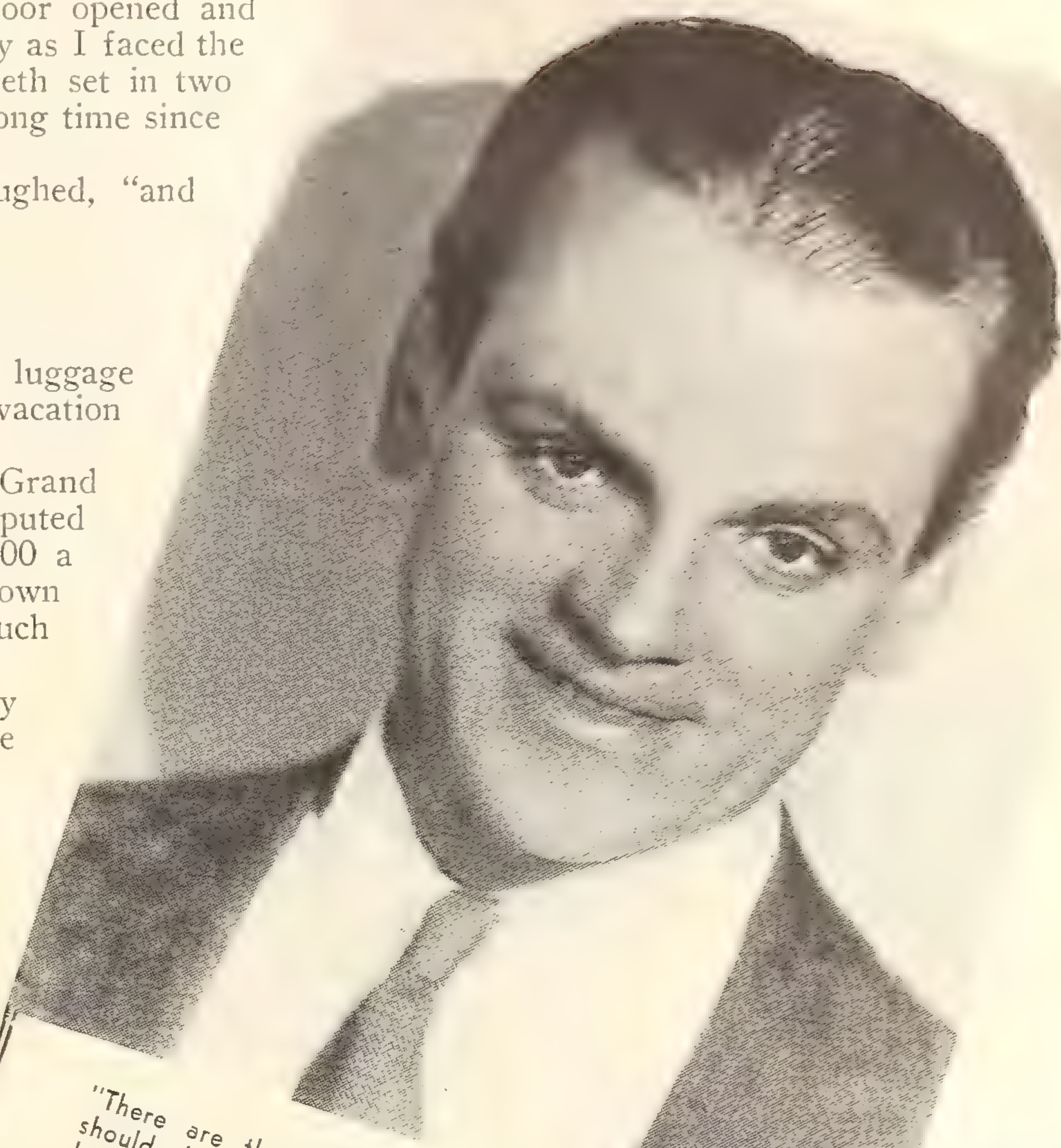
There was an interruption for luncheon. Soft shell crabs for Jimmy, who has gone New England in a big way.

"What's this about your new place at Martha's Vineyard?" I asked between bites. "Is it a publicity stunt or a real home guaranteed not to shrink or fade during a good Massachusetts blizzard?"

"Say, that place is a hundred and twenty-five years old—and you ought to see it, it's swell! It was built by a Captain Clayborn who was the builder of 'Old Ironsides' (remember your early oratorical efforts?), and some of the wood came from that original frigate—honestly. It's an amazing old place, has six rooms, and because it was built right on its rocky foundation even the floors have slight 'waves' which, if your imagination's good might get you seasick! But, believe me, it's a grand place to loaf in and relax."

"Anything like Palm Springs?" I asked in a skeptical voice.

"Running off to Palm Springs to 'rest' is an old California custom," Jimmy (Continued on page 76)



"There are those who have the notion that actors should do as they're told in their rôles. That's the bunk! Take Astaire. He knows what's best for him, does it, and results at the box-office justify his judgment. That's why I want to do the things I want to do the way I want to do them!"

CAGNEY

The fighting Irishman of Hollywood has held out for the right to pick his own stories, directors, and casts. In his new contract he has won that right. Now we'll see!

Cagney, Rollicking Rebel

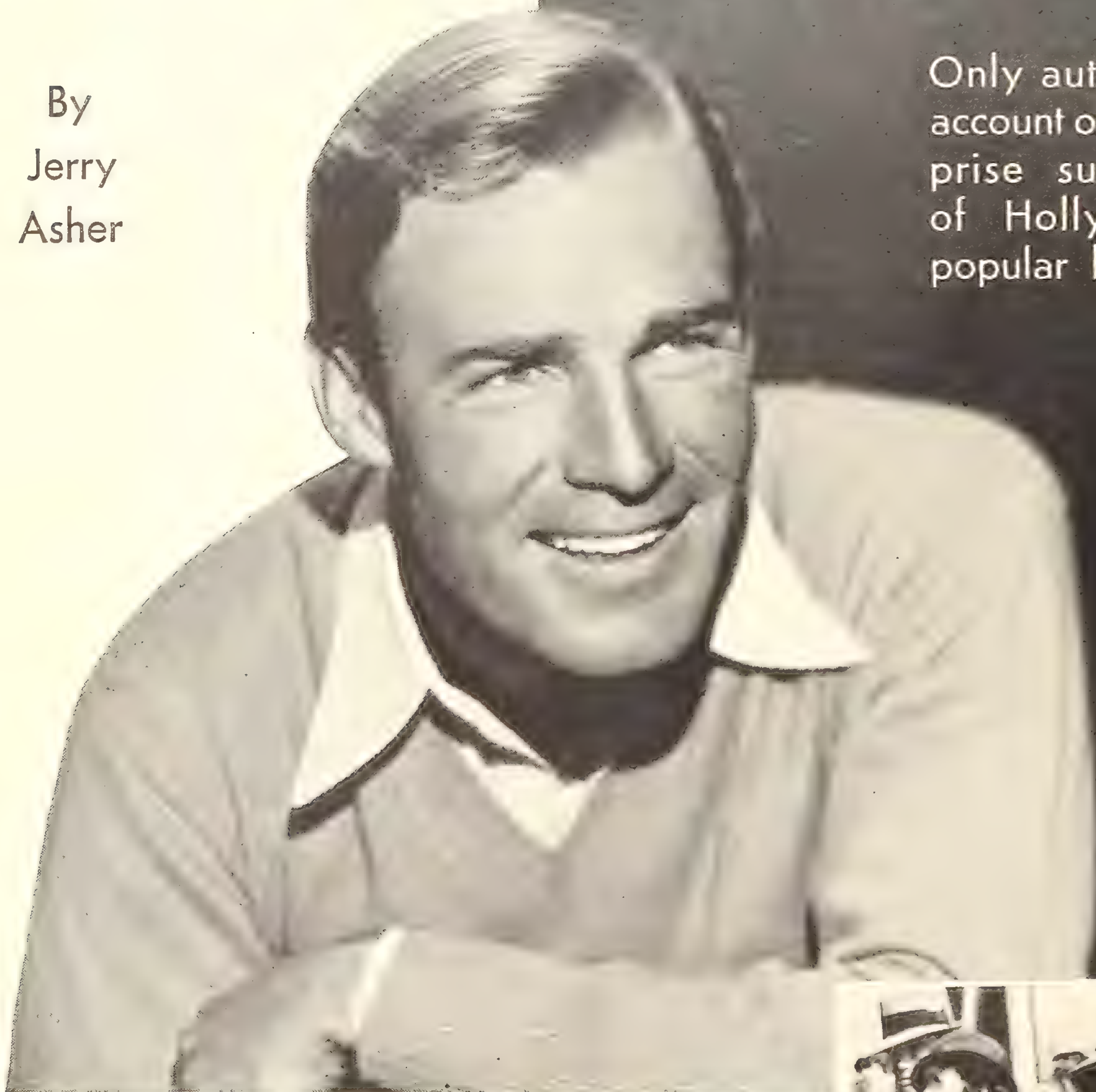
Jimmy breaks his long silence and tells us all about his new plans for pictures and private life

By Dena Reed

The Real Story of Randy

By
Jerry
Asher

Only authorized
account of the sur-
prise surrender
of Hollywood's
popular bachelor



AT LAST this exclusive story of Randolph Scott's secret marriage can be told. For six months, since the twenty-third of last March, when Randy quietly married Marion duPont, (daughter of the late William duPont), in Chester, South Carolina, I have been waiting to print this news. For reasons which will be explained later, Randy wanted his marriage to escape the Hollywood spotlight of attention. Three other persons were in on Randy's secret: Fred Astaire and his charming wife, who are two of Randy's closest friends, and Cary Grant, who has shared a home and friendship with Randy that dates back to his advent in pictures. All of us agreed to respect Randy's confidence, until such time as he himself saw fit to announce his marriage to the world.

Because of my admiration for Randy Scott, I am glad that I was one of those he trusted with his secret. I wouldn't be writing this story now, if Randy hadn't released me from my promise. Because my information is authentic and I am his friend, I know that Randy will not object to this one story being done. I know that he himself will not talk about his marriage, because he wants to keep everything concerning his private life sacred. On the other hand, he does feel obligated to the many who have shown interest in him and his career. I have known Randy casually over a period of three years, but in the past year we have met weekly at the Astaires'. On the tennis court, in the swimming pool and across the dining table, our friendship has grown. The better I got to know Randy, the more I wondered



Acme

Mrs. Randolph Scott, the former Marion duPont Somerville, snapped by a news photographer at the races recently. Like their friends the Fred Astaires, the Scotts dodge the limelight, so it's hard to grab camera shots of them for you.

Scott's Secret Marriage

why he ever became a movie star. Eventually he told me the story. Now that this new-found happiness has come to him, I believe the story can be told. After reading it, you will know just why his marriage is so sacred to him. I am sure that you will agree with me that it is miraculous that he could ever adjust himself to the Hollywood scene.

Hollywood has pondered over Randy Scott for many a day. If ever there was a person who lives, talks, and acts less like a movie star, I wish Mr. Ripley would point him out. In spite of everything, Hollywood has never been able to break down Randy's strange wall of reserve. Very little is known about him, except that he is a gentleman from Virginia and has never ceased to be that. Occasionally his name has been linked with that of Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blane, (now Mrs. Norman Foster), Polly Garland, (a Pasadena society girl), and a few others who contributed passing friendships. For a while it looked as if his constant attentions to Vivian Gaye would result in a serious romance. Her marriage to Director Ernst Lubitsch dispelled these rumors.

While Randy has been heard of and seen around Hollywood, the way he conducts his life and what he is about has always remained his own business. His innate love of privacy, his aversion to the obvious ballyhoo and glare of Hollywood publicity, have isolated him from all but a few close friends. Knowing this, you can readily understand just why he would become a friend of Fred Astaire. While Randy managed to enjoy life and build up a successful career, he remained the most eligible of all bachelors—heart-whole and fancy-free.

The events leading up to his marriage play a great part in Randy's being in his enviable position today. They have to do with his remaining a bachelor, pursuing his career, and finding the stability, peace, and dignity that are so necessary to his scheme of life and living. In spite of his being the big he-man type, Randy is one of the most sensitive persons in the world. His modulated voice, the droop to the corners of his mouth, his quiet well-bred manners, are all representative of the man who has known what it means to be hurt.

Back in Orange County, Virginia, Randy, born the son of an administrative engineer, knew all the advantages that belong to those who come of good stock. Up until the time he received his education at Woodberry Forest, a prep school for the University of Virginia, life was comparatively simple. Then Randy met a girl. Today, the memory is faint and mildly recalls a period of darkness in his life. At the time, however, it filled him with disappointment and despair.

When the World War broke out, Randy was one of the first to go. For fourteen months he remained in France, leaving prep school and a certain girl behind him. During the weary months of fighting, the strain of war, the worry, the speculation, the struggle to remain alive, there was always one face before him. Eventually Randy came home. Instinctively he knew that something had happened. Things were so different. The minute their first fond greetings were exchanged, Randy knew the girl belonged to another. She never told him in so many words. Randy just told himself.

For certain unavoidable reasons and circumstances, the girl's decision had been made. Randy knew this and there was no hatred in his heart. He did not condemn. He just tried to understand. Naturally he was hurt—hurt as only a person of his fineness could be hurt. He

wanted to get away. Disappointed, restless, with no particular incentive in life, Randy faced a problematical future. When Jack Heath, his closest friend, suggested an auto trip to California, Randy knew he must accept and find himself in a new world.

For twenty-eight days they drove, stopping at the Kentucky Derby and then on to New York. By the time they finally reached California, Randy knew he had been wise in his decision. In Hollywood he entered into the spirit of gay activity. Life was filled with good times, even though he knew down in his heart that he wasn't actually very happy. The main thing was to keep from thinking.

One day Randy met Howard Hughes, who was producing a picture with George O'Brien and Lois Moran. Like all visiting "firemen," Randy wanted to see how movies were made. He was so intrigued, he jumped at the chance when Hughes offered him a job playing extra. James Tinling, the director, (*Continued on page 72*)



Randy at home. In the accompanying story you'll read of his romance, one of the most unusual love stories ever lived by a motion picture star, one that has never before been told.

Kay Francis in

The sparkling romance of a modern American beauty in Paris. Dramatically novelized from an important new screen starring vehicle

NICOLE kicked off the absurd silver sandals that had accented the scarlet metallic cloth evening gown that had sent the buyer from Milwaukee into a tail spin, and wriggled her toes. So this was what coming to Paris had meant after all! Finding ecstasy in that first moment of kicking off her slippers as she had found ecstasy in kicking off her slippers in the dress shop in New York. Funny the dreams that had sent her here, only to find in the end that modelling dresses and swaying on slender high heels from nine until five didn't spell romance even in French.

"Suzanne, darling," she turned to the old dresser sprawling over her inevitable end of the working day game of solitaire, "what am I going to do? I have to do something. I'm going to!"

"What do you want to do?" Suzanne asked reasonably enough as she shuffled the cards for a new deal. But she smiled because she liked this tall girl with the sea-gray eyes who was so different from the other models.

"Something I can do better than anyone else in the world. But



Nicole, played by Kay Francis, rises from obscurity to fame as a Paris couturière, and innocently becomes involved in the plot whereby Stefan Orloff, Claude Rains, seeks to attain great financial power.

what?" The girl's rueful smile mocked her from the mirror. "My mother, God rest her dainty French soul, was a dancer. I can dance a little, but I'm not music in motion as she was. My fascinating Brooklyn Mick of a father was a gambler and a drinker, but gambling bores me and the other field is overcrowded. I can play the piano, but no audience is going to stand up and cheer the bricks off a building for me. I can paint and I can sculpt but not well enough to be an old master and not badly enough to be a new genius. I've got everything and nothing!"

Suzanne swept her a swift, appraising look before putting a red nine on a black ten.

"You have a body." Her smile came half in mockery, half in tenderness. "That's why you're here."

"Stolen Holiday"

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

(For Complete Cast and Credits See Page 83)

"A clothes rack!"

"Get yourself a rich husband with it," the old woman chuckled.

"And write the life story of a parasite." Resentment etched a hard edge to the girl's words. "So that's your opinion of my ability."

"It isn't a lack of talents that's your trouble, my child." Suzanne cautiously filched a two of diamonds from the bottom of her discards and put it triumphantly on the ace. "You'll always find yourself tripping over your heart. A big heart is a mill-stone when you want to fly high, my pigeon. You've got to be self-centered and hard and selfish and cruel."

"I can be all of those," Nicole protested, but Suzanne shook her head.

"Just a softie. You ought to take it up with your ancestors."

She swept the cards together with a swift hand as the owner of the shop came in. After all she was supposed to be putting away the glamorous Mme. Jeanette creations lying over the backs of chairs like folded butterflies instead of sitting here cheating herself at



Out of loyalty to her fancied indebtedness to Stefan, Nicole, though madly in love with the Englishman, Anthony Wayne, played by Ian Hunter, tries to save Orloff, but he becomes a victim of his own plot.

solitaire, and discussing the future course of Nicole's life.

"Girls, return to the main salon immediately." Mme. Jeanette spoke quickly, disregarding the moans of protest that came from her models. "Never mind how you look. Hurry!"

"Not another fat-fingered buyer at this hour!" one of the girls grumbled as they filed out of the room.

But it wasn't a buyer after all, the man who stood alone in the main salon as the girls came in and took their positions on the platform. Dark and suave with keen brown eyes that seemed to pierce through them as they formed their incongruous fashion parade, most of them awkward in their own clothes, missing the confidence of Jeanette's smart creations here in this room where they were used to posture in gowns that (Continued on page 82)



Is Society

The stars are not awed by wealth and fame, but are the flattering attentions of royalty and the socially elect turning their heads?



The studios lure royalty as well as the obscure. Right, the fabulously wealthy Maharajah of Indore, ardent film fan, and subscriber to SCREENLAND incidentally, and the Maharani, on the set with Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, and Cecil B. DeMille. Loretta Young and Carole Lombard, bottom center, are special pets of society.



Wide World

WHEN I think of what Society is doing to Hollywood a classic remark from the Prince of Wales, now the King of England, always pops into my mind and I consider it most apropos. The Prince didn't say it to me, (I am the girl who never danced with the Prince of Wales, and the fan writer who never interviewed Garbo, which makes me practically unique on two continents), but some of those three-feather acquaintances of mine, (not fan dancers, dearie, don't be crude), assured me that it is quite authentic, and that "dear David" really said it. It seems that the Prince of Wales had recently acquired a brother-in-law who was taking the Royal Family big. "Every day," said the Prince, "he gets more and more royal, and I get more and more common." Every day, dear reader, Hollywood gets more and more royal, and Society gets more and more common.

Now when you say "Society," the post-war brand, you've really let yourself in for something, because there are a bunch of Purists around who will argue with you until the cows come home that Society isn't Society any more; but I was never a Purist about anything, so as far as I am concerned Society can keep on covering a multitude of sins, and sinners. Society, according to Hollywood, means a Title, a lot of Money, and an Old Family Name; but the Old Family Name doesn't count unless accompanied by a Title, or a lot of Money. You cannot awe Hollywood with wealth and fame, the place is glutted with it already, but

a Title gets 'em every time. Enter Hollywood as a Countess and you have no more chance of becoming a social flop than Norma Shearer has.

You don't have to be a perennial ingénue to remember that not so many years ago Society and Hollywood did not speak as they passed by. Of course some of the girls managed to marry M'divani princes, and of course there was Gloria's "scoop" on the Marquis de la Falaise, and of course Mary and



Ruining Hollywood?

By Liz Williams

Doug always returned from their European Big Game hunts with an undernourished lord or something for the guest room at Pickfair. But taken all in all, the East was the East, and the West was the West, and there seemed to be no introduction for the twain. As a matter of fact the West only bowed coldly to that brat Hollywood. "Actors! Mercy! Beulah, my smelling salts!" Leo Carrillo, a descendant of the best of the old California families, was

The Princess Zu Lowenstein, right, a friend of the Fredric Marches. Below, Clark Gable with the Countess di Frasso. Right, below, Frances Seymour Brokaw, who won Henry Fonda's heart.



Wide World



brusquely dropped from the Los Angeles Blue Book when he became an actor. The Los Angeles Country Club would not allow an actor to putt on their greens. Swanky Bel-Air, the richest and most fashionable section of Los Angeles, would not permit an actor to build or rent within their formidable gates, and not until recently did they condescend to allow a few choice thespians to become members of Bel-Air Country Club. Edna May Oliver and Jeanette MacDonald, I hear, were among the first to be tolerated on the sacred sands of the Bel-Air Beach Club, and you can just imagine what talk Edna May Oliver, in a green bathing suit, (she always wears a green bathing suit), caused among the respectable and crumbling old pillars of Society. And what a treat the MacDonald legs must have been to the musty blue bloods!

The Charles Rays were the first movie people actually to crash Los Angeles Society. (Cecil B. DeMille and his family were "in" in a quiet sort of way.) Charlie, flushed with success and wealth, built himself a veritable palace of gold and satin with silken bathrooms, and succeeded in luring with magnificent parties several paragraphs from the Blue Book. ("Oh, Mama, actors aren't so bad. I want to go to his party. Don't be such a snob!") Then Charlie Ray lost his money and his stardom, and his beautiful dream house with the gold doorknobs, and you can guess what happened. That's right, Society dropped him with a loud *ker-plunk*. And let (Continued on page 90)



Most Exciting Newcomer!



First interview with the sensational little French girl, Simone Simon. All Hollywood is buzzing about her. You'd better meet her now!

By Ida Zeitlin



LADIES in love—four of them! Janet Gaynor—ace box-office draw since "Seventh Heaven." Loretta Young—whose star-eyed loveliness wins new adherents with every new picture. Constance Bennett synonym for all the glitter and allure of silken sophistication. And—Simone Simon—"Who is *she*?" "A little French actress." "Yes, I know, but who *is* she? Nobody ever heard of her here. What has she to offer in competition with the charms of three reigning belles? She'll be overshadowed, drowned in their radiance, a washout. Poor little Simone. Why doesn't she go back where she came from?"

Thus spoke the wiseacres before "Girls' Dormitory" was previewed. *After* it was previewed—but that's forestalling the story.

They had never seen her act. They knew nothing and cared less about her triumphs in France. They hadn't taken the trouble to see a French picture called "Lac aux

Dames," in which she danced off with the honors. They based their judgment on a prejudice against foreign players, on her scanty knowledge of English, on an ingrained skepticism which pooh-poohs anything fresh and untried. They didn't even say: "You'll have to show us." They said: "You *can't* show us." And backed by the faith of her studio, Simone swallowed her fears and her tears and showed them.

"But I am still afraid," she will tell you. "Until today I am not awakened from fright. So much the contrary. I am like a cat taken from a box, and he was there for two days, and now they let him out, and he doesn't know what happened to him. He cannot believe he is really in the open at last."

And indeed you don't need her assurance to persuade you that she "is not yet awakened from fright." She comes in, looking as she does in the (Continued on page 88)



Simone is very new, very young, and very engaging, as these pictures seem to prove. Top, character close-ups. Left, Simone with Paul Lukas and Constance Bennett in "Ladies in Love."



Movie-Go-Round

Catch the cinema stars off-guard in Paris, their vacation playground, and scene of glamorous adventure

By
Stiles Dickenson

C. L. Manuel Frères



Dietrich steps off the train with her husband into a gay crowd of Parisian picture fans, top. Above, Irene Dunne charms the continentals at a cocktail party in her honor, dispensing autographs amiably. Left: introducing Fernand Graavey, leading French film star, pictured with a fellow actor at the studio and, far left, in close-ups. He'll be over here soon.

"HEAVENS, what are all those naked people doing?" cried the lovely, lady-like Irene Dunne. I was delighted, for Paris was living up to its far-famed wickedness with a vengeance. We were on our way to dinner and it's perfectly true that hordes of half-nude and fantastically draped young men and women were passing us on foot and in open taxis. It was the night of the annual Quatz Arts Ball, when all the artists and models cavort in nature costumes the night long and parade down the Champs Elysees at dawn to bathe in the fountains at the Place de la Concorde and the courtyard of the Beaux Arts. All of this I explained to the wide-eyed and delighted Irene. She had been in London but, in spite of the strikes in the hotels, restaurants, and shops, determined to fly over to Paris for she loves the very atmosphere of this village on the Seine. That love is returned, for she was feted, wined and dined during her all too short visit. Unfortunately she had to leave a few days before "Show Boat" opened here but her presence heightened the Parisians' interest in that splendid picture. The Universal Company gave a cock-

tail party for Irene at which the poor dear got writers' cramp and sprained fingers autographing photographs and shaking hands with the crowds that milled about her. The rest of the time she was busy buying furniture and decorations for the little house she has built in Hollywood. Lady Mendl, who as Elsie de Wolfe, is a world-famous interior decorator, aided her greatly and also gave a grand cocktail party at which Irene and Grace Moore were the center of a brilliant gathering.

An interesting angle of Irene's visit was the preparation for her next film which is to be based on the life of Madame Curie, the great French woman who, with her husband, discovered radium. Madame Curie's daughter, who lives in Paris, gave Irene all the personal hints and suggestions in regard to building the character of her illustrious mother and supplied her with a wonderfully interesting collection of photographs of her mother and the family at different times of her career which will be of great aid when the film is actually started. Another gathering place of the film (Continued on page 70)

When Collegians

What happens to the college man who crashes the screen studios today? Here's John Howard's own story of struggles leading to stardom

By Ben Maddox



John Howard's Hollywood career is a tribute to the ideal of his alma mater. Only twenty-three, John, a Phi Beta Kappa, won the leading juvenile rôle in "Lost Horizon," in which he is pictured above with Margo, and other merits.

AND NOW for the college man who crashes the acting ranks in Hollywood-as-it-is-now; what brand of experience does he have?

I can give you unadorned truth here, too, because there is the perfect sample in the remarkable rise of John Howard. He is shooting ahead faster than most young men are apt to, being so distinctly more than ordinary. Yet I should say his can well stand as a typical case. Provided one has all his qualifications—which is a big-sized if!

John drove two thousand miles to Hollywood in a second-hand Ford, and had exactly thirteen cents in cash in his pockets when he rolled onto the Boulevard. He had a long-term contract, however. It started off with a bang—when he reported to the studio he was given his "lay-off" until they could find something for him to do. You know practically every contract is for twenty weeks out of six months and the remaining weeks you go off salary. John was in the movies, a prize discovery, but he had no acting to do, no money coming in to live on; nothing, indeed, but his vacation in one steady, premature gulp. He could hardly pop off ecstatic wires home.

"They finally had to put me to work — if they wanted a live actor!" he ex-

claimed when I visited him at his house. It's unusual, but I'll get around to it later. "As for a college education? Nobody gives a darn how much schooling you've had. The point: can you register on the screen? You either must have a super-striking personality or be able to act.

If I'm worth a nickle to the studio it's because they suspected me of the latter. And having answered you with a no, I'll switch to a yes. College helped me; it specifically accounts for my being here. I owe 'all' to the experience I gained in college shows."

Emphatically John is a credit to the studied "preparation for life" he had, considering where he is and that only recently did he celebrate his twenty-third birthday. The wisdom with which he's handled himself in Hollywood is a tribute to the ideals of his alma mater, Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

He isn't, you should be informed instantly, a modern-version Merton. He is much more
(Continued on page 94)

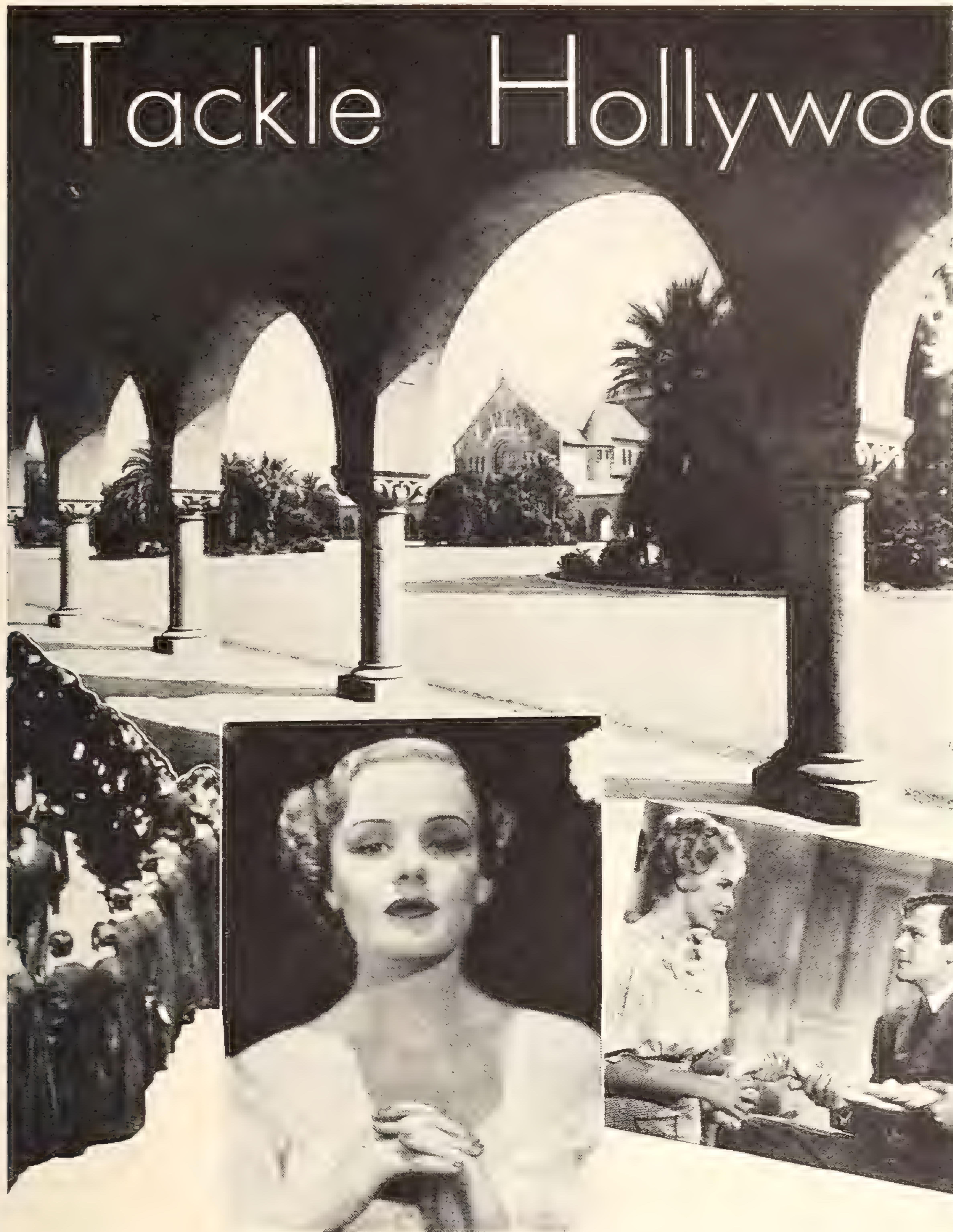


Underwood and Underwood

Tackle Hollywood

How does a fair co-ed step straight from state-ly halls of learning into the hectic life of a film actress? Here's Frances Farmer's experience

Loveliest of the very latest leading ladies, Frances Farmer proves that a sweet girl graduate can make her own way in dazzling, dizzy Hollywood. After playing opposite Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the Range," Frances was selected for the heroine's rôle in "Come and Get It," opposite Joel McCrea, shown in scene still at left. Below, a close-up of Frances as the Edna Ferber heroine; and, far left, a new portrait.



WHAT would happen to a college girl if she attempted screen stardom *today*?

How would she find conditions in Hollywood? Would the university education be a help or prove to have been a waste of time? Would she have to change radically to compete with the established "names," and with the scions of theatrical families and gaudy honeys who are also rising to fame? Would her life become terribly "different"?

A lot of questions, but very interesting ones, I think. And we don't have to be a bit theoretical on this provocative and hitherto untouched subject. If you imagine it isn't likely that a co-ed could step straight from dignified, distant halls of learning into the Hollywood spotlight, you're all wrong. For none other than the delectable Frances Farmer, Paramount's newest enthusiasm, is a splendid Exhibit A.

One short year ago she was thoroughly unknown. She had a diploma stating that she'd been awarded the honorable degree of Bachelor of Arts; she had stage ambitions, talent along this line, and a fresh blonde prettiness. Also spunk.

If you are surprised at her sudden prominence you ought to be in her dainty slippers—she's afraid she may wake up back in Seattle! She, too, figured that the mo-

ment for miracles was past, and that Cinderella was just some quaint old author's pipe dream.

Then out of an absolutely clear sky Fate reared its lovely head. And if you now sigh and mutter, "But I'm not in Hollywood," remember that Frances wasn't either. She was stuck in the state of Washington, with about as much apparent chance of going glamorous as Susan Smith, of the neighborhood Smythes.

She hadn't received her college trimmings on a silver platter, even though her father is a good lawyer. She has an older brother and sister and when she was ready to enter the University of Washington the calendar proclaimed that it was 1932. You may recall that a number of us had to battle through a little depression. Frances could have lazily quit dreaming when she discovered she'd have to get off jobs if she wanted to attend college and prepare herself for her goal. But she has no lazy streak and no false pride.

She earned the bigger part of her college expenses. She "hashed"—as the students call it, (i.e.: waited on table for her meals). She (*Continued on page 96*)



FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX



IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE • KENT TAYLOR

PAULINE FREDERICK • JANE DARWELL

KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE

and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King

Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel

Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY • ROBERT KENT • ASTRID ALLWYN

DELMA BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



Janet GAYNOR

Loretta YOUNG

Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE • PAUL LUKAS

TYRONE POWER, JR. • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva

Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete



PIGSKIN

PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS

ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE

PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY

YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR

TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND



Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Directed by David Butler

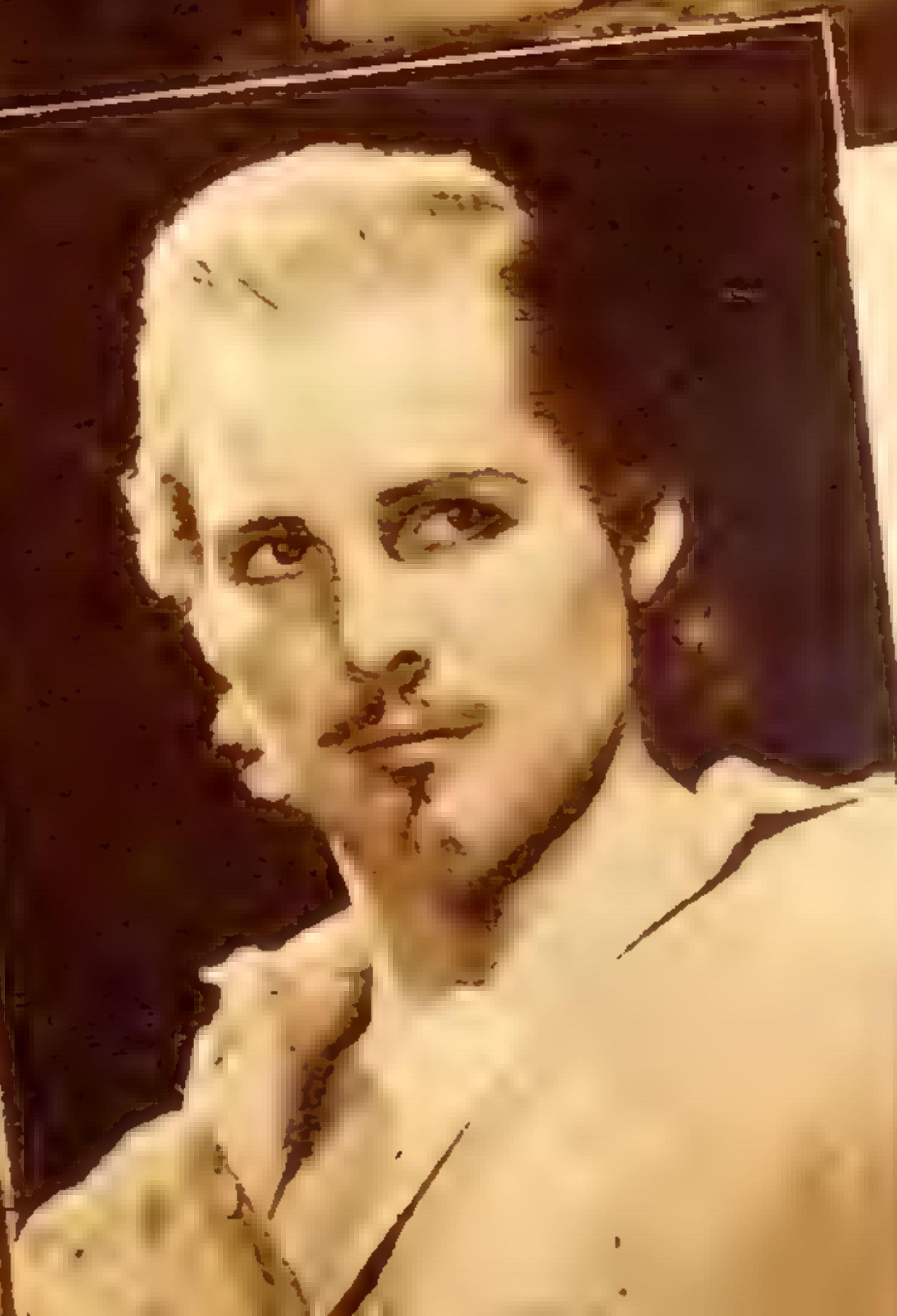
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

Go West, Young Romance!

Don English



Gary and Jean, who went to town in "Mr. Deeds," are off to the frontier in "The Plainsman." Gary is right at home in his rôle as Wild Bill Hickok, and Jean takes naturally to the part of Calamity Jane—see her twirl a rope, lower left. In the adjoining close-up at bottom is James Ellison, handsome newcomer, as Buffalo Bill.



Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur head a new parade to the picturesque plains, as wily Hollywood rediscovers the old west

William Walling





Dancing alone or with Fred Astaire, her co-star of big box-office hits, Ginger Rogers is a girl of many moods, and here we find her registering a variety of vivacious emotions, from the buoyant to that of beauty in repose. It's "Swing Time" for Ginger.



Our Own Little Bubble Dancer, Ginger Rogers

Proving she can enhance any dance,
Ginger goes gaily effervescent, blending
"swing" with swank

Contrast! Right, the Arline you'll see in Paramount's "Valiant is the Word for Carrie." Circle below, a different Arline, in "Star for a Night," (20th Century-Fox). Lower center, in a scene with John Howard for "Valiant is the Word for Carrie."

Arline Advances

The jaunty Judge girl strides ahead as Hollywood assigns her two important new rôles



Arline is Hollywood's most girlish girl, a distinction she brings to her pose below for "Star for a Night." At bottom, acting a scene with John Howard, under the direction of Arline's husband, Wesley Ruggles.



Unhand That Woman!

So commands the hero. But look,
Hollywood's heroes don't practice
what they preach to the villain





Answering only the commands of their own hearts are Bruce Cabot and Grace Bradley, in "Don't Turn 'Em Loose;" Lew Ayres and Joyce Compton, in "Murder with Pictures;" and Cary Grant and Joan Bennett, in "Wedding Present;" left to right above.



Conflicting emotions are evident as Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy enact a scene, above, from "Libeled Lady." Left, Edward Arnold and Andrea Leeds, in "Come And Get It." Right, George Burns and Gracie Allen, in "The Big Broadcast of 1937;" and below, Wally Beery, Cecilia Parker in "Old Hutch."



Aptitude in the art of the embrace, illustrated across the page by William Powell and his ex-wife Carole Lombard; and by Tony Martin and Shirley Dean in their "Back to Nature" scene.



Watch
Their
Smoke!



Their puffs are purely for pleasure, but see how their careers advance



At ease between important works in Hollywood, Lady Nicotine proves a genial companion for actors, and actresses, too. See Constance Bennett, above, and Isabel Jewell, at extreme left, across page. Top center, Dick Powell and Errol Flynn. From left to right at bottom: Ralph Bellamy, Edmund Lowe, Jean Hersholt, and Warner Baxter.



Our big picture shows Bob with little Juanita Quigley, belle of "Our Gang." Right, top reading down: wooing, and winning, filmatically speaking, Babs Stanwyck, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Eleanor Powell. Below: when Garbo meets Taylor, in "Camille." Wait for the fireworks!

When Any Girl Meets Robert Taylor!

Here's what happens, whether it's Garbo herself, or the tiniest trouser on the lot: "Hello," says Bob. "O-o-o-o-h, Mr. Taylor!" says the willing victim—and falls



Eugene
Robert
Richee



The lovely mezzo-soprano from the Met is back in Hollywood, this time hoping for better luck with her new Paramount picture, "Champagne Waltz," Viennese musical, in which Gladys will do the trilling and MacMurray the thrilling and everybody will be happy—we hope.



When Mezzo Meets MacMurray!

Gladys Swarthout seems too thrilled to sing when she plays her first scenes with her new leading man, Fred MacMurray



William Walling



Fred Hendrickson



Mood: Tragic

As the heroine of the picture version of Sean O'Casey's highly dramatic play, "The Plough and the Stars," Barbara Stanwyck essays a new flight into the more serious and difficult reaches of the screen art, as indicated by these strikingly sombre views. At right, a scene with Preston Foster; and, right center, a lighter moment with Barry Fitzgerald, famous member of the Abbey Theatre group who journeyed all the way from Ireland to Hollywood to reenact their original supporting rôles in the John Ford filmization of the brilliant Irish dramatist's work.





Elmer Fryer

Mood: Merry



Olivia de Havilland arrives! This deliciously happy young person, having completed her part opposite Errol Flynn in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," dashes off in holiday spirit for a breezy rest between rôles. Busy ever since her screen début in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Olivia has been rushed from one film to another, accepting each new assignment in a refreshingly adventurous manner, justifying her celluloid Columbus', Max Reinhardt's, faith in her promise and ability.

Longworth

It's Silly, But We Like It!



Claire Trevor, above, decoratively dizzy. Don Ameche, left above, made his hit as an Indian in "Ramona," so he goes top-hat on us. Left, two devastating dancers in the "Bomba" number from "The Big Broadcast." Left, from top reading down, our own silly movie starring Shirley Ross, entitled "It Happened One Day"—for publicity. Below: Ann Loring and Virginia Grey go native—for how long? Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, and Mickey Rooney as "The three stooges." Charlie Ruggles, he tickles you, and Mary Boland, she tickles him, in "Wives Never Know."

Her serene beauty finds a haven in the British studios and a lovely old country house where she enjoys peace and contentment. Lower right, Ann is so popular in England that she had to have a police escort when she attended the Theatrical Garden Party.



Ann Is Happy Again

First and only interview Miss Harding has given since her journey to England. Read it and bring yourself up to date with Ann!

By Hettie Grimstead

OUTSIDE, the mellow peace of a summer afternoon, flower-bordered lawns and nodding trees, and seven-year-old Jane Bannister playing beside the tranquil little lake, her long golden curls gleaming in the sunshine.

Inside, an oak-panelled room in an English country house, with ancient armor and high-backed old chairs and Jane's mother, beautiful Ann Harding, telling in her clear warm voice why she came to London.

"I crossed the Atlantic simply because I felt I needed a holiday, which means change of environment, you know. Also I wanted my daughter to go to school here for a time—day-school, because I must have her home with me in the evenings. We've been constant companions ever since she was born. I expect to stay in England about six months and I'm making a film while I'm here. Maybe I shall make a second one later on if I can find another story that appeals to me sufficiently. Then Jane and I are going to enjoy a real traditional English Christmas, but in January I must return to Hollywood and go back to work there once again."

Then, smiling, she dismissed the subject with a wave



Graphic Photo Union

of her hand, ringless, tanned and slender and unusually strong for a woman. It was her valediction to the darkest chapter of her life, betokening the final fade-out to that personal drama in which Ann has had a part as poignantly tense as any rôle she has played on the screen. It meant she had won the last of her hard-fought battles of the court-room in which she faced her former husband Harry Bannister, the theatrical leading man she married nine years ago when she was still a stage actress herself, and now could rest assured that she was free and undisputed guardian of the child she worships so passionately.

So Ann is staying quietly at a sixteenth-century mansion in the heart of England's lovely wooded countryside, peaceful and happy and savouring the richest joy of living once again. It was characteristic of her that she did not choose to live in town. There is something about the breadth and the fresh sweetness of the open spaces essentially appropriate to this gracious woman with her wide frank eyes, her sun-warmed skin, and her steady air of purpose.

Wearing the simplest of clothes—a plain white piqué sports frock or a favorite brown tailored suit—she passes her days out of doors, walking in the park under the oak-trees, driving her car to local beauty-spots, visiting a neighbouring stable to watch the polo-ponies in training and being a thrilled spectator at the county matches. She helps the Scottish nurse with (Continued on page 93)



SWING TIME—RKO-Radio



MY favorite of all the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers pictures—faster than “Follow the Fleet,” topper to “Top Hat,” more magical than “Roberta” or “The Gay Divorcee.” Scene by scene, tune by tune, step by step, this musical romance is superlative. (Now may I have that dance, Mr. Astaire?). “Swing Time” is superbly directed in a casual, charming manner that makes you, the audience, feel almost as important as the actors. You’re right there with ’em, and, manners or no manners, your toes will tap and your fingers keep time as the supreme team swings and sways, cracks and kisses through the grandly gay scenes. Fred, this time, is a gamblin’ fool aided by the very funny Victor Moore. His object is to keep from making love to Ginger, which calls forth the song of the show, *This is a Fine Romance*—satirical smash. Ginger is more lithe and lovely than ever before, and a divine comedienne—watch for that wonderful love scene in which she mutters, “How’dyalikem’dress.” Astaire also unbends in elegant comedy, and his dancing of *Bojangles of Harlem* is a high spot. Helen Broderick and Victor Moore are swell. Kern music!



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



THE TEXAS RANGERS—Paramount



HOLLYWOOD is gradually discovering America, and King Vidor's new picture is the latest pictorial record of the good old days when there was an Indian lurking behind every tree and a Fred MacMurray to ride to the rescue in the nick of time. “The Texas Rangers” lacks the authority and substance of “The Last of the Mohicans,” which I reviewed with raves last month, and which I still insist is one of the grander pictures; no—it’s obviously a machine-made product, constructed sometimes cleverly but too often clumsily of the stock movie materials. But it has its exciting moments, thanks chiefly to the excellent cast, in which MacMurray is a bandit turned ranger, and Jack Oakie plays his pal who makes the supreme sacrifice that all pals in all westerns have made since Bill Hart first rode the range. At times the story of the Texas Rangers’ exploits becomes stirring film stuff, as when MacMurray pursues Lloyd Nolan to his death—Nolan, by the way, gives a splendid performance. The romantic interest is subdued, but Jean Parker is refreshing and sweet in her few scenes. All boys will love this, so send or take ’em to see it.



PICCADILLY JIM—M-G-M



HERE’S an enchanting comedy, in which the inimitable humor of P. G. Wodehouse has been eloquently translated to the screen at last. The incredibly mad mix-ups of the Wodehousian plot have been whipped into a smooth comedy that is just right in every particular, and further cause for rejoicing is the fact that at last, after too long, Robert Montgomery has the right part, which he plays with all that light and nonchalant charm that can be so annoying in the wrong rôle, so perfect in the right. Come to think of it, Bob is the ideal Wodehouse hero, and I don’t know why it has taken them so long to get together. So here he’s a playboy turned cartoonist, with Frank Morgan for a playboy father, Madge Evans, prettier than ever, as the girl of his heart so hard to win, and such priceless personalities as Eric Blore, Billie Burke, Bob Benchley, and Cora Witherspoon contributing to the hilarity. You’ll particularly enjoy Madge’s fall from grace, with Bob tumbling after; Mr. Blore’s story of the spider and how it grew; Miss Burke’s flutters and twitters; Miss Witherspoon’s effective, if forceful dialogue; and of course Mr. Morgan. In short, you’ll enjoy it. Encore.

SUPREME ENTERTAINERS:

ASTAIRE and ROGERS
in their all-time best,
"Swing Time"

BIG SURPRISE:

JOAN CRAWFORD
as an old-fashioned girl
in "Gorgeous Hussy"

CHARMING DISCOVERY

JEANNE MADDEN
in "Stage-Struck"

GRAND NEW TEAM:

GARY COOPER and
MADELEINE CARROLL

WELCOME BACK:

BOB MONTGOMERY
as you like him

BEST COMEDY:

JOAN BLONDELL
in "Stage-Struck"



THE GORGEOUS HUSSY—M-G-M



JOAN CRAWFORD completely surrounded by curls and a cast of some of the finest actors in Hollywood, is something to see. As *Peggy O'Neill*, toast of her time and pet of Andrew Jackson, Joan has a rôle so different from any she has played that the effect is almost startling. Her lovely tragic mask of a face is framed in enormous hats; her famous "figger" is enveloped in flounces and ruffles and ribbons; in fact, our most modern young woman becomes an old-fashioned girl, and I wouldn't be surprised to see her in *Rose in Bloom* any day now. Only in one scene, at the death-bed of *John Randolph*, (Melvyn Douglas), does Joan seem to me to rise above the trappings of her costume-character and emerge a real, warm person. She is always sincere, however, and deserves a cheer for her pioneering. After all, it's really Lionel Barrymore's picture. As *Andrew Jackson*, Mr. Barrymore achieves an important portrait, despite his tendency to over-emphasis. Robert Taylor, who becomes a better actor every time we see him, makes his brief rôle memorable for sincerity and pictorial appeal. Melvyn Douglas, superb; Franchot Tone, James Stewart lost.



STAGE-STRUCK—Warners



WORTH seeing for several reasons. First, because Dick Powell does *not* win Joan Blondell; in fact, he hates her, and with Joan giving the best performance of her life, too. Second, for a good tune, *In Your Own Quiet Way*, which is one of those insidious melodies you can't lose. Third, because although Busby Berkley directed, there are no big musical numbers—amen. Fourth, the début of Jeanne Madden who brings a fresh, flowerlike appeal and a really fine voice to the screen. If you still aren't sold on seeing it, perhaps the presence of the Yacht Club Boys may supply the final fillip. Reminiscent of "42nd Street," "Stage-Struck" serves to remind me that Warners, pioneers in the stunning musicals, have been resting on their laurels too long, and need to strike a new note in staging and casting their tune-shows. The one novelty here is a really swell impersonation by Blondell of a dizzy beauty who believes in giving all for her Art, and Joan is very, very funny, as well as very, very gorgeous to gaze at. Little Miss Madden is sincere and charming, and Frank McHugh gives his usual expert show. Dick Powell gallantly "gives" this film to his Joanie.



THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN—Paramount



TWO of the most decorative people in the world, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, set like rare jewels in a dark and sinister setting, help make a provocative motion picture. War-torn China is the background, with Gary the center of a furious melodrama in which Miss Carroll figures as the reluctant tool of her rascally father, with the commanding figure of the war-lord, that character that crops up in Chinese melodramas, dominating the scene. The war-lord is the menace of the piece, and as played by Akim Tamiroff in subtly sinister style, is to be taken more seriously than most—just one more example of right casting that makes a picture move. In fact, there would be a distinct flavor of the old-time silent serials about this elaborate and expensive production were it not for the skilled direction and the flawless performances. As it is, you'll find yourself grinding your teeth or biting your nails or clutching your neighbor by the time the war-lord has Cooper and Miss Carroll at his mercy, threatening torture and goodness knows what-all; yes, you'll find it thrilling. It, and Gary. Clifford Odets has done a swell and stirring job writing his first screenplay.

Distant Star

Romance that penetrates the veneer of glamor and reveals the warmly human struggle of a boy and a girl to find true love in glittering Hollywood

By Margaret E. Sangster

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN

CHAPTER IV

BILL'S apartment was warm and cozy—warmer and cozier than it had ever been. A fire crackled on the hearth, and heavy silk curtains veiled the windows and the doors that led terrace-ward. Mavis Dorian threw aside her rain coat, skillfully avoiding Bill's proffered aid, and walked over to the fireplace. She flexed her hands to the heat, and said:

"It's a nasty night. And—if you ask me, which you didn't—a nasty situation."

Bill said: "My Jap always leaves sandwiches, and whisky and soda, and coffee in the machine ready to perk. We'll have a bite of supper. What do you mean," his voice shook, "nasty situation?"

Mavis laughed. "Sure, feed me," she said, "not that I'm starving, yet. Here's how the scenario reads: Jilted swain—were you ever a swain?—meets down-and-out jilter. He has her in his power. He brings her—all wet in more ways than one—to his swanky apartment. So she'll be able to remember that she had a swanky apartment, once."

Bill said, "Mavis." Just that. His voice was an open wound. Mavis Dorian glanced at him from beneath level brows. Then she sank into a cushioned chair. Bill saw that her face was thin—thinner than Dietrich's face, or Hepburn's, about the cheek bones. He saw that her hands were thin, too, and not very carefully manicured. Her hands matched her dress, which was neither smart nor well pressed. His glance traveled to her shoes.

Mavis asked nastily, "Taking inventory?"

Bill said, "Mavis!" again. Then all at once speech came in a torrent. "Why did you leave town," he queried, "so abruptly? Why didn't you come to me? I would have given you everything you wanted. I would have gotten you a new contract at Ultra Alta. You could have had—"

"Ye-s," drawled Mavis. "So what?"

Bill went on, almost wildly: "I didn't know until the florist phoned to say he couldn't deliver the flowers—" he was unaware of the woman's raised eyebrows—"Then I went to the hotel. Then I went to central casting. Then to officials of every decent company. I'd have put a detective on you—only it didn't seem sporting, somehow."

Mavis spoke, and her voice was shrill. "You—" she raged—"put a detective on *me*? You—" Swiftly, in a way that the old Mavis never could have managed, she checked her rising anger. "Well," she said, "beggars can't be choosers! Bring on the sandwiches and Scotch. They wouldn't have found me, anyway, your gum-shoes. I was visiting a cousin, back home. Incidentally, she's one of your fans. You sent her a picture—she keeps it on her dresser. Did it hand me a laugh!"

Bill asked, as he hobbled to get the tray of sandwiches,

the assortment of bottles and glasses: "Where is home?"

Mavis said: "Wisconsin. But about the time her thick-headed husband was beginning to go possessive, the cousin kicked me out!"

"So," prompted Bill. He spoke in the breathless tone of a little boy listening to Buck Rogers. He was saying to himself—"She was never as friendly as this, before."

"Then," Mavis continued, "I came back to Hollywood. I got here a week ago. I've been going the rounds—" Her voice grew shrill again. "Those so-and-sos," she told Bill, "putting on airs with their betters! Too busy to see me!"

Bill had brought in a tray. He set it on a table by the side of Mavis Dorian. There were high crystal tumblers. There were sandwiches of caviar, and sandwiches of pâté. He said very softly:

"I've dreamed it this way, so often. You, in my home. breaking my bread. Letting me—serve you."

Mavis Dorian reached for a caviar sandwich. She bit into it before she sneered:

"Don't go romantic on me, Bill. It isn't funny."

Bill agreed: "No, it isn't funny." He poured Scotch into one of the tall glasses, he filled the glass with soda. He didn't pour a drink for himself. Life, undiluted, was too intoxicating on this magic night. A line or two from a poem that he'd read, by some unknown poet, swept through his brain. "You, close beside me, and outside the rain," he repeated in his soul, "beating against the darkness of the night."

Mavis took the glass from his none too steady hand. She gulped a quarter of its contents before she spoke.

"That's good," she said. She reached for a second sandwich. "How does it feel, knowing that our positions are reversed? You being the big shot. Me the scum."

Bill's voice was crowded with agony. "I'll never be a big shot," he said, "not any more than you will ever be scum. I've had the luck lately—you haven't. That's all. Now that we've come together, maybe your luck will change. It will if I can do anything to make it change!"

Mavis laughed. Her laughter was as brittle as venetian glass. She said, "So you'll change my luck for me? How'll you go about it?"

Bill Banton poured himself a drink. Suddenly he needed a stimulant. He said: "I know it will seem funny to you, but I'm sort of important around Ultra Alta. They say my next picture—the one I finished tonight—will get the Academy prize. A year ago I couldn't have dictated terms to M. B.—I was at a party of his, by the way, tonight. A year ago I was a starter. Now I can have my say-so."

Mavis repeated mockingly: "And your say-so will be?"

Bill drained his glass. He set it down empty on the table. He said, "I'll tell them they've got to find a place



Bill's apartment was warm and cozy—cozier than it had ever been, he thought, as Mavis, seated in front of the fireplace, flexed her hands to the warmth of the blazing logs.

for you, or else—”

“Or else?” prompted Mavis. Her face didn't look quite so gaunt, now that it was flushed.

“Or else I'll quit,” Bill told her. “I can get along without them. Ultra Alta can learn to get along without me.”

Mavis reached for her sixth—maybe her seventh—sandwich. She munched it thoughtfully.

“You're very noble,” she said at last, and her voice was more gentle than Bill had ever heard it. “Why are you so noble, Bill Banton? I've never given you any

reason to like me. I've slapped you with my hand—I've lashed you with my tongue. And yet you'd toss away the swellest job in Hollywood for me. You might as well understand, now, that if positions were reversed I wouldn't go to the mat for you. Probably I wouldn't even buy a paper from you.”

Bill was bending forward, his good foot braced against the leg of the chair so that he wouldn't overbalance, and fall. He said:

“I've always been interested in you, Mavis Dorian, ever since I first saw your face, (Continued on page 80)

SCREENLAND Glamor School

All that glitters is not glamor! It's easy to be spectacular in Hollywood, but to be quietly, smartly lovely requires art. Miss Hutchinson has a horror of "high" clothes, so here she has assembled the highlights of her wardrobe as proof that charm need not be conspicuous

All photographs of Miss Josephine Hutchinson posed especially for SCREENLAND Glamor School by Ed Stone



Tunics are terribly important! Top, Josephine swings into our fashion scene wearing a tunic dress combining black and satin-dotted royal blue crepe. See the military neckline? Turbans are definitely good, too: see hers of black velvet trimmed with curled ostrich feathers and a brief veil. Her stitched patent leather pumps have slide cut-out sections. The new fur coats are swagger style; Miss Hutchinson's mink, right above, has broad shoulders. Her turban is chartreuse felt with sunburst folds at the crown front and centered with a cluster of curled ostrich feathers. Right: fur evening wraps are mostly capes, like her ermine at right.



Edited by

*Josephine
Hutchinson*



Miss Hutchinson's black satin evening gown, above, has a square-cut shirred bodice—the square décolletage is definitely "in." Her white corsage is set squarely also. Right: more black and white, Josephine's favorite combination—this time a gown of black broadcloth with white bands at hem and halter neckline. Below: bolero jacket lined with heavy white corded silk. See her very new evening sandals?

Center, above: symphony in black and turquoise! With her black velvet frock which is trimmed with bows of turquoise ribbon, Miss Hutchinson wears interesting Oriental jewelry: laughing Buddhas of bright coral are set in old silver in her Chinese bracelet and ring set. Above, a peplum jacket with leg-o'-mutton sleeves serves to top several of Josephine's black evening dresses.



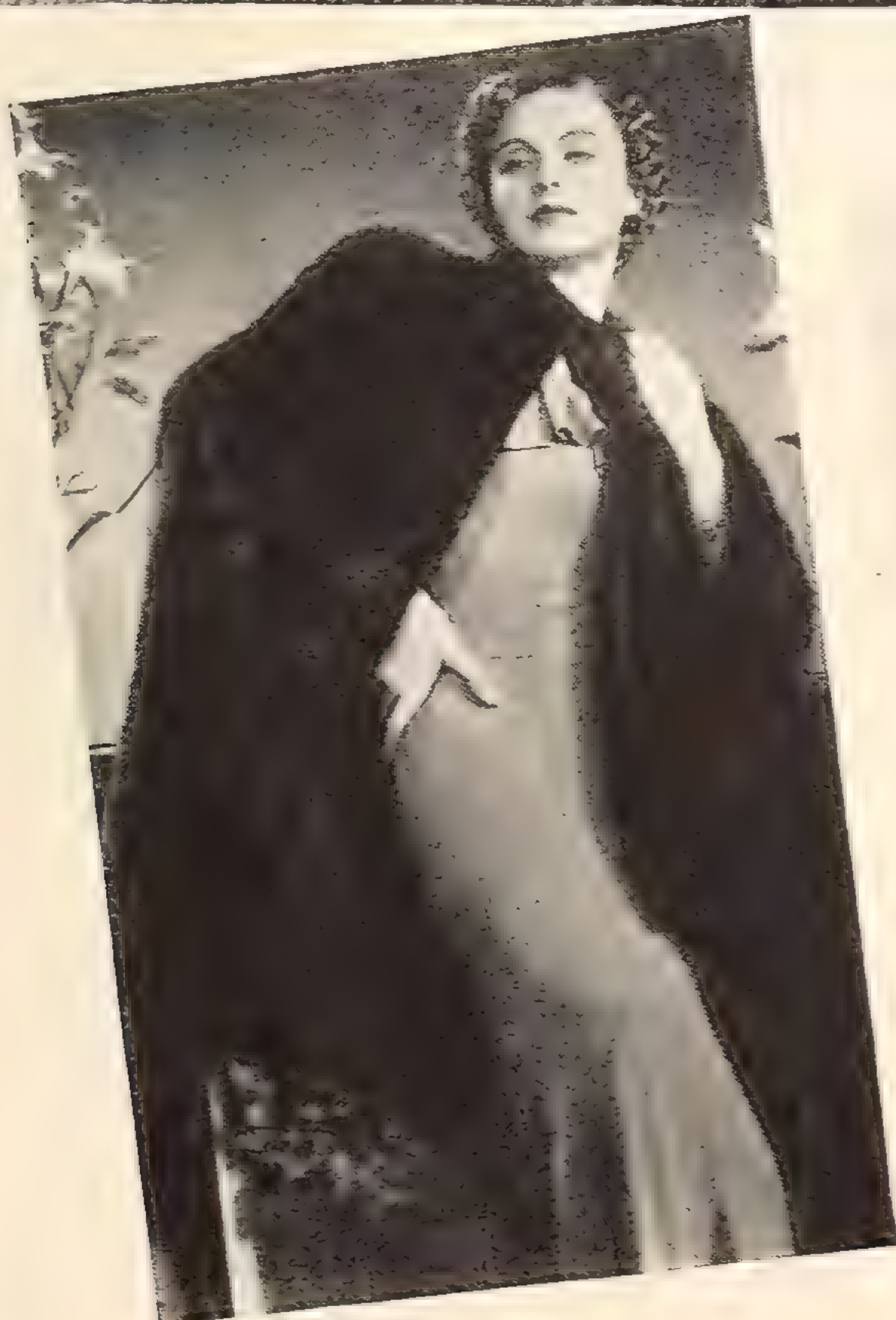
SCREENLAND'S All-Star Fashion Show



Claudette Colbert, top, wears her pet gown from her personal wardrobe: black dotted chiffon over white satin. Myrna Loy, next, shows you her twin gold bracelets. Anita Colby, above, always picks a big, new puff for home powdering. Marion Davies, right, has a peaked and quilled hat, a smart new compact. Gladys Swarthout, far right, sponsors "synthetic squirrel" in a cape.



Some "first ladies of the cinema" pose for us in fascinatingly frivolous new gowns and crowns!



Ruth Chatterton, top, wears a lovely pleated satin hostess gown with very full brocade coat, in "Dodsworth." Shirley Ross, top right, goes in for a Juliet coiffure. Miss Swarthout again, above, in her new light and dark grey striped suit, with which she wears a dark brown blouse. Marsha Hunt, left, and a jaunty new felt. Jean Muir, at far left, in the new knee-length fur cape.

Mrs. Eddy's

You've asked for "more about Nelson Eddy." Well, here's all about the home life of this "most eligible bachelor"

NELSON EDDY is the ideal son, although he'd be the first to wax indignant at such a statement; and if you've never seen Nelson wax indignant, you've never witnessed a real waxing! For this apparently phlegmatic blond has the temperament—but yes. Nevertheless I iterate, Nelson is the ideal son.

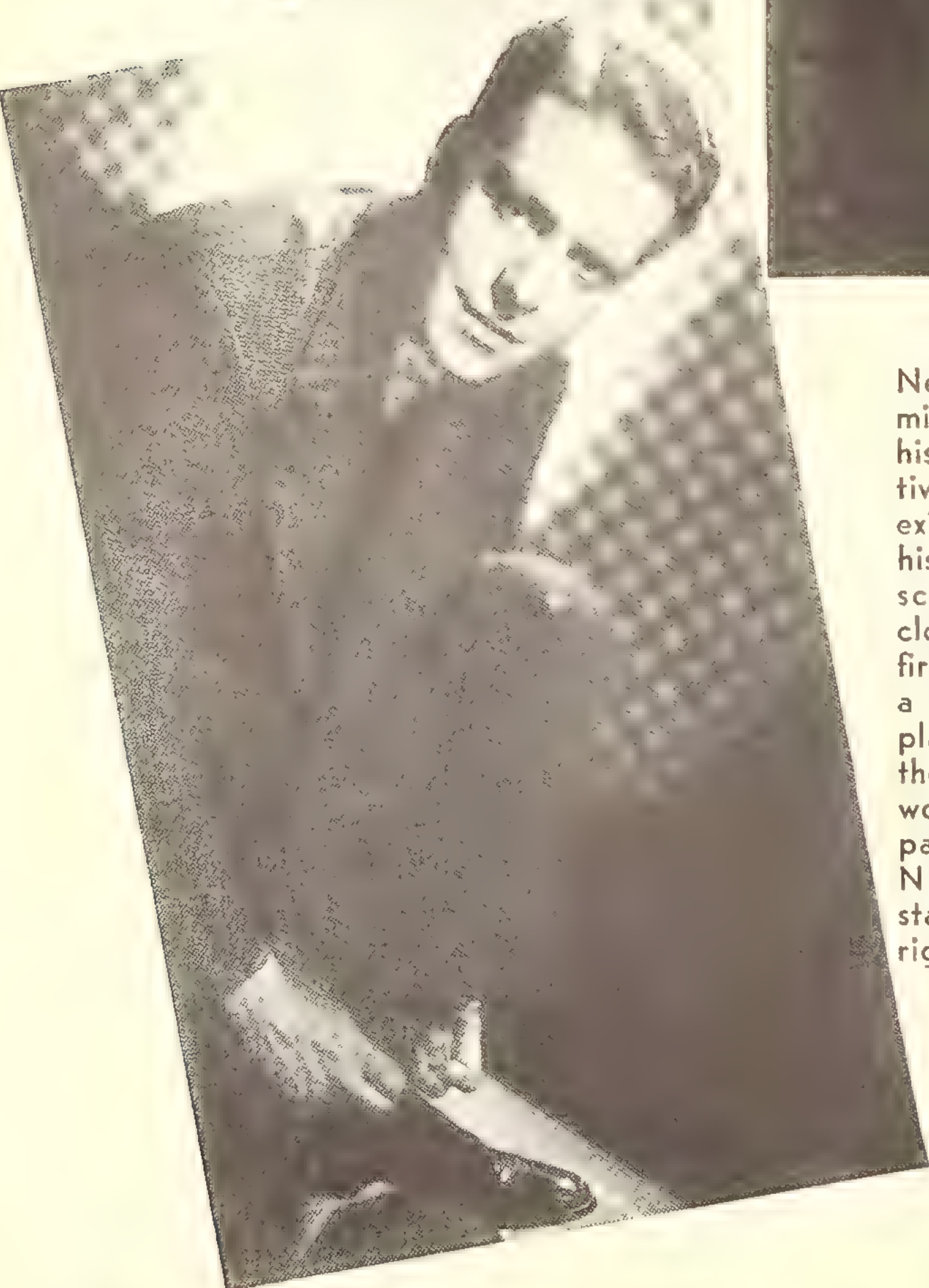
His mother should know best, and she says so, early and often. Her face positively beams when she speaks of her "Nelse." And it's no act, either. They have just as much fun together early in the day when they're "getting organized," as they do when they don their more formal aspect for dinner. (Great temptation to pun there—aspic for dinner—but I won't do it). So many of much-publicized Hollywood mother and son associations are so one-dimensional and entirely lack depth and sincerity when there's no audience present, that it's refreshing to encounter the real McCoy. But then, nothing about Nelson, his mother, or his ménage, smacks of Hollywood. Perhaps not enough so. By that, I mean he's utterly adamant in refusing to allow publicity to enter into his private life.

Therefore, the manufactured publicity very often is quite untrue and harmful.

The association of "Nelse" and Isabelle is more the kind we see depicted in well-bred English comedies than anything else I can think of. It's so much easier to call Mrs. Eddy "Isabelle" rather than "Mrs. Eddy." She's so darned gay and young-looking. She usually arises first in the morning, for Nelse is quite a sleepy-head when he's not working on a picture. His privacy is respected and the house is very quiet until he awakens. No hush-hush stuff is necessary, however, for the only other occupants of the house are Mrs. Eddy, Sheba, that ubiquitous sheep-dog, and one maid. No Hollywood swank for this lad, although with his huge income he could well afford it. Isabelle usually has her coffee in her room and then reads the paper on her chaise longue or works on her perfectly enormous scrapbook of "Nelse." If ever you saw a work of love this is one. To see this diminutive person dragging this huge tome around is amusing.

Ted Paxson, accompanist and friend of years, usually

Nelson has never permitted publicity to enter his private life—an active, completely human existence that reflects in his naturalness on the screen and in these close-ups illustrating the first intimate story about a star who has won the plaudits of the world and the admiration of Hollywood. At right, across page, is a group shot of Nelson, Isabelle, the star's mother; and on his right, Dr. Lippé, Nelson's music teacher.



Boy, Nelson

By
Merlin Pierce

calls around eleven, and Isabelle raps softly on her son's door to find out if he "wants any practice today." The answer is either "No, I just had some," or, "Oh, I suppose so," in a sleepy, resigned voice.

But, once in his shower, Nelson can be heard bellowing all over the house. And I mean bellowing. Sound seems to fill every nook and cranny. And so begins the day in the Life of a Famous Baritone.

In a few minutes, he's downstairs, fully clothed, and smelling grand. Fully clothed might sound strange to those of you who've never lived in Hollywood, but most of the stars at home relax in various stages of undress. Not so, Nelson—New England cropping out, probably. But whatever it is, I still say he's fully clothed. And as for smelling swell, he likes perfume! But wait. It's a very masculine and very expensive scent. One morning when I sniffed and smiled, he said: "Oh-my-gosh, is it that obvious?" with a dismayed look. And then went on: "But don't you hate that laundry smell on men?" I do, and I think he's right. Nearly all cosmopolitan men like and use scent and I don't know why we should feel it is a feminine prerogative.

He pokes his head into the study a minute to see if there's anything urgent, before going into the breakfast room. Sheba, usually asleep in the smallest and darkest corner, gets up slowly and ambles over in his general direction for a good morning pat. Thoughts of Sheba always remind me of Nelson's story about her. When he started longing for a dog, he visualized a small, sleek, prancing animal, with big bright eyes, waiting for him at the door every night when he came in weary. Eyeing Sheba balefully, and not knowing whether or not she was eyeing him back, Nelson ruefully went on, "And now look what I got—big as a horse, her hair couldn't possibly be any longer; can't see her eyes at all, and when I make my entrance, she simply goes on sleeping."

About this time, Dr. Lippé usually calls. Lippé, as he's affectionately called by Nelson and Isabelle. He looks like a sad-eyed elf and likes his little joke. When the secretary answers, he usually cracks forth with, "Is there an actor in the house?" or, "Is the blond menace around?" Nelson of course comes right back at him, and he's no slouch at a little rough and ready repartee. But some of their airy persiflage would not meet the approval of the Hays office, I'm afraid, so we'll skip it. (*Continued on page 69*)



Basil Rathbone's

You'd think a Hollywood actor would want to forget all about "Pictures" when his day's work is done. But here's a fine player whose idea of diversion is to spend all his spare time shooting camera studies!



By
Ruth Tildesley



Basil Rathbone has made some splendid photographs, and we show you a representative group. Reading from top to bottom: Mrs. Rathbone with the family pets. "Emotion in Nature." "Happy," the dog, with geraniums. The "spirit picture" from "Romeo and Juliet." Now, see opposite page: top, a study of Marlene Dietrich by Mr. Rathbone. Courtyard and fountain in "Romeo and Juliet." Location scene from "Garden of Allah." An action shot.

IMAGINE Basil Rathbone as a Man with a Message!

"Solution to boredom!" he explained, his dark eyes shining, his lean face aglow as though someone had flashed a silver reflector into it. "Get yourself a camera and *do something different!*"

We sat in the Rathbone sunroom, where the color scheme of light blue and henna makes you think of ice and flames, a giant album open before us, while he expounded his views.

"You see this one—I shot that through a fountain. Water was showering down from above, and beyond were the birds dipping in and out. I didn't know whether I'd get anything or not. Now all the other camera fiends point me out as the man who shot that fountain thing.

"I got that on the set during 'Romeo and Juliet.' On that picture so many of us had cameras, little sixteen m.m. movies or still cameras, that they nearly shut down on us. There were Leslie Howard, Reginald Denny and myself shooting whenever we weren't in the scene, and dozens of people who either had small parts or were visiting the set taking shots. 'After all, just who is making this picture?' they inquired.

"But among us, we got some excellent stuff. Sometimes I think amateurs have more than their share of luck, or else they're not hampered by knowing exactly what they can or cannot do, so they take chances.

"My spirit pictures were accidents, it must be admitted. I had no idea what I was getting. The set was lit, the company was ready to go into the ceremonial dance. As I shot, they moved—and their figures are just sufficiently blurred so that they look transparent. The torches on the walls, the reflections in the polished floor, are all there clearly, only the figures seem to be spirits! I wonder under what conditions I could do that again?"

He stabbed at the air with an eager forefinger.

"There!" he cried, "that's what I mean! Making pictures takes hold on your imagination. Having a camera opens a new door on life. You see everything, not only with the ordinary human eye, but with the camera's eye as well. A scene, a person, a piece of action isn't any longer merely pleasing, displeasing, or uninteresting; it's a problem in pictorial values.

"At the most boring moment, you can sit back and speculate on what you'd do if you had to make a picture of whatever it is that's going on. You find yourself forgetting to be bored. You think, 'Now, if I let in a little more light from that window,' or 'If I moved that chair farther forward,' or 'That's an interesting arrangement of shadows on her face—' and so on.

"Next thing you know, you discover you've learned something about composition, lighting, framing your subject and what not."



Romance rumors, started when Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes, aviator and film producer, went night-clubbing in New York, stopped when Ginger cracked, "Why I love Dickie Moore."

News of the latest Katharine Hepburn picture! Left, a scene from "Portrait of a Rebel." Herbert Marshall is leading man. Locale, England. The time, 1850.

columnists (?) and cameramen. Lyle Talbot and Lina Basquette think they're fooling everyone else—but they *know* they're not fooling each other.

WHILE history was practically being made in his own living room, Jimmy Stewart was calmly taking a sun bath out in his own back yard. When Garbo, who rented the house next door, first came out to look at it, she made a mistake and rang Jimmy's door bell. When the servant let her in, Garbo entered, walked all through the house, and then left again. The servant saw nothing unusual in the incident, because Jimmy's house is up for sale and many people come to look at it. When Jimmy finally came inside, the servant calmly told him that Garbo had dropped in. And Jimmy has been trying to get a glimpse of Garbo ever since he first came to Hollywood!

DAME HOLLYWOOD may try to make you believe that there's a romance a-brewin' between Cary Grant and Sonja Henie, but don't you believe it one little minute. On the baby grand piano in Cary's Santa Monica Beach drawing-room, there's a huge framed picture of Mary Brian. It's autographed, too, but we promised Cary we wouldn't print such a sweet, personal message.

(Continued on page 99)

LET those who will, insist that the mighty Hepburn is difficult to be around. The crew on "Portrait of a Rebel" happen to be of a different opinion. On the last day of the picture, all the electricians, prop men and assistants pooled their money together and bought Katie a fancy solid silver fountain pen. She was so touched that—for once—Hepburn was speechless.

WHEN Henry Fonda's engagement to Mrs. George Brokaw was announced, the most surprised person in Hollywood was Henry's best pal and house sharer, Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy would never commit himself, but most of those who know Fonda have always felt that in spite of his divorce from Margaret Sullavan, she was still Number One girl in his heart. His marriage to the New York and Paris socialite will automatically make him the stepfather of a little daughter.

THE first thing Bob Taylor did when he treated himself to a new Packard, was to stop by for Barbara Stanwyck and take her for a ride. The second thing he did, was to ride by the Tones' house and take Joan and Franchot along in the rumble seat. The third thing he did was to get a flat tire.

DAN CUPID has been working overtime in Hollywood and he still has a lot of home work to get in. When Gail Patrick and Bob, (Brown Derby), Cobb, finally came to a definite parting of the ways, Gail turned to John King, Universal's new find. Bob is seeing a lot of June Clayworth, who used to see a lot of Eddie Buzzell. Doris Nolan, who started out as a stock player with Tom Beck, are now featured players and are featuring each other. Madge Evans takes time off from Tom Gallery, to go out with Russell Hardie. They go to those quiet places, away from



Gosh, if he keeps guzzling like that—and why not with Cecilia Parker urging him on?—something's going to happen, sure.



There it goes! But he doesn't fret over spilled milk, even if Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore get all splashed up.

SURE, they steal your heart away—those Irish eyes that are Gail Patrick's glorious beauty asset! Of course, Gail's not all Irish, and the Dixie accent you hear in one of her recent pictures, "Early to Bed," comes of an authentic Alabama birthright and generations of old Southern tradition on the distaff side. There's lots of intelligence, too, shining through those big brown eyes, as Gail studied to be a lawyer before ever she went into pictures.

The lashes that frame Gail's gorgeous eyes are long and dark and upturned. But please notice that the lashes on the lower lids are entirely innocent of make-up. And don't color your own lower lashes unless Nature in her wisdom made them dark to fit your own individual face. In my opinion, it is very important to beauty to concentrate your eye make-up *above* your eyes if you want them to look soft and large and heavenly bright.

The whole modern trend in make-up is to "lift." Help your face look long and slender, unless it is naturally too much so. The newest hats are away up in front, some of them going to absurd but intriguing heights. Hair styles are up and off the forehead and ears. Eyebrows can be made to help accentuate that upward lift. The exaggerated narrow line across the brow is completely out. Eyebrows should be heavy enough to suggest individual character. What plucking they need should be done from underneath to increase their height on your forehead. Then brush them in a smooth upward sweep from the line above your nose and lengthen the curve down the temples with your eyebrow pencil if necessary. This down-

ward curve should end just about parallel with the outer corners of your eyes. A touch of brilliantine on eyebrows gives them a sleek, well-groomed appearance that's universally becoming.

Never shave your eyebrows. When you tweeze them, it's wise to pull the hair out in the direction in which it grows. Tweeze any straggly hairs between your brows, or if you want to get rid of them permanently, have them removed by the electric needle. An extra eye make-up brush besides the one you use to apply mascara is a great convenience. Brush your lashes and brows after you've powdered your face to remove stray powder. Brush your brows again after you've darkened them with pencil or mascara, and again after that final touch of brilliantine. Brown eyebrows for blondes and black for brunettes is a rule from which you never need to depart.

As for eyelashes, you're allowed much more latitude in your choice of color since blue, green, and purple have joined the standard black and brown. You may wear any one of the five depending upon your costume and what tone you want to accentuate in the color of your eyes. There's no rule against black lashes when eyebrows are brown, and darkening with black before you apply blue, green or purple adds depth if your lashes are naturally light. Neither need mascara match your eye shadow. A touch of purple mascara, brown eyebrow pencil, and

green eye shadow may be the very combination that will do most to bring out the size and brilliancy of your eyes.

When blue mascara first came into the make-up picture, it was considered
(Continued on page 98)

Long, luxuriant, dark lashes and eyebrows groomed to a graceful curve frame Gail Patrick's famous eyes.

Make up to your eyes if you aspire to beauty such as Hollywood's favorites display on the screen!

By
Elin
Neil



Shining Eyes Are Key to Beauty

Anne Rockefeller



Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—Anne C. Rockefeller

Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

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...and her
famous
"Little
Dinners"

MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure...the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée...a pause for a Camel...followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee...with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

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- | | |
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| | Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles |
| | Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia |
| Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York | Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, Baltimore |
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Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Mrs. Eddy's Boy, Nelson

Continued from page 61

Then to breakfast. On the way, a big hearty smack for "Muz." She usually is in the butler's pantry arranging flowers by now, or conferring with the maid in the kitchen; and after this smack Nelson adds a good big pat where it will do the most good, which elicits a laughing "Oh, Nelse!" She lets him read his paper in peace, (understanding woman!), and then joins him in a second cup of coffee and a bit of gossip. It's trite but true that they act more like a congenial brother and sister than mother and son, for Isabelle Eddy has remained remarkably young and modern-minded. Their conversation is just as apt to be about her love-life as that of Nelson's, for her romantic life is far more definite at the moment that is his. However, it's not one of your silly middle-aged infatuations that are in such bad taste, but a dignified affair of long standing and much understanding. It wouldn't be surprising if she beat Nelson to the altar. They would miss each other terribly if either one married, but with both the other's happiness is paramount.

After breakfast, Nelson has a short romp with the panting Sheba, then gets to his fan mail. There's usually stacks of this waiting and Nelson gives it his personal and thoughtful attention. He's really interested in the contents, heeding much of the constructive criticism. Coming across one of the many drawings of himself enclosed in a fan letter, he's very apt to dash off a self-caricature, for fun, (he was a cartoonist, you know). Then there's always the hundreds of photos to be autographed, and he does this until he gets writer's cramp, but insists on doing it personally, rather than have them ghost-written, as so many stars do.

Luncheon time. A very light meal, topped off with vast quantities of milk. Nearly always he eats luncheon at home, with his mother, his secretary, and often Lippé. Forgets the many incidents of the day and completely relaxes while eating, often playing tricky games to the befuddle-



Have a peek at a pretty girl and her pet Pekes. It's Carol Hughes with Nanki Poo and Ming Toy.

ment and amusement of Isabelle and Lippé. You know, prestidigitation stuff. No, it's not a disease. I just couldn't think how to spell sleight-of-hand, so thought it a good opportunity to impress with my erudition. You've all heard that "just a little boy at heart" stuff, I'm sure. It nauseates me as much as it does you, but hold your hats, because here it goes again. He loves to laugh and is really witty. A born clown, but a nice one. The *Pagliacci* in him, no doubt. One of his favorite amusements is to play back the records he makes of his infrequent parties. You might think it a bit unfair of him to so catch his guests unawares, but everyone knows of this trick by now, and they inject spicy tidbits intended for his ears alone on these playbacks. He adores a joke on himself, and never tires of that old oft-repeated one of Director Woody Van Dyke's when he met Nelson at the train after his over-night success in "Naughty Marietta," when Woody asked: "How does it feel to be a star?" and Nelson replied: "I don't know how to act," to which old wit Woody niftied: "I know that, but how does it feel?" He tells and re-tells this, accompanied by peals of laughter.

Another one of his "little-boy" tricks is to save greeting cards, Christmas, Easter, Birthday, etc., and come right back at the sender in this fashion: say, Oscar Zilch sends him a Christmas card at Christmas. It's been done, you know. He saves it carefully until another Christmas rolls around, crosses out the sender's name, signs his own, and sends it back to the original sender. A Scotsman's invention, probably.

You've probably all heard about his "Aria to end all Arias" which he presented at the Actor's Benefit here recently. This was a *mélange*, if you've ever heard one. From "Aida" to the "Last Round-Up" and back again. You should have heard him rehearsing it with Ted Paxson. If he could just have put the rehearsal on, with gestures, it would have been even better than it was. It was his own idea and it pleased him inordinately, as he was singing for fun.

I asked him once if he sang for the sheer joy of it, as the story-books have it. Seriously, he said: "Not always. Don't let anyone tell you they do, either, when they get as old as I am." Old! Phooey! But just the same I liked the frankness of his answer.

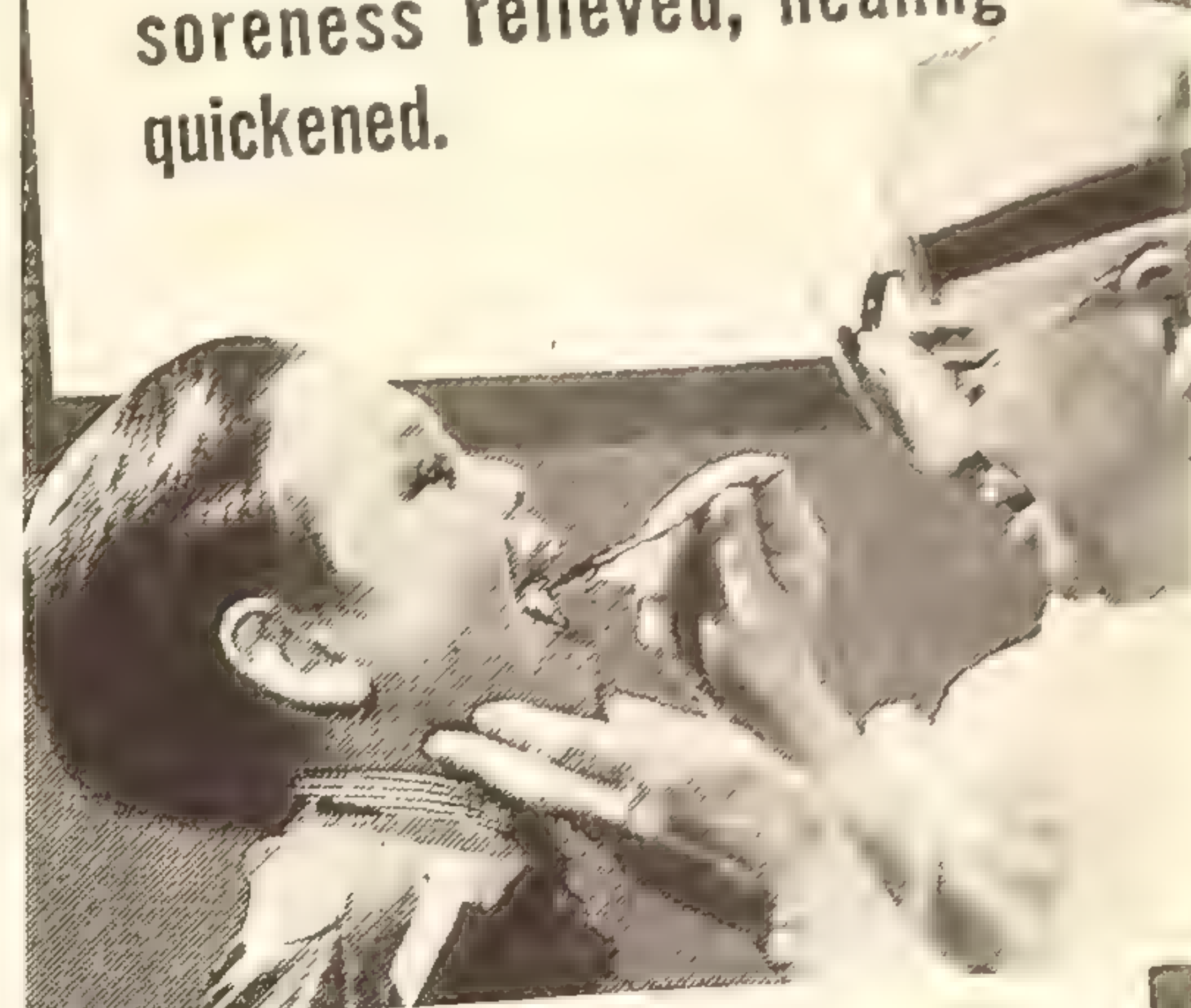
After lunch, he usually rolls out the old Cadillac and makes a quick trip to the studio for more fan mail. As if he didn't have enough already! He's very popular with the girls in the publicity department there and they count on him for at least one laugh a day. A welcome relief from many of those "haughty hoydens" with which they have to contend. And Nelson, on his part, never tires of telling what a swell bunch of gals they are, and were, to him when he wasn't so popular. (You know, he was under contract for three years before "Naughty Marietta" did the trick.)

Then more fan mail business, interspersed with trips to the tailor, Victor recordings, business letters and wires to his concert and radio managers, and maybe a few minutes of restful reading. Likes heavy and instructive reading matter, like all ambitious lads.

Isabelle dons her horn-rimmed spectacles, looking more like a youngster than ever, and joins in the fan mail sequence. Sometimes Nelson will stop abruptly and say: "Muz, why don't you go out and buy

When Doctors Swab SORE THROAT...

surface germs are destroyed,
soreness relieved, healing
quicken.



When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's
treatment by destroying
surface germs, relieving the
cold.



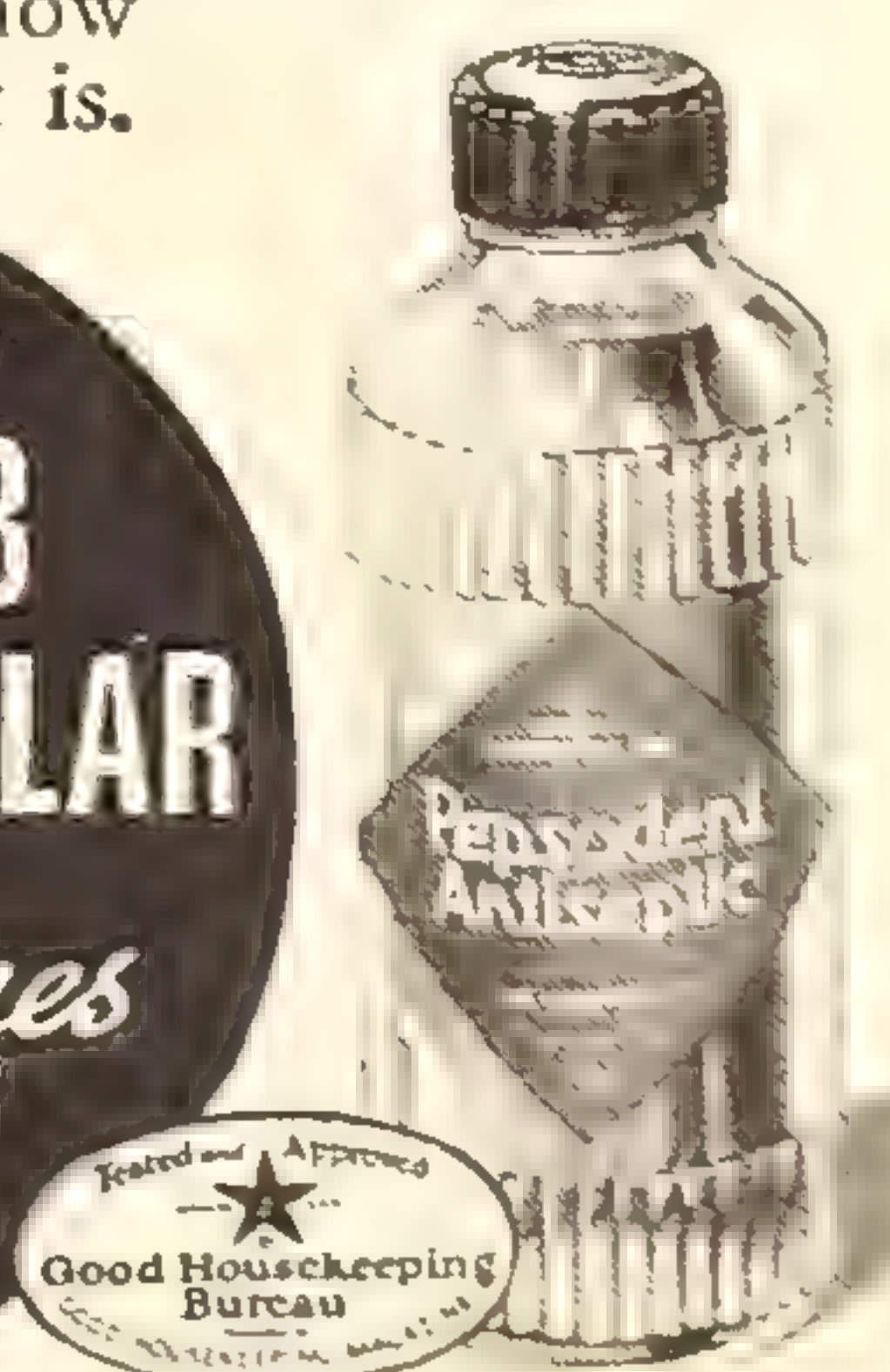
USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you $\frac{2}{3}$ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

**SAVES $\frac{2}{3}$
OF YOUR DOLLAR**

*Goes 3 times
as far!*



She's a Tournament BRIDGE PLAYER... yet she TINTS her own nails!



HER playing is clever, but more clever still is the way her tinted finger tips focus attention and compel admiration. Feminine to the nth degree, she knows the eyes of the table are on her hands, and she dramatizes their effectiveness with F-O Nail Polish.

It's as simple as putting on lipstick to keep your finger tips always in perfect condition. At your own dressing table with eight shades of F-O you can vary your tone of polish at a second's whim.

There is a marvelous F-O Oily Polish Remover to forestall brittleness, and a cuticle remover that makes a self manicure the simplest of all your toilet routines. Smart women know that F-O Polish gives their finger tips increased seductiveness. You try it, too!



● F-O manicure preparations are available in liberal 10c size packages at all ten cent stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

some hats or get your hair done? This is no fun for you." How little he knows women! No, I'll take that back—how little he knows *mothers*. For that crack about hats isn't too hard for any woman to take, but to say that opening thousands of letters eulogizing one's son, isn't any fun, that's open to argument. So she might trot along on a little shopping tour or to the hairdresser. She's deservedly a bit vain about her mop of flame-colored hair. On her way out, Nelson will laughingly call to her: "Don't boast about your baby too much, will you?"

It's dinner time now. Just the two of them, usually, with an occasional guest. Then maybe a local movie or some such

innocuous amusement. It occurs to me right here that this is getting all sorta sweetness and light stuff. Don't get me wrong. Sure, he goes out on dates. Just about as much as any eligible bachelor—no more, no less.

He's by no means a Mother's Boy in that odious sense of the word. It's just that they have so much in common, as would any two individuals not united by relationship, but possessing many common denominators, such as wit, humor, sincerity, understanding, etc.

Who can blame him if he's singular enough to find his mother the most amusing and congenial companion he knows at the moment?

Movie-Go-Round

Continued from page 31



Back-stage life! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Florence Desmond in Doug's new film, "Accused."

stars is the charming country place of Louis Bromfield, the author, at Senlis, about forty minutes by motor car from Paris. On a Sunday he introduced all the interesting personalities to Irene. In fact up to the time she stepped into the plane to fly to Sweden and Denmark everyone seemed to outdo each other to make Irene Dunne's visit memorable so that she will return soon again.

There was a tremendous crowd at the Gare St. Lazare when the "Normandie" boat train steamed in with the languid and glamorous Marlene Dietrich aboard. Photographers, friends, and fans made it difficult for Marlene even to step off the train, let alone get to her waiting car. It was quite in contrast to her other visits which have passed with only a ripple on the waters of the usual Parisian life. Recently she has leapt to almost Paris' favorite movie queen. And how well she plays the part! Gone are the famous pants with which she disgusted the Parisians to such an extent that the police prohibited her wearing them. In their place were smart, trig costumes, and later on when we saw her in her apartment she was ravishing in just the right sort of exotic lounging robe. She told us of her plans to do a film

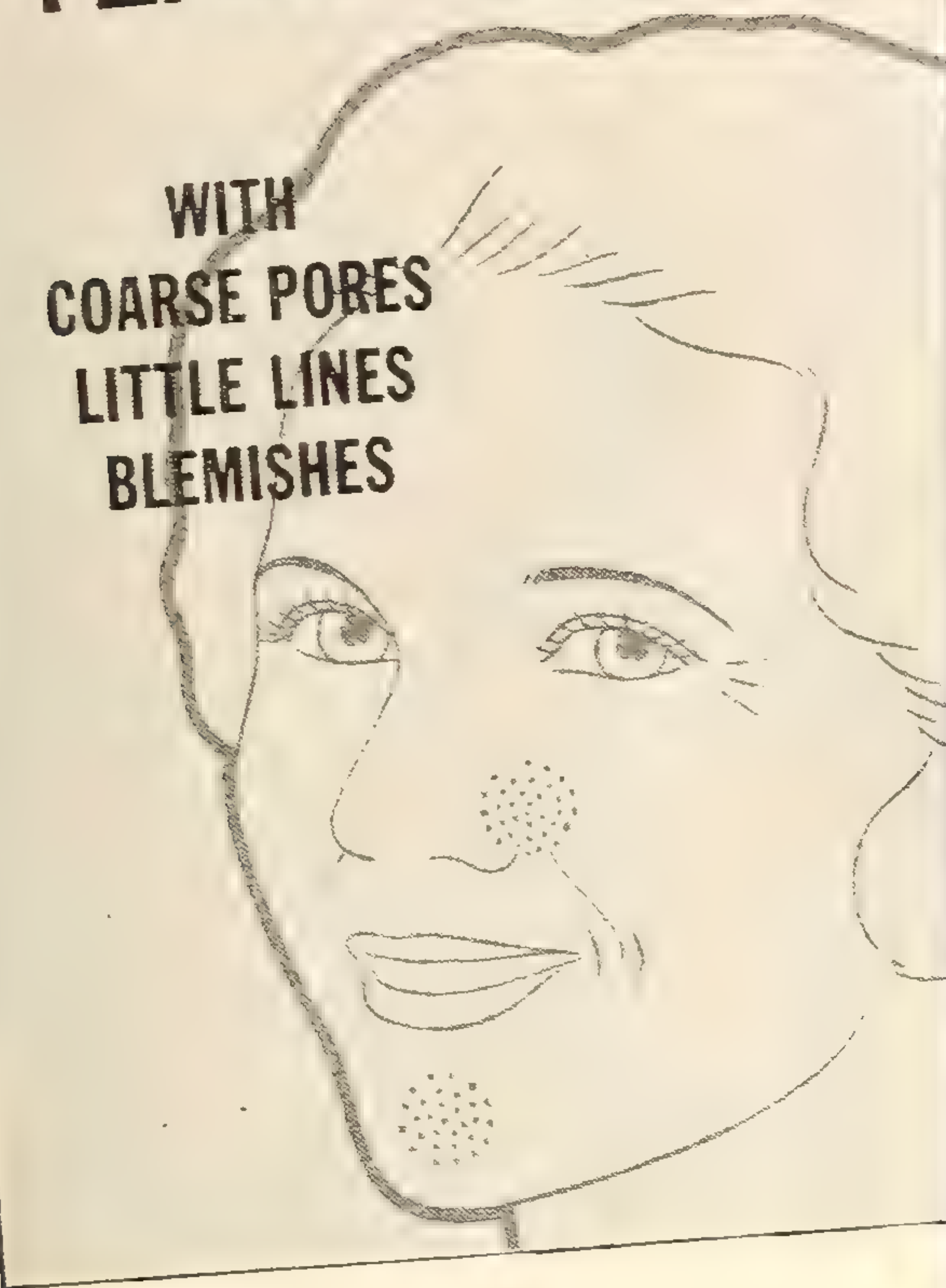
with Robert Donat in London for Alexander Korda. They should make a striking pair. Donat, who was such a success in "The Ghost Goes West," had just been in Paris on a short holiday before beginning his labors in supporting La Dietrich, if one may call such a pleasant undertaking laborious work. Marlene longed to linger in Paris and left for London reluctantly but promised to stay a bit longer when the film is finished. With her was her young daughter Maria who will be placed in a school in England. Though thoroughly Continental, Marlene says she feels most happy when in Hollywood.

At the Gare St. Lazare there was an amusingly interesting proof of what a famous face does to crowds. For on the same train was a name that is as famous as La Dietrich but whose face, alas, is unknown to the multitudes. Quietly stepping off the train with his little terrier beside him was Professor Max Reinhardt, the great producer. He stopped and watched the mobs around Marlene with an amused twinkle in his eye and then wandered out alone. I too, was amused at the two contrasts. It is a joy to talk to Professor Reinhardt with his brilliant mind and varied interests. He was on his way to Salzburg where he planned to produce three plays. During this time he will be at work on the scenario for "Danton," a film of the French Revolution which he will produce in November at the Warner Bros. Studio in Hollywood with Paul Muni in the leading part.

With all these arrivals will come a departure which will surely prove of great interest in America. Fernand Graavey, who is the most popular French star at the moment, is leaving to make his first American film with Warner Bros. Graavey is to my mind the answer to every director's prayer. He is young, good-looking, and at the same time a great actor—equally at home in romantic or comedy rôles. He has for the past five years turned down every tempting offer the big Hollywood producers have dangled before him, but this summer he signed with Mervyn LeRoy. So in October he will start his Hollywood film. Now all you gals must be prepared for a new and refreshing personality. His accent will intrigue you greatly. After his first film he must return to France but will be released later on to do more films in Hollywood. His name is really Gravey but we decided that it sounded too much like what you sop up with bread when eating a good roast. So he has inserted an extra "a" in his name so the Americans will pronounce it as it is in Europe. We will all see, but whatever he is called I am sure it will be a pronounced success!

YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look *older* than you are

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

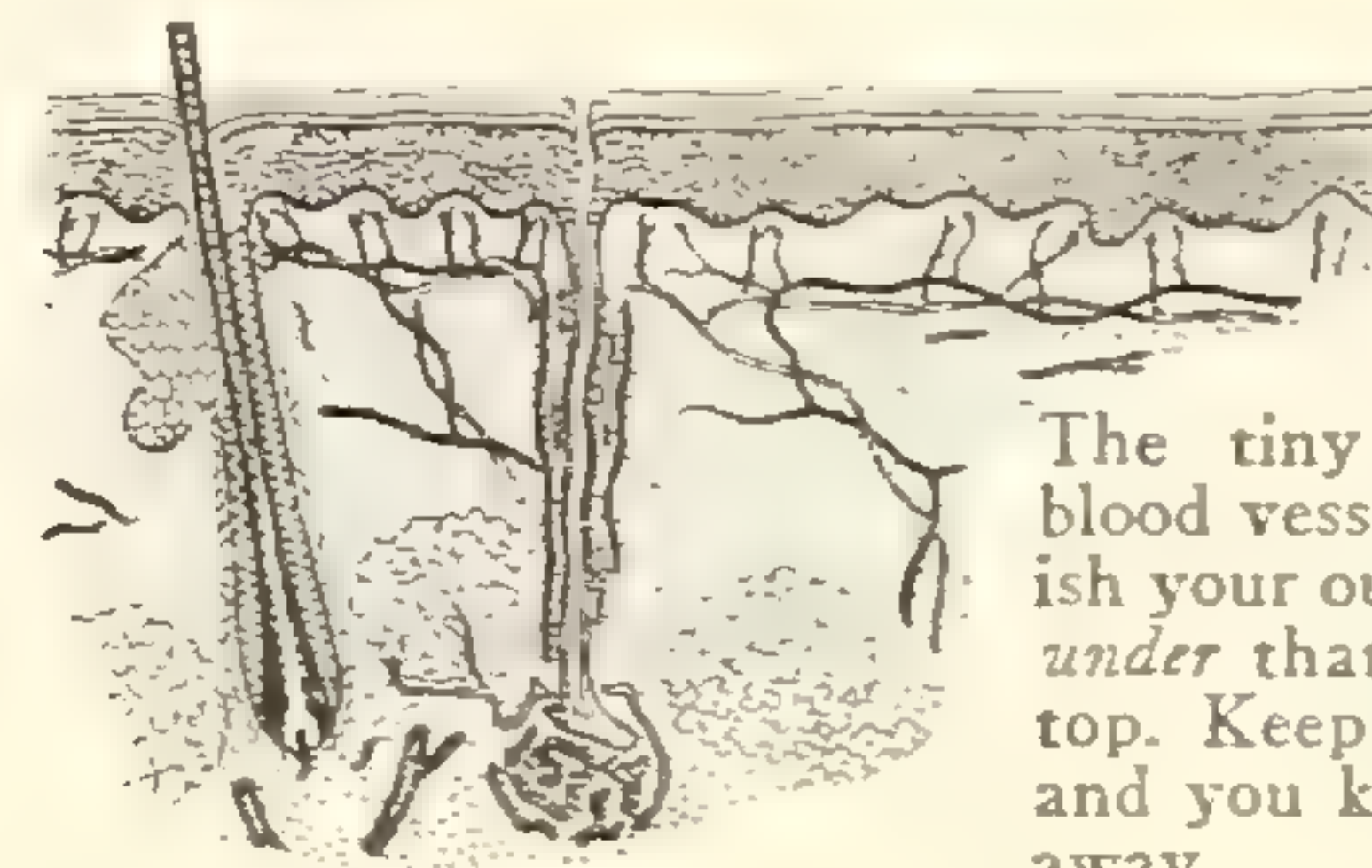
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing ... and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging
faults
start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L145, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smooths
out little lines."

The Real Story of Randy Scott's Secret Marriage

Continued from page 25

noticed Randy on the set and sent for the casting director. The same day C. B. DeMille sent for him and offered to test him for the lead in "Dynamite." Randy tested for the Fox studios and DeMille on the same afternoon. Fox wanted to sign him, but Randy held off because he wanted to hear from the great DeMille. Finally that director sent for him. He advised Randy to remain in Hollywood, because he showed great signs of promise. But he was too inexperienced for DeMille purposes and Joel McCrea got the job.

To keep busy Randy joined the Pasadena Community Players. He appeared in a minstrel show and a play called "Superman," with a then unknown actor named Robert Young. In the meantime Fox was after him again. He was induced to desert the stage and make another test. It turned out a success, but he waited around eight months without doing a single day's work. The day he planned to sail for Honolulu, Randy decided to visit his dentist. Coming out on Vine Street, he ran in to Margaret Fawcett, daughter of the distinguished character actor, George Fawcett. Margaret's mother was appearing in a play at the Vine Street Theatre, (now a double-bill movie house). Margaret urged Randy to read for a certain part. He got the job and on the strength of that, went over to the El Capitan Theatre to appear in "Broken Wings."

When Paramount was searching for a leading man for Carole Lombard, director Lloyd Corrigan tested Randy. He was signed, and has been with that company ever since. Gradually his stock has been boosted until today he is one of the most sought-after leading men on the screen.

Graduating out of westerns, he eventually made his biggest hit in "Roberta" and "Follow The Fleet," both with Fred Astaire. His friendship with the Astaires began then. Randy's newest pictures, "Last of The Mohicans," and "Personal Appearance," with Mae West, top all of his former work by far.

In spite of his gradual success, Randy continued to remain in Hollywood—but never became a part of it. In spite of his good looks, the fuss and attention made by women, he kept to himself and remained more or less an enigma. When he met Cary Grant, a needed friendship came into his life. On the beach at Santa Monica, they shared a house where each could lead his own life. Occasionally they'd have a few friends in for an evening. Most of the time, Randy, who does not care for parties, remained home alone. When Cary married Virginia Cherrill, Randy went his separate way. When Cary's marriage failed, Randy was right there to be that friend in need.

Whenever his work allowed it, Randy carried himself back South to visit his family. It was in 1915 that he first knew Marion duPont. Theirs was the kind of friendship every man hopes for in his life. Their likes and dislikes were based on mutual understanding. She was easy to talk to and Randy isn't one to confide in people easily. Always on those trips back home, Randy never failed to go to Montpelier, Virginia, and renew his friendship with the duPont family. Over a period of years the friendship deepened. Randy began to find himself looking forward to going home. In spite of his Hollywood success, many of the things most sacred to him

still seemed to be missing from his life.

When Marion duPont married T. H. Somerville, Randy was one of the first to wish them well. It wasn't until this year, long after the Somerville divorce, that there came a change in Randy's heart. Between Marion and himself a deep bond of affection had grown. There were plans of marriage, to take place in the fall. But the death of his father brought Randy home sooner than he expected. The loss of his loved one affected him deeply. Jack Heath, the same friend who first accompanied Randy to California, never left his side. On the way driving over to see Marion, it was Jack who turned to Randy and said: "Why waste all this time by waiting? You two love and need each other. Why don't you get married now?"

The minute Randy heard these words, he realized they were the echo of his own thoughts. When he asked Marion, she felt exactly the same way. Over to Chester, South Carolina, they drove, and were married in the home of Jack Heath's brother. Without any secrecy or attempt to evade, Randy signed the marriage certificate with his full name, George Randolph Scott. Not a single reporter connected him with Randy Scott the movie star.

A picture engagement brought Randy right back to Hollywood. Having witnessed what vicious gossip and distorted publicity can do to private lives, Randy determined that his marriage must remain a secret until his bride joined him in Hollywood. Because Marion duPont comes from a world where human emotions are not exposed to the four winds, Randy refused to have her subjected to the usual hue and



cry accorded a movie star's wife. Marriage was far too serious and sacred. It was something he had planned and dreamed of as a goal. It meant his life's happiness, and every precaution must be taken to preserve it.

Just as soon as Randy finished his picture and his wife, who breeds, raises and trains race horses, had her business affairs in shape, they planned a honeymoon jaunt to Europe. Everything was in readiness and Randy was prepared to make his marriage announcement just before he sailed. A few hours before sailing time, he was called back to do another picture. When Fred Astaire recently completed "Swing Time," all arrangements had been made for the Astaires and the Scotts to see Europe together. Just as Randy was again on the point of leaving, his phone rang first. It was the studio again calling him back to work. Dejectedly, Randy drove the Astaires to the Glendale airport and long-distanced his bride that the trip was off.

Since their marriage in March, Randy has been back to Montpelier once. He made a hurried trip in June and then went back to work again. In August they met for a brief honeymoon in Santa Fé, New Mexico. Even though the separation was a temporary one, it was also an unhappy one. The time was so short when they would both be together that to avoid endless questioning and unkind speculation, they decided to keep up their game a little longer.

By the time you read this, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott will be living happily and quietly in Hollywood. Randy announced his marriage to the world, the minute his wife notified him that her stables and business affairs were in order and she was on the way. What their plans for the future hold neither cares to discuss. Randy has contract obligations to fulfill and Mrs. Scott must still keep up her interests. Of



Don't answer now—they keep Anita Louise so busy at the studio we must let her catch up on her reading—but isn't she pretty, and isn't her living-room lovely?

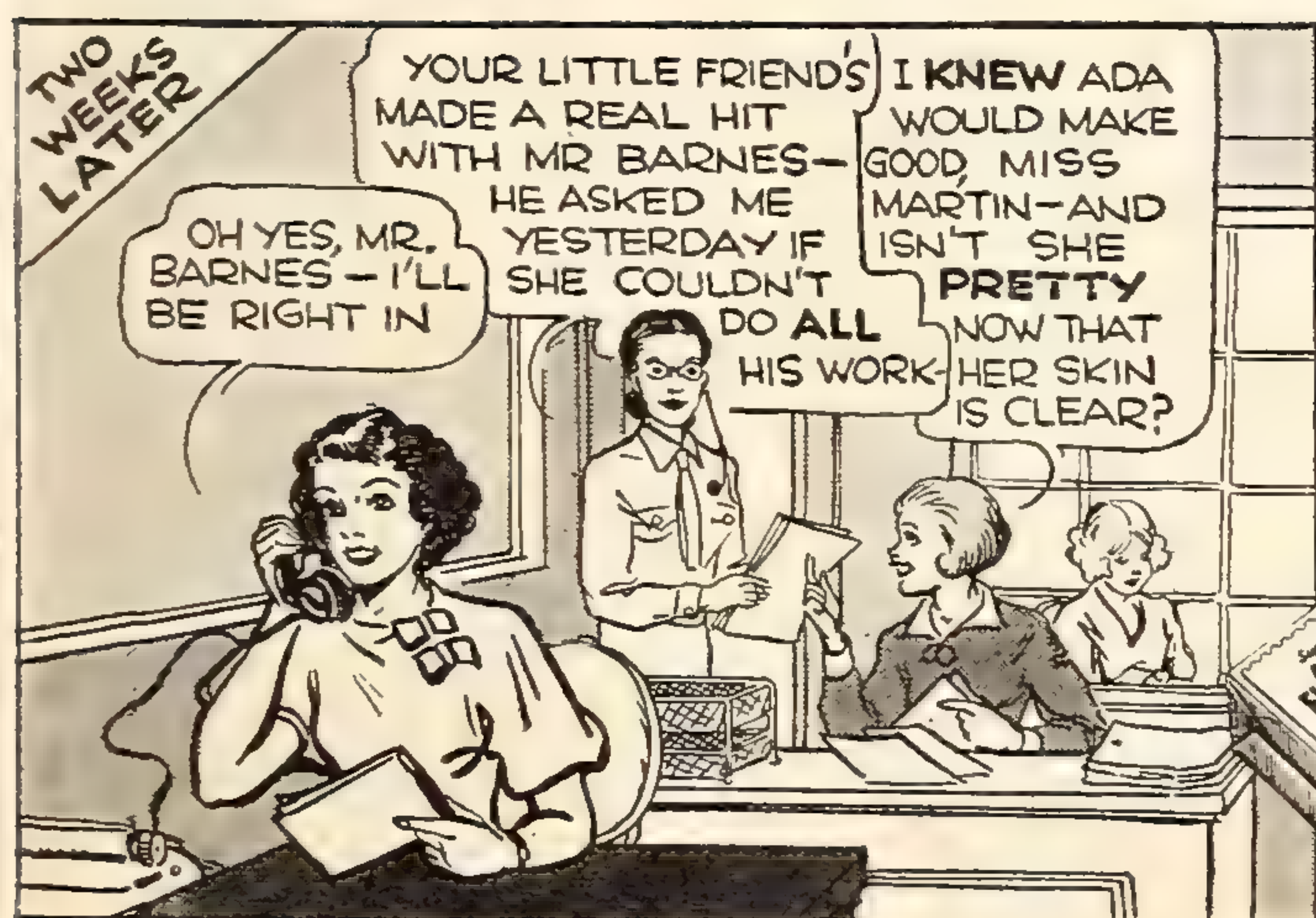
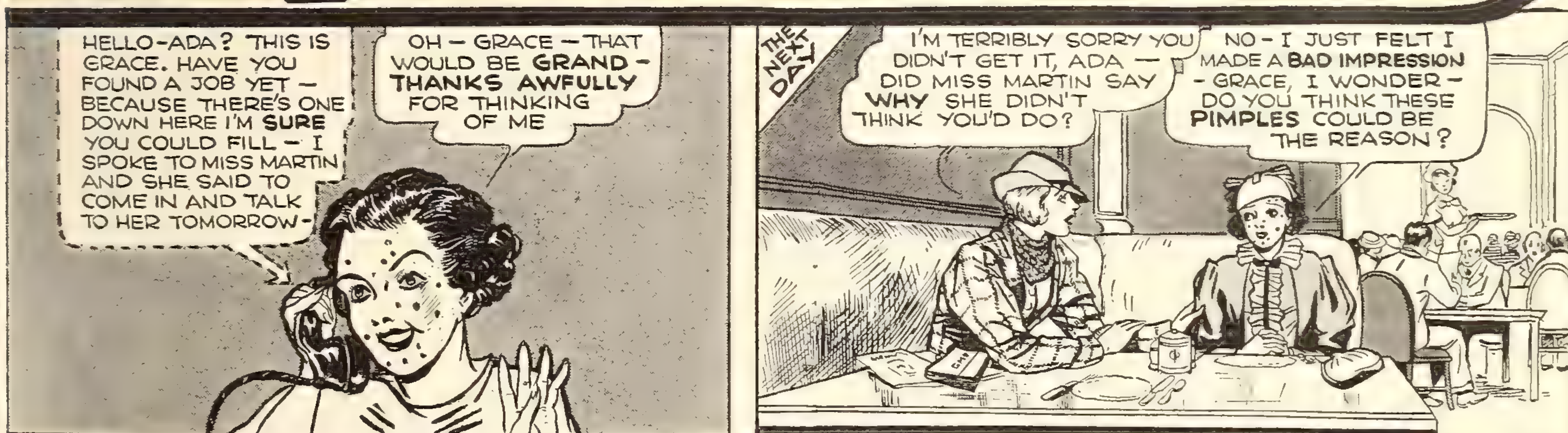
one thing Randy is positively sure. Nothing is going to mar his happiness or violate the sanctity of his home. The fact that he is a movie star by profession, does not mean that he must be an actor at heart.

Even though I have known of his marriage all this time, Randy has never spoken of his personal affairs from an emotional standpoint. I have heard him speak of his devotion and great respect for his wife. He remarked that he loves sports. She is a great sportswoman. I have often heard Randy say that he would never marry an actress because he wanted a wife who was interested in *marriage* as a career. I know that the new Mrs. Scott loves to travel and is very well read. She loves her home and her garden in Virginia. It is famous for

its many rare flowers and boxwood hedges.

Montpelier (the name of the home) was formerly the home of Ex-President of the United States, James Madison. His body rests there on the estate today. Mrs. Scott, a true aristocrat of the South, loves her home, her horses, and is up every morning at five-thirty attending to them. Many of Mrs. Scott's horses are famous on the race tracks. She has a special trophy room for their awards. She loves and appreciates all these things that mean so much to Randy, and strangely enough has time for all of them. It is so unusual in the average woman of today and Randy certainly would have been at a loss had he expected to find all this in Hollywood, by marrying an actress.

CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands devel-

op and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood



Avoid
lipstick
parching
...and keep
lips lovable

Lips must be smooth and soft to tempt romance. Rough lips look old. Unattractive. So—avoid lipsticks that dry or parch!

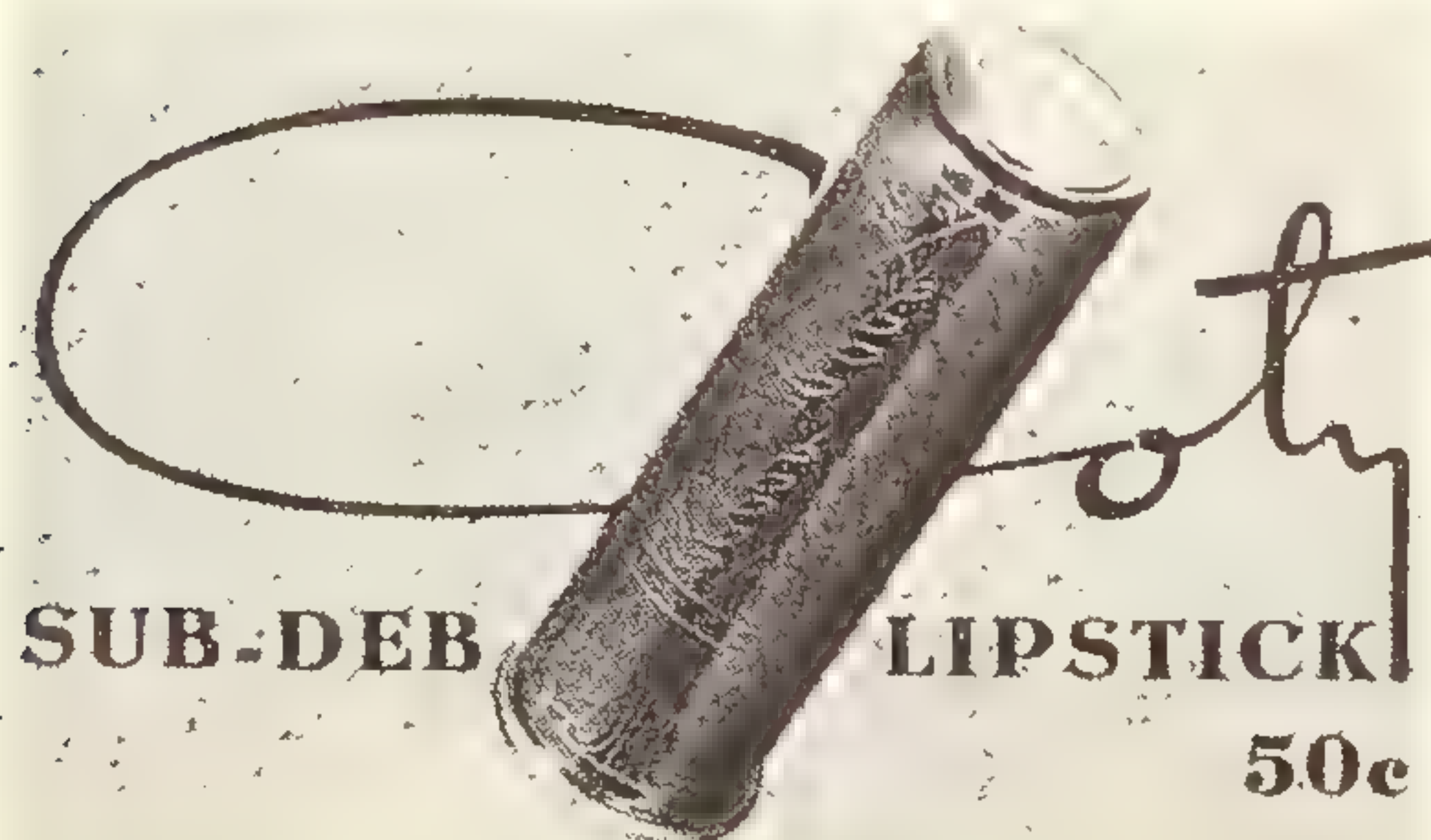
Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a NEW kind of lipstick. It gives your lips exciting, indelible color... but without any parching penalties.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick smooths and softens your lips, because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Hand Cream lives up to its name.

THERE'S beauty for the hardest-worked or hardest-playing hands in Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Hand Cream! It'll give your hands that lady-of-leisure look no matter how much time they spend doing housework, handling carbon paper at the office, or driving a car or golf ball. This hand cream is so fine and light in texture that it is absorbed right into the skin, leaving your hands soft, white, and delicately perfumed, yet absolutely minus in stickiness. We know you'll like it!

YOUR eyes won't let you down in moments made for romance, if you've touched up the lashes with dependable Maybelline mascara. The big news from the Maybelline Company is their new cream mascara, a ready-to-use form containing all the essential qualities that made their cake mascara famous. Like its older sister, this cream mascara is instantly beautifying, harmless to lashes, and wonderfully lasting. It comes in an adorable little suede-like, waterproof zipper case with one pocket for the generous tube of cream mascara and another for the accompanying brush. The shades are black, brown, and blue.

WOMEN over thirty who are coming into the Summer of Life can be content to leave Springtime behind—if they've learned how to keep youth in their complexions and contours! Eunice Skelly, specialist in facial rejuvenation, has taught that lesson to many, as the enthusiastic letters she receives testify. She has developed a product called "Ultra-Violet

Femi-nifties

Beauty News for November



Tip off your eyelashes with Maybelline's new Cream Mascara.



Enter Dorothy Gray Salon Cold Cream for home beauty care.



Hold that figure line—with Kleinert's new flat-front girdle!

"Magic Cerate" which contains certain cell-building biological elements we're told have never before been embodied in a chemical formula. This cerate acts to restore normal pore action and revitalize the skin from within.

WED ALL like to indulge in the luxury of regular facial treatments at a Dorothy Gray salon. But for those of us who can't, Dorothy Gray introduces her new Salon Cold Cream. It's a white, fine-textured emulsion that does a lot of work for one cream. Every ingredient is salon quality, and it has a lovely soft fragrance that smells expensive. Dorothy Gray Salon Cream does a thorough cleansing job. It is softening to the skin that tends to become harshened from weather hazards. And a quick cleansing with it in the morning leaves your skin in fresh, smooth condition to receive its make-up.

IF YOU'D like that flat-as-a-pancake look around the waistline, Kleinert will provide it. They've just introduced a flat-front girdle of two-way stretch Lastex that's a veritable honey! The secret lies in a built-in Sturdi-flex front panel that holds the "tummy" perfectly flat without benefit of a single bone. We've been told on good authority that it actually reduces, too, at the same time it holds you in. It comes in the most desired lengths and measurements. There's a pantie-girdle model for you who like them. We'd like to tell you the price of Kleinert's Flat-front Girdle, it's so absurdly low—but policy prevents.

WE HAD barrels of fun shampooing our hair with an Oleapac—

it's such an unusual and convenient little aid to hair beauty! What an Oleapac really consists of is a small compressed tissue cloth impregnated with cleansing and tonic ingredients. You simply slip it out of its tiny envelope, unfold it, and rub it all over your well-dampened hair, wash-cloth fashion. It makes a sumptuous lather. Use the same Oleapac for a second lathering.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

still tease her about one of them. We were playing the game when you say: 'My father is raising something beginning with A'—and the rest guess 'apple' or 'asparagus' or something. Georgie had 'B', and we guessed every known and unknown fruit and vegetable. When we gave up—

"—Georgie cried: 'Batatoes!'" remembered Loretta, laughing. "But she wouldn't do that now. She's feeling quite old these days."

"Sometimes at informal parties we serve Gretchen's veal loaf sliced, together with different salads. Huntington salad is always good," considered her mother.

HUNTINGTON SALAD

Pare and steam until tender 2 medium sized white potatoes, cool and cut in dice, put in bowl rubbed with a clove of garlic. 1 cup cooked young peas, 1 cup French button mushrooms, 1 cup finely chopped celery hearts, 1 cup Heinz pickled pearl onions cut in halves; mix lightly with half a cup of Hellman's mayonnaise and 2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar.

Line a salad bowl with shredded lettuce hearts and mound the salad mixture on it in pyramid form.

Garnish with capers and nasturtium flowers.

Another good salad for buffet parties is a fish salad:

FISH SALAD

Rub bowl with clove of garlic; mix in bowl $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold cooked fish broken in small flakes, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup peeled and diced cucumber, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup peeled and diced celery; 2 chopped hardboiled egg whites, 1 chopped green pepper; 1 chopped pimento, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 cup French dressing.

Let stand in icebox 30 minutes, drain and mound on lettuce covered dish. Cover with potato salad dressing, press hardboiled egg yolks through a sieve over salad, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

"Do look at the living room before I rush away," suggested Loretta. "Then we'll have coffee upstairs and I'll return to 'Ramona.' Do you know they are giving me all my 'Ramona' costumes. I adore them!"

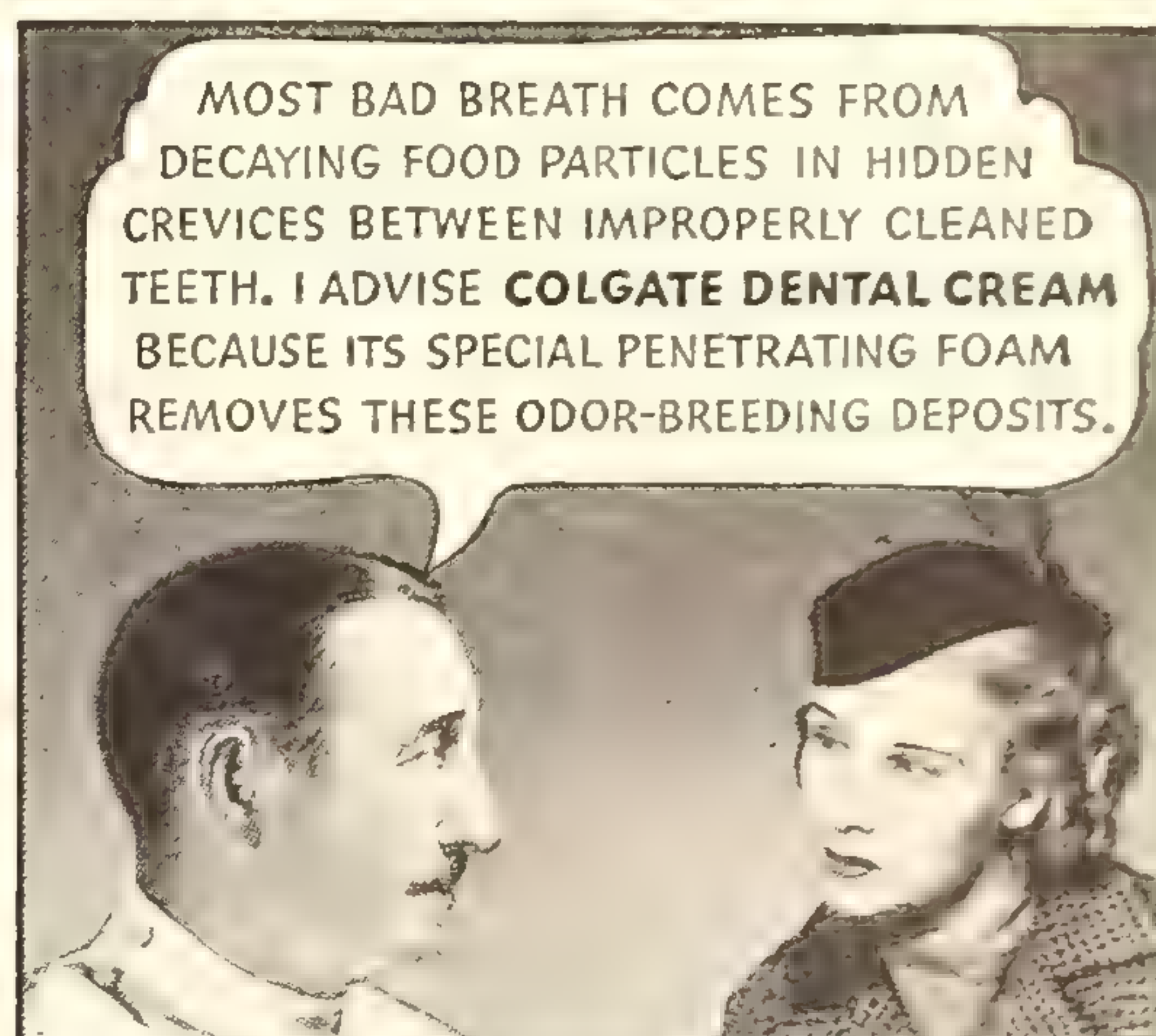
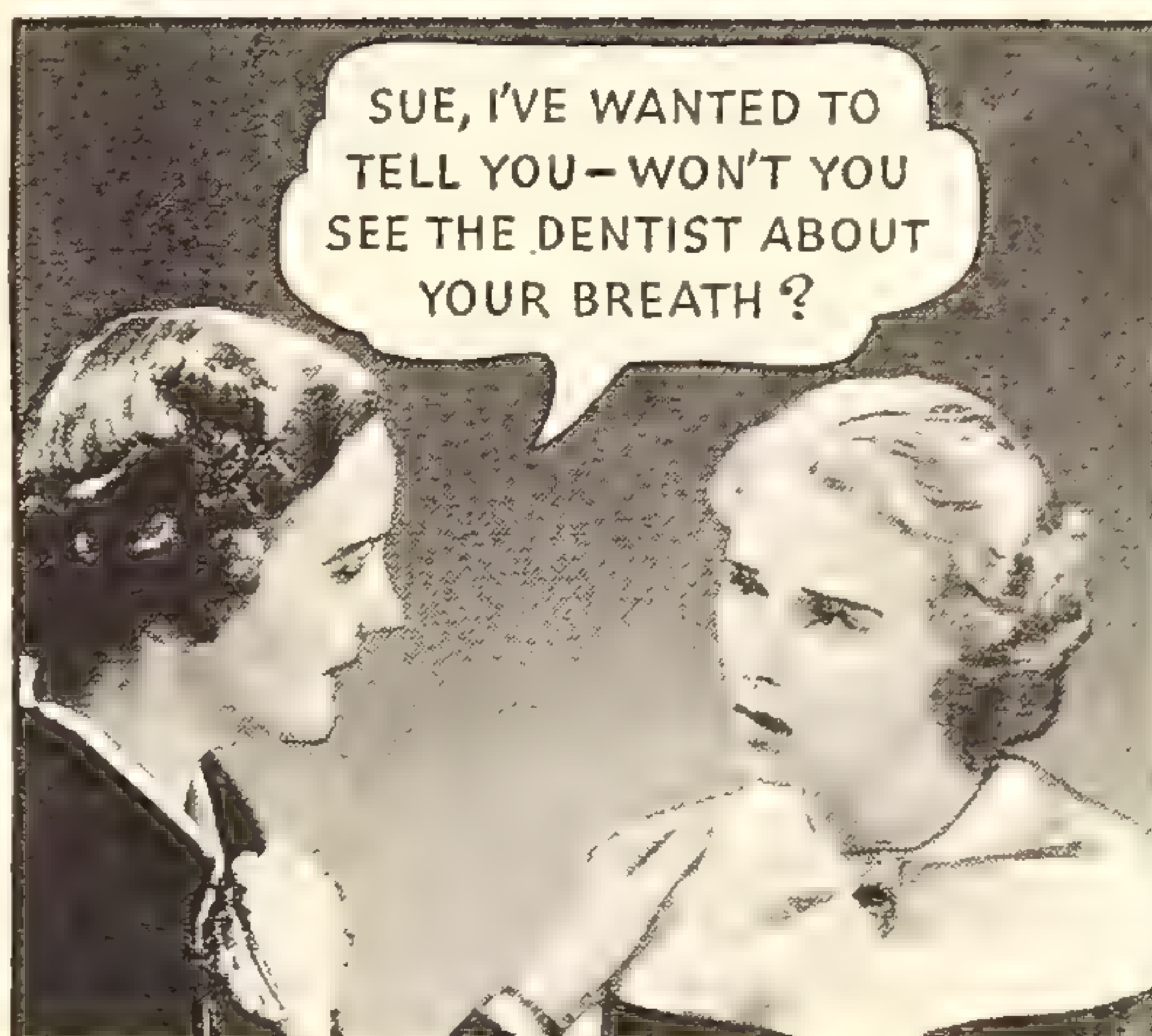
The living room, opening from the left side of the hall, is an interesting series of color complementaries in olive green, ivory and magenta. The paneled walls are pale green, two magenta-ivory-green striped chairs accent the room, and two wide ivory damask Italian settees face each other by the fireplace over a beautiful magenta Aubusson rug.

There are half a dozen tiny Eighteenth Century chairs, numerous occasional tables, a grand piano and a rare cabinet filled with Eighteenth Century porcelains.

"When Mother found this, it was painted black, explained Loretta, flicking open the miniature drawers each with its delicate scene. "I believe a dentist was using it for his supplies. When it was restored they uncovered all these lovely little inlaid pictures.

"I am terribly thrilled over old things. People give them to me, or Mother finds them for me. An old friend of the family over in France sent me these two adorable cherubs, one laughing and one crying. Polly Ann, my sister, stayed at his house when she was abroad, and do you know he wouldn't let her go out alone even in the daytime?

BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT—



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!





HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● **UNLESS** you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

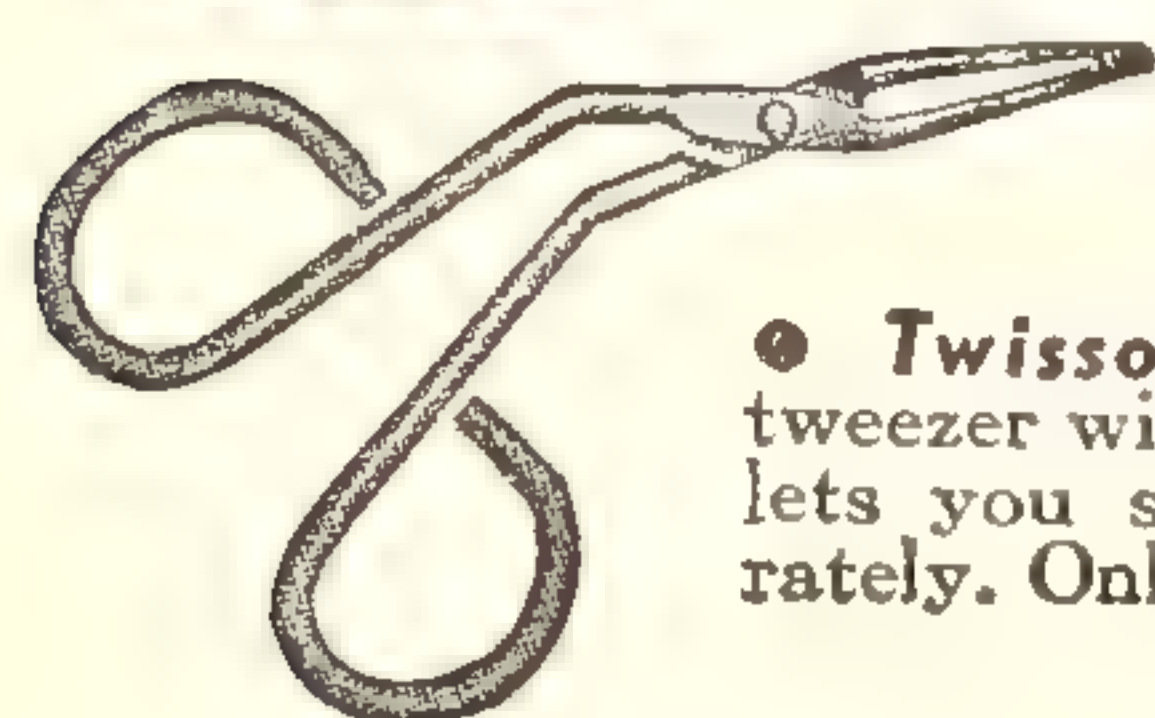
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"We laughed when she told us. A girl of twenty-two, as she was then, ought to be old enough to go out anywhere, we thought, but Polly Ann said you didn't feel right about it in France, she was glad to have an escort or a chaperon.

"I'm eager to get enough time to see other countries the way Polly Ann has done," Loretta confided when we were having coffee in the delicate rose and French blue of her boudoir. "I feel that so far all I've had was a bird's eye view taken on the wing.

"The best-looking men I ever saw were the Italians in Rome. I remember once I wanted to take a ride in one of those horse-drawn victorias in Rome when everyone else was taking a siesta. I found an empty one, but I couldn't waken the driver. He was so handsome I just sat and looked at him till he woke up!"

The car came for her then and she flew down the stairs, long skirts trailing till she caught them up with a quick turn of the wrist that distinctly belonged to her favorite period—Eighteenth Century.

Cagney, Rollicking Rebel

Continued from page 23

admitted, "but the sort of relaxation you get out there—as you very well know—usually builds you up to the point where you need a few weeks to recuperate. But up there it's different—and the people are different—you know, 'captains of their souls'; poised, they don't, well, flutter. Here's what I mean:

"Mrs. Cagney, Sid Biddell, a friend of mine, and myself went up to Narragansett to visit. We rang as we stepped from the car and the butler answered. Our host was right behind him and as we all exchanged greetings I noticed a grand old lady descending the broad stairs, which were broken by a landing which had a window. She had a very deliberate gait, slow and decided, like all those people up there. It seemed to say she knew where she was going and would take her own good time about getting there.

"When she was presented she greeted us all very charmingly in a quiet manner in keeping with her general appearance and then turning to her son she said, 'Bobby, I think your car is on fire!'

"We all rushed out the front door and helped to extinguish what was a pretty bad blaze, but had caught it just in time. Imagine, she had noticed the thing from that window on the stairs, but it hadn't prevented her from meeting us all, calmly, first—that's what I mean about that neck of the woods. And 'Roaring Brook,' which Ed McNamara and I own jointly, is the sort of hideout you can work in, too."

"And what have you accomplished?"

"I've managed to go through two hundred scripts from which I selected my first picture!"

"That is a lot of going through—what's it to be?"

"An original called 'Great Guy.' It's just the right story for me, about a fellow who's a great little guy because he's thoroughly honest—he can't be bought—and it has a really swell new idea behind it. We start production the middle of September."

"You've bought other material too, I suppose?"

"There's an incident story, 'Master Mind,' and then there's an idea which I have and which I expect to develop."

Don't be surprised if Jimmy turns author on us!

"I'm anxious to do a story of New Bedford—I've been collecting data, studying types," he said, off on the track which seems to interest him most at the moment.

"I'd imagine it was sort of *Grand Hotel*-ish, you know, nothing-ever-happens-to-you-up-there I mean?"

"Don't you believe it! Recently during a downpour, one day, the door was pounded on by two heavy fists barely audible above the sound of the storm. I was alone in the house at the time, reading. Admitting a good-looking young man about twenty-



Blonde now! Binnie Barnes deserts the brunette division and becomes fair-haired with becoming effect.

seven, whose raincoat and boots were dripping with rain, I asked him what he might want.

"In he came, and when he'd removed his wet things and settled down by the fire he told me he'd come to me for help. He wanted letters to Hollywood people that could help him to start on an actor's career!"

"What makes you suppose you can act?" I asked. "Have you ever done anything?"

"Nothing to speak of, he admitted. High school dramatics, town hall stuff.

"It took me a few hours to talk him out of his 'career.' Don't ask me how—I just showed him all he needed to know before he could crash. It does happen, sometimes, I admitted, that an inexperienced unknown gets a break—but my advice was first to connect with a stock company, to knock his brains out with work and more work—to get hired and fired and hired again. And I finally convinced him.

"He'd walked about eighteen miles to see me and when the rain stopped a delivery wagon gave him a lift back.

"The movies," I told him as we parted, 'are always looking for something new, and Hollywood will absorb anything from personal eccentricities to color—but the trick is to have that something!'

"And what about you—will you keep your individuality of mannerism, the trigger-action delivery and compactness of gesture which make a Cagney picture something different?"

"Of course I'll keep them! They're trademarks, and one doesn't scrap a trademark."

Which should relieve the Cagney fans who have come to look for some new trick in his latest release and who are rarely disappointed.

I wondered whether he would do a color picture? And I noticed, as he answered, that no matter how casually his opinions are expressed, they are all matured as they are delivered in short, crisp phrases in an incredibly low voice.

"Color is the next step forward and I'd like to do one. Brunettes, in the broadest sense, have personalities which are best expressed in black, white, grey and intermediate tones, perhaps, but what about the redheads—Charlie Bickford and me? What will color do to us who are not 'black-and-white' subjects? That's what sets you wondering! There are so few in Hollywood—Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald—perhaps that's because color, up to now, has been relatively unimportant. But tomorrow?"

"In the past it's screamed its way through story and action. But when it is orchestrated—*andante*, *allegro*, *crescendo*! then as much thought will be given to a color climax as to story motivation.

"Take a picture in which I'm cast as 'Red.' Then the picture shows me to be a brunette—it's a phoney. You see a valuable tie-up with the rôle is lost. But when there is a 'Red' who looks like 'Red' then it becomes at once important and meaningful!"

He has plans and what looks like a brand new future before him. It will be interesting to watch them develop.

MacDonald's Merry Romance

Continued from page 22

"Jeanette, Gene," said Mr. Swarts, leading them into the living room, "why didn't you tell me you were going together now? Secrets, eh?" Jeanette hastily retired to one corner of the room, and Gene to the other, like two prize-fighters, but no matter how they avoided each other that evening every one at the dinner party assumed, but definitely, that they were romantically interested.

Well, it might have stopped there, Gene and Jeanette both being very reserved young people—but it didn't. A few weeks later they met again in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre, not on the doorstep this time for there is no doorstep but a forecourt is practically the same, and there were dozens of photographers and columnists looking on. It was the important preview of "Les Misérables" and it seems that the studio had promised to have passes for both Jeanette and Gene at the door. (They are both tremendously interested in pictures and rarely miss an outstanding preview.) "May I have the tickets for Gene Raymond," Gene was saying when he became aware of a vision of loveliness at his side. "Why, it's my favorite bell-ringer!" said Jeanette, "I haven't any bells for you to ring this evening but will you please ask for my tickets too?" Further conversation was impossible for the photographers had spied two stars together, and two stars together in Hollywood mean a romance, so the bulbs began to flash. Tomorrow their pictures would be in all the Los Angeles newspapers and before the week was over they would be headlined in every newspaper in the country as "Hollywood's Newest Romance." As Gene and Jeanette were leaving the theatre after the preview Gene managed to whisper, "I think we'd better do something about it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jeanette. "Will you come to dinner next week?" A few nights after

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Music and charm! Fred Keating talks tunefully to Jean Chatburn in a corner of the studio where they are engaged in making "The Devil on Horseback."

that Gene sent Jeanette orchids and took her dancing at the Trocadero—and a real, honest-to-goodness Hollywood romance was well on its way.

While Jeanette and Gene were waiting around Hollywood for Fate to bring them together on Roszika Dolly's doorstep so that they could fall desperately in love, Gene was rapidly acquiring the reputation of being one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. From time to time he would escort Janet Gaynor, Ann Sothorn and Mary Brian to various parties, (and often his lovely mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling), but every time the gossip columnists would try to make something out of it Gene and Janet and Ann and Mary would chirp, "We're only friends." Which was the truth.

But what about Jeanette—while she was waiting for Roszika Dolly's doorstep? Like many beautiful and glamorous actresses Jeanette has had more rumored romances than real ones. All she had to do was appear on the screen in the arms of one of Hollywood's idolized screen lovers and the world in general, (aided and abetted by the studio publicity department), immediately imagined them passionately in love. Ever since "Naughty Marietta" it has been hard to convince the public that Jeanette and Nelson Eddy weren't romantically interested in each other, else how could they make such divine love on the screen? And of course when the sensationally popular "Naughty Marietta" was followed by "Rose Marie" the public was utterly convinced that Jeanette and Nelson were in love. As a matter of fact Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy hadn't been particularly impressed with each other at all when they first met—there was just a tinge of professional jealousy—but after spending days together on the set, especially when they were on location in the beautiful Lake Tahoe country, they began to know and like each other very much. Both being music-lovers they had much in common. So when they returned from location they continued to be interested in each other's career and appeared together quite often in Hollywood. When Nelson Eddy gave his concert in Los Angeles Jeanette was right there in the audience. And when "San Francisco" was previewed in Westwood Village Nelson and his mother sat right back of Jeanette and Gene. "I'll have to give you some tips, Gene, about marrying Jeanette," Nelson said at Jeanette's engagement party. "I've married her so many times."

Another of Jeanette's rumored romances was with Maurice Chevalier. Ernst Lubitsch was so impressed with Jeanette when

he saw her in the Chicago production of "Boom-Boom" that he signed her for the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," and thereby started a romantic singing team that did not break up until Metro had revived "The Merry Widow" and Maurice had returned to his native France. It was Europe, however, which presented Jeanette with a Chevalier romance, (Hollywood knew better), and it all came about in a very exciting way: When Jeanette's picture "Monte Carlo" was released on the Continent the atmosphere was so beautifully done and so authentic that most Europeans thought the picture had actually been made on the Riviera instead of in Hollywood. So when a story broke in their newspapers concerning a certain crown prince and his clandestine love affair with a blonde girl, the rumor started that the girl was Jeanette MacDonald. The story was that the prince's wife caught her husband and his lady love and shot the girl, who was taken to Italy. What happened to her after that was a mystery. At any rate Jeanette's pictures were banned in Europe. Meanwhile, musical pictures suffered a set-back in Hollywood and Jeanette made three pictures for Fox in which she did not sing. This caused the further report in Europe that Jeanette was dead and that her sister, (who could not sing but who resembled her), had taken her place on the screen!

You can well imagine how this worried Jeanette. And the studios weren't so pleased to lose the European markets, either. So finally she figured it out that the only thing she could do would be to appear in concert in Europe, (she had never been there before), and let the Europeans see for themselves that she was most alive and singing. When she arrived in France she discovered to her horror that there were still a lot of people who believed that fantastic story of her "romance" with the prince and that the French people and the press were frightfully antagonistic to her. There were demonstrations against her at the docks when she landed. Poor Jeanette was certain that she was about to die for her art, and it was with the feeling of a Marie Antoinette mounting the guillotine that she stepped out on the stage that awful night of her first concert in Paris.

She must have looked very small, very alone, and very appealing, for somehow or other the audience which had gathered to boo her off the stage suddenly began to warm up to her and when she had finished her first song there was a thundering applause. Jeanette's worries were over. She became the woman of the hour in Paris. At the end of the concert she was informed

that Chevalier who had been out of town was in the theatre and Jeanette eagerly asked him to take a bow. Chevalier responded by coming up on the stage, and in typical American fashion Jeanette greeted him with a kiss—right on the lips. Automatically the French assumed that MacDonald and Chevalier were "in love." According to French logic if it had been a casual friendship she would have kissed him on the cheek—but on the lips, it has to be the beautiful passion. But Fifty Million Frenchmen Can Be Wrong.

When the beautiful auburn-haired Jeanette began to acquire fame and fortune in Hollywood there was much speculation of course about her "love life"—every Glamor Girl must have a "love life," she owes it to her public—but Jeanette was much too ambitious at that time to oblige. She worked awfully hard all day for Mr. Lubitsch and after dinner she went to bed. Not even the best gossips and writers could whip up much out of that. Then Jeanette ran into her first picture snag, (an offer from United Artists to make "The Vagabond King"), and having no agent out here she wired her best friend in New York, smiling Bob Ritchie, to come to the coast and straighten things out for her. Bob explained his departure for Hollywood to his fellow stock-brokers as "just a darned good excuse to see Jeanette," but it so happened that this bit of star-managing was the beginning of a new and lucrative business for him. Under his managerial wings today he has gathered not only Jeanette but a number of other stars.

Bob Ritchie's arrival in Hollywood was also the beginning of something else—the "love life" for Jeanette that the studios had been trying to manufacture for her. Hollywood wasn't just content with having him engaged to Jeanette, no indeed, they even went so far as to announce that he was married to Jeanette. Walter Winchell was so completely convinced that Jeanette and Bob were married that he printed it in his column week after week, with Jeanette becoming more and more irked. Finally, she offered to pay him or any other person who could prove her marriage \$5000. No one ever collected. But it didn't stop the rumors.

As a matter of fact Jeanette and the personable Bob Ritchie were very much interested in each other at first, even though it never reached the altar. She met Bob at a Mayfair Dance in New York the year before she came to Hollywood. He was introduced to her as "Mr. Hemingway" and it was several months before she discovered that that wasn't his real name. His courtship was of a most peculiar variety. He would find out things she *didn't* like and simply deluge her with them. When he discovered that she couldn't bear gardenias, he fairly covered her with garlands of gardenias every day. It was all a lot of fun but Jeanette was most ambitious and far more interested in her career—Hollywood was knocking at her door—than she was in having fun just then. She was engaged to Bob for several years but it simply didn't work out. She broke off her engagement to him two and a half years ago, but saw no reason why she should make a public announcement of it, so the columnists in general, and Mr. Winchell in particular, just kept on rumoring.

Yes, Jeanette's been far too busy establishing herself as a singer, ('tis said that the Metropolitan Opera has been making very exciting offers to her), to have much time for real romances. She has been definitely the "career girl" and probably thought that romance and marriage and home and children were something she could do without. But that was before she met Gene Raymond on Roszika Dolly's doorstep.

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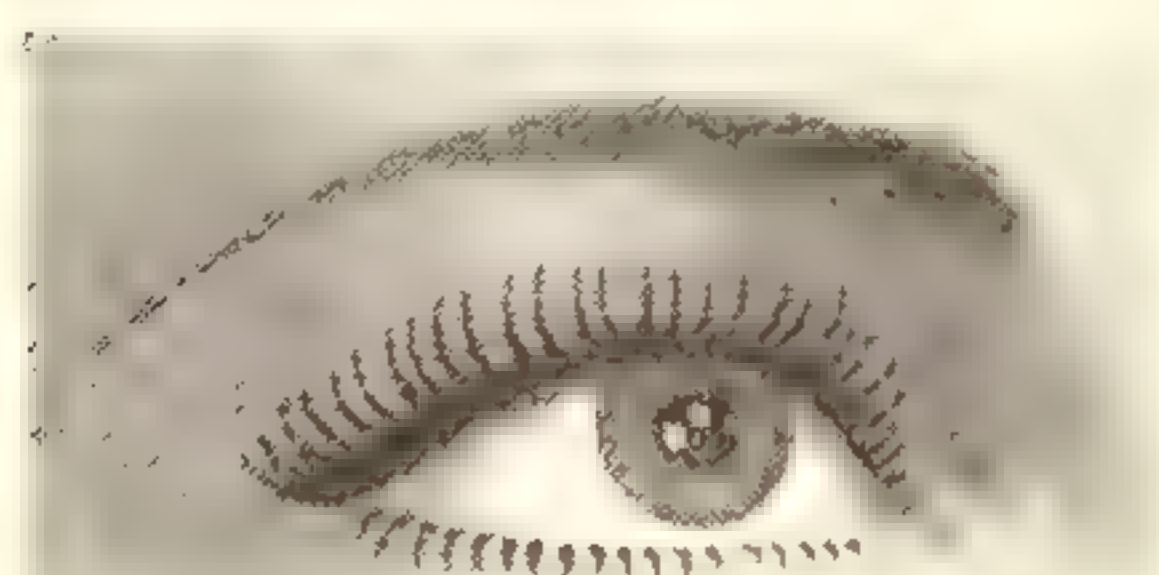
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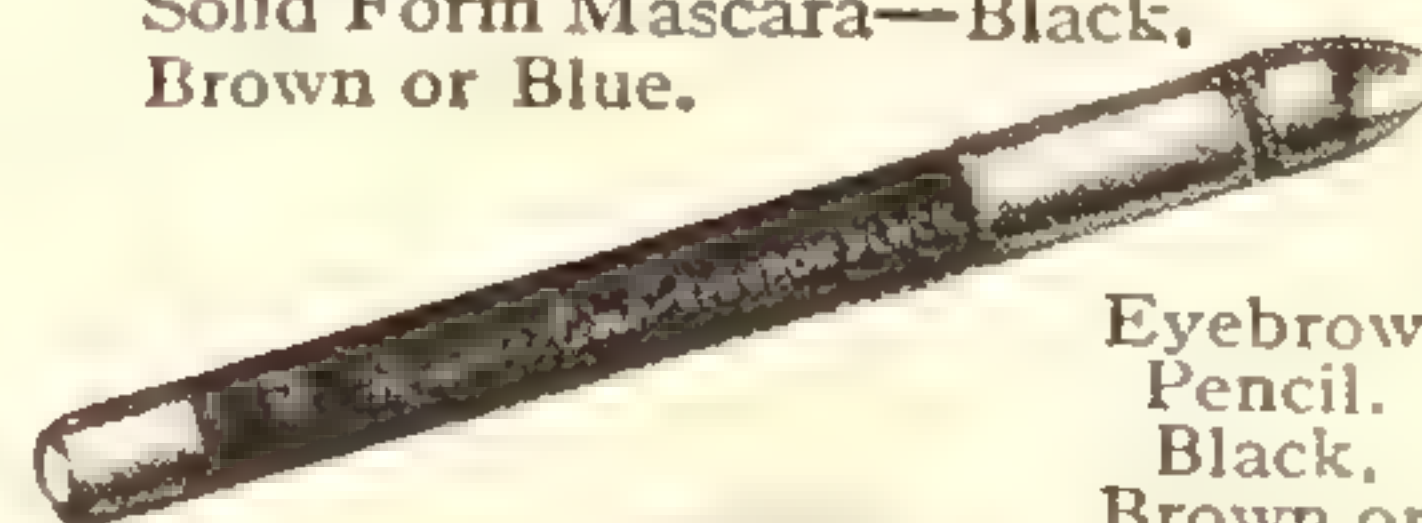
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Distant Star

THE STORY SO FAR

A strange reversal of positions occurs when Bill Banton, former news-boy, attains stardom, and almost as suddenly the imperious Mavis Dorian, once a most glamorous star, becomes a has-been, her whereabouts unknown to Bill, who has searched for her. He has loved her secretly since he first saw her, and this stands between him and Carol Kelly, dancer who befriended him when he was a nobody, and who has risen to prominence as his co-star. Driving home one day, Bill sees Mavis. He orders the chauffeur to stop the car, and invites Mavis to ride with him.

Continued from page 55

smiling from the screen in a cheap picture theatre. It was an old picture—one of your first—and yet you were so fresh and lovely that it knocked me all in a heap. You were my ideal from that day. You've never ceased to be my ideal."

"Thanks," said Mavis, "for nothing." She was staring into the fire.

Bill went on. "I've prayed," he said, "to be able to do something for you. In the old days when I had the news-stand I used to day dream. One of the day dreams was that you'd drop your handkerchief and I'd pick it up. In some of the dreams I'd give it back to you, and you'd smile—*smile at me*. In some of the dreams I'd keep it. It would be soft and sweet-smelling, and I'd wear it over my heart, the way a knight wore his lady's token."

Mavis tore her glance from the fire. She peered covertly, and briefly, into Bill's rapt face, and said:

"What are you getting at?"

Bill said, "I'm trying to tell you that I worship you. That I'd give my hope of heaven to do you a service. I never expected to have the chance, but now I will. You'll be leading lady in my next picture, Mavis—or there won't be any next picture."

Mavis said: "Give me another highball, will you? If your promises are as good as your Scotch, maybe happy days *have* come again."

Bill filled the crystal glass, hobbling across the room to do so. He hobbled back again, and placed the glass in Mavis' hand. He stood beside her chair as she drank. He stared down at her with his soul in his eyes. Glancing up she caught his expression.

"Why are you leering at me, Bill Banton?" she asked. "Your face is like a war map. If my hick cousin could only see you, now!"

Bill said, and he didn't mean to say it at all: "I hadn't intended to leer. I was only thinking—"

"Thinking what?" rapped out Mavis.

"That I love you more than ever," Bill said simply. His hand came swiftly to rest on her shoulder—a shoulder that felt thin through the sleazy stuff of her gown—"that I love you more than ever."

Mavis jerked her shoulder away from under Bill's hand. She was on her feet, and the crystal glass, not quite empty, was shattered against the parquet flooring.

"Don't you dare touch me!" she raged. "Don't you dare! Oh, I thought there was a catch in it, from the first. I thought you weren't playing the Good Samaritan just for the taste of holiness in your mouth. Well, Gimpy, job or no job, the answer is *no!*"

Bill stared at her. It was the old Mavis

—imperious, bitter, so beautiful that she hurt his every sensibility. But for once he stared at her without love—without a single glimmering of adoration. It was horror alone that made his eyes so deep and sunken.

Bill Banton said slowly, "You—misunderstood—as you've always misunderstood everything. I said I loved you. So I did . . ."

Mavis was laughing. Her laughter rang eerily.

"I suppose," she said, "that you were proposing to me, eh? The way the boys proposed, back in Sheboygan, on the parlor sofa. Asking me to do you the honor of becoming your wife?"

Bill spoke slowly. "When I found you tonight," he said, "on the street, in the rain, we seemed, somehow, to have come closer to each other. For one wild moment, when I brought you up to this place, I thought that I might do just that—ask you to marry me. I thought that maybe your bad luck had made you, who are so lovely, more tolerant of ugly things like twisted legs and useless feet. I guess I was wrong."

Mavis showed no pity. She said: "Yes, you were. Dead wrong. It takes more than a thin time to make me change my whole point of view—to make me grow a new set of instincts. Other women have gone for you—that little fool, Carol Kelly, for instance—but not me. Once a dog with a broken leg dragged himself up to my door. I shooed him away. I suppose I was sorry for him, but I didn't want to see him—or touch him. I feel the same way about you—only I'm not too sorry for you. You've made your crooked leg pay. It's been a good gag."

All at once Bill felt tired, and centuries old. Months ago Carol Kelly—little dancing Carol—had asked him his age. That was back in the dark days when he had kept a news-stand at the gates of Paradise. He had answered, "I might be thirty. I might be a hundred and thirty. I might be a thousand and thirty."

Tonight he was a thousand and thirty. He said:

"I think you'd better go. Have you any money? I mean so you can stay at a good hotel?"

Mavis laughed. "That lump in my pocket," she said, "is a roll of million dollar bills. Be yourself!"

Bill fumbled in his pocket. He brought out a wallet. There were some pretty hefty bank notes in the wallet. He said:

"You better take these. And if you'll come around to Ultra Alta tomorrow, say in the late afternoon—I'll have things lined up."

Mavis clutched at the bank notes greedily. Bill was careful that his fingers did not even brush her fingers. She looked at him oddly, and said—

"Still optimistic, huh? Well, there won't be anything in this for you. Get that, Bill."

Bill said, and meant it: "I don't want anything."

* * *

Mavis Dorian had gone. Bill didn't help her on with the rain coat, he didn't go with her to the door. He sat in front of the dying fire and stared into the red-gold center of it. It wasn't only the fire that was dying—it was Bill's soul, his dearest dream. He thought:

"There's nothing left, except work . . ."

Finally, when the fire had burned to a sullen gray ash, he stumbled up and went toward his bedroom. He opened the door and limped toward his bed—built low and wide, for a man who sometimes couldn't rest easily. He stopped short and said incongruously—

"For crying out loud!"

The bed wasn't empty. Carol, one hand under a sleep-flushed cheek, was lying



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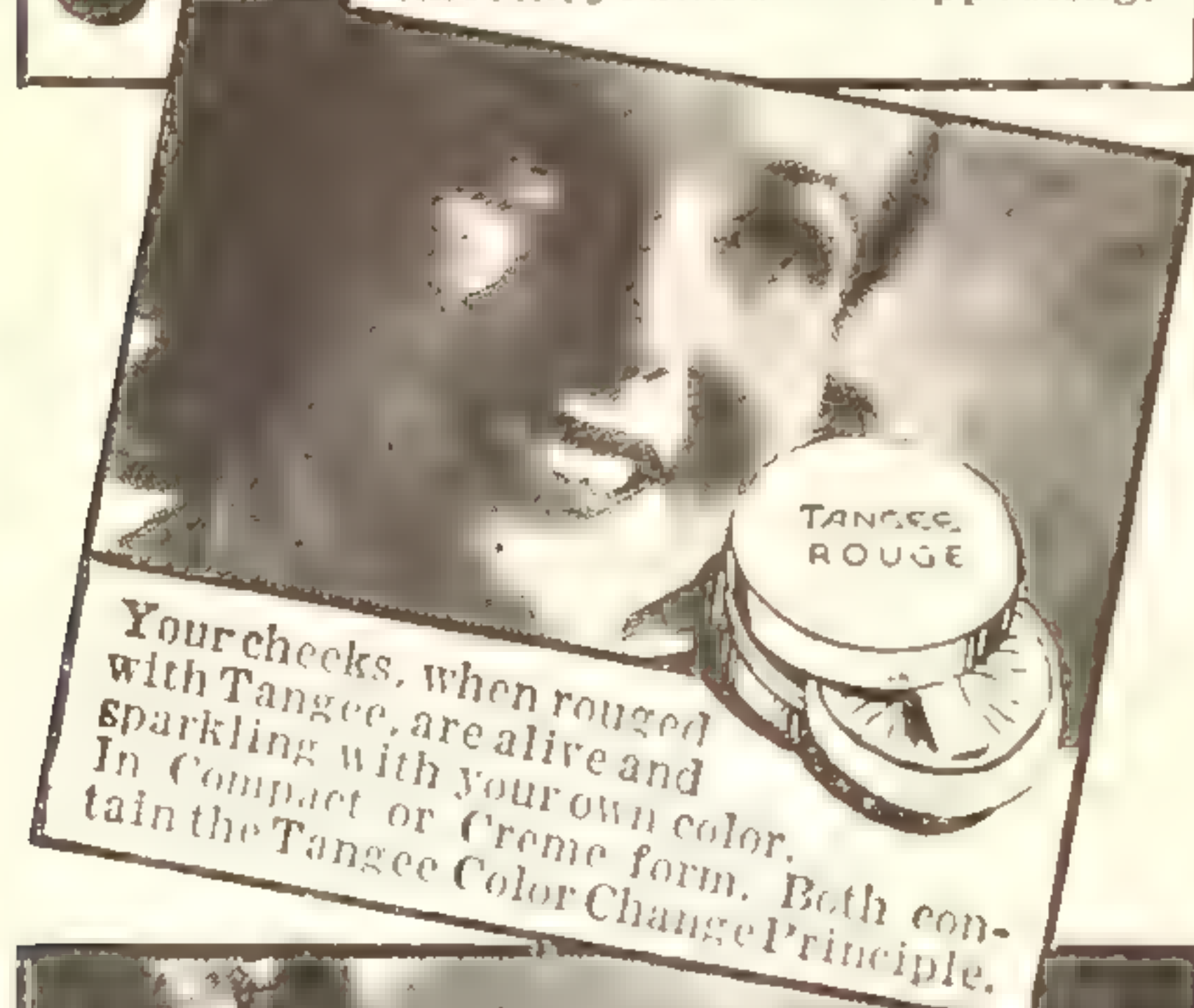
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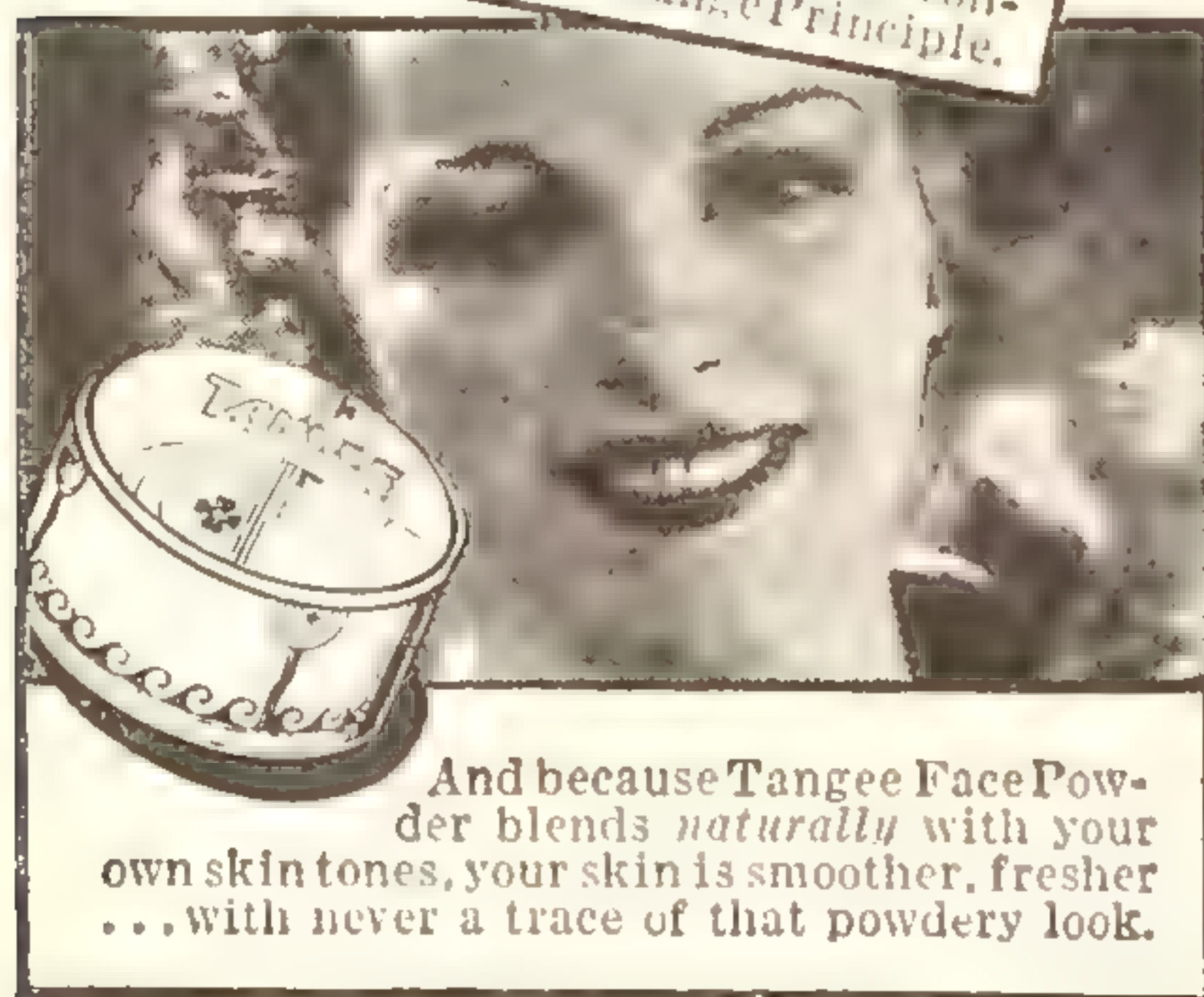
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across the top of it, with a silken comforter drawn around her slim body. She looked like a child who had been tucked away, with her prayers said, and no fear of bogey-men. Bill stared at her fixedly for the space of a hundred heart-beats, before he rasped:

"Carol, get up!"

Carol stirred. Her eyes flew widely open. She smiled divinely—her smile was so happy that it almost made tears come to Bill Banton's own eyes. She said in a drowsy voice:

"It's nice to wake up and see you, Bill."

Bill tried to be severe. He queried: "How long have you been here? When did you get here?" The thought jangled in his brain: "How much did you hear?"

Carol said, "I came right from the studio. You weren't home yet, but Moto"—Moto was Bill's Japanese servant—"let me in. I told him to beat it. Then I got groggy—that last dance routine was terrific—and came in and went to sleep under your elegant quilt. I haven't moved—" did her eyes regard Bill a shade anxiously?—"since. Until I heard you calling me."

Bill sat down on the edge of the bed. He said:

"Mavis Dorian has been here. I met her on the way home from M. B.'s party. I gave her money and the promise of a job. She was down and out."

Carol said: "You would! Did you," her voice shook, "give her anything else?"

Bill told her: "A couple of drinks and a

million sandwiches."

Carol said: "Don't play possum. I mean your heart, entirely?"

Bill wanted to lie. He couldn't. His face was drawn as he answered.

"I told her that I had always loved her. Give her my heart, you ask? She kicked my heart until it was black and blue. I don't think my heart will ever," he forced a laugh, "be the same."

Carol said: "I hope not." She sat up, and brushed the tumbled curls out of her eyes. "Your heart," she said, "has always been the only ga-ga thing about you. Well, I'll fix that. Will you marry me, Bill? Tomorrow?"—she peered down at a slender platinum wrist watch—"Today?"

Bill said, "You're so attractive—such a grand person. You deserve the best in the world. But if you want to make your dinner off the scraps from life's table—"

He leaned forward and kissed her. On the lips. It was the first time he had ever kissed Carol—she'd done all the kissing, to date. It was a pleasant experience—surprisingly pleasant. Bill kissed her again, lingeringly. It was like a film episode—and yet it was real. Involuntarily his arms went around the girl's slimness. He felt her relax against his shoulder. It made him feel strong and protective, the way her little body loosened in his grasp. He kissed her again, and then Carol spoke.

"Speaking of scraps," said Carol shakily, "did Mavis leave any sandwiches?"

THE END

Kay Francis in "Stolen Holiday"

Continued from page 27

would be the fashion rage of the world.

Only Nicole was different from the others. Nicole with her short cropped hair and her eyes that met his look with an arrogance that equaled his own, her arms crossed and her hands tucked under them and her feet placed squarely on the floor as if she were done with posing and pirouetting forever.

"This one!" Stefan Orloff smiled enigmatically as he walked towards her, and his gesture dismissed the others.

"Monsieur is secretary to the Duchess de Roux," Mme. Jeanette explained. "Unfortunately she is ill and has asked me to send her some evening gowns and wraps. As you seem to be nearest her size and coloring I will have to ask you to go with Monsieur Orloff and model them."

It was a strange adventure that was beginning. Nicole was aware of the man's eyes fastened on her as he helped her into a taxi and sat beside her.

"Tired?" His voice came to her with something of a shock. It was almost too suave, too low and gentle. And then, as she nodded: "Why do you do this sort of thing?"

"Ambition, my friend." Her laugh came with a bitterness that had grown familiar to it. "Someday I may be the fat mistress of a shop like that and hire girls to wear their feet out for me."

"Perhaps some day I'll set you up in business." His voice came with the same easiness, and then as she straightened indignantly, he laughed. "And then again there is always the possibility that I won't."

In spite of herself Nicole was beginning to like this man. There was the French mother in her to give her grudging admiration to his high-handed arrogance and the Irish father to laugh at his humor even though it was directed at herself; and there was herself, the American, to make her unafraid and to accept any adventure that might come her way.

Even before he ushered her into the big house that had so palpably been unlived in

for a long time with its furniture shrouded in dust covers and not as much as an ash tray anywhere, her suspicions had been mounting. Now when he opened the door to the room where she was to change into Jeanette's highest priced dinner gown and dust swirled in a little cloud around her feet as she stepped on the thick Abusson carpet she turned sharply and faced him.

"There's no one here!" He bowed ironically as she went on. "There is no duchess de Roux at all. This is a trick. I'm not going to stay to find out what kind."

"I'm afraid you have me." He had appraised her in the salon, had seen more than the proud lift of her head, the quick charm that had made her stand out from the others. There had been courage in the eyes that had faced him then. There was courage in the eyes that disdained him now.

"Don't you think it would be better to sit down and listen to me?" He held out his cigarette case and to her surprise she found herself taking one, leaning forward as he held his lighter to its tip. "First, about this house. I have leased it, that is I have deposited a check toward a lease. Whether the check will be good depends on you. I've come here to make my fortune. Tonight I have hopes of amalgamating an idea of mine with the very necessary capital of another gentleman."

"I don't see what any of this has to do with me," Nicole said.

"One can't accomplish big things alone, with the manner of a penniless adventurer." His confidence made her believe in this strange man in spite of herself. "So I have invited this gentleman and his wife to have dinner with us, the theatre, and afterwards the Chez Florence. I am planning this with an air, an aura of success to inspire respect and confidence. You know how indispensable that is. Especially to the French."

"And I was to be part of the air? It all sounds very fantastic," Nicole protested. "But why me? There are millions of women in Paris."

"The sort that can be picked up on any

street corner wouldn't do. I needed a lady. In the name of your own ambition I ask you to give me a chance. I will realize a great deal of money. The shop of your own, that you were talking about—that is not impossible either."

"I see." She looked at him and beyond him to the past. The squalid street in Brooklyn. The shop in New York. The shop in Paris. But afterwards when she knew him better, she told him it was her feet that really decided her. Her feet aching then as they had ached at the end of every working day that she could remember. "Of course you understand it would be a strictly business proposition?" She met his eyes squarely. "No sentimentality. No gooey friendship. It is not my silly heart you are appealing to but my calculating head which sees a chance to bargain a favor for a favor."

That was the way it began, like a fantastic fragment of a dream. A little over a year—and there was Orloff, a power in France now, his wealth and his charities known the country over. There were his friends, among the most influential in

STOLEN HOLIDAY

A Warner Bros. Picture

THE CAST

Nicole Picot.....Kay Francis
Stefan Orloff.....Claude Rains
Anthony Wayne.....Ian Hunter
Suzanne.....Alison Skipworth
Francis Chalon.....Walter Kingsford
Anatole.....Alexander D'Arcy
LeGrande.....Charles Halton
Ranier.....Frank Reicher
Dupont.....Frank Conroy
M. Borel.....Wedgewood Nowell
Helen Tuttle.....Betty Lawford
Mme. Jeanne.....Kathleen Howard
Deputy Bergery.....Egon Brecher
Prefect of Police.....Robert Strange

Screen Play by Casey Robinson
Directed by Michael Curtiz

France, friends that could be of help to a man with his feet over a volcano. Chalon, the newspaper editor; Dupont, who had been a gendarme when he first met Orloff but whose friend's power had made him chief of police. There were bankers and statesmen, and there were other men too, whom the Russian had lifted from penniless obscurity and made the figureheads of his various enterprises. Enterprises his name must not be connected with.

There was the public, of course, the minnettes and the small shopkeepers and the clerks and the widows who bought Orloff's bonds and dreamed their dreams of rapid riches. But of these Orloff thought little. Fools, all of them, he thought when he thought of them at all, rungs that could be broken in the fabulous ladder of success he had made for himself.

And there was Nicole, smart and successful too with her own shop and her fortunes mounting so rapidly that she had been able to repay Orloff every centime he had given her to establish herself.

A favor bargained for a favor! That was the way she had put it on that Spring evening that had begun their adventure; but she had not reckoned then on that grateful heart of hers that poured out her friendship to him, on the loyalty that could not or would not see the crookedness in the schemes that had sent him skyrocketing to success. So she could admire this man even if she could not return the love he begged from her.

"I'm just beginning, Stefan, and I have a long way to go." It was always this same answer she gave to his pleas. "I couldn't

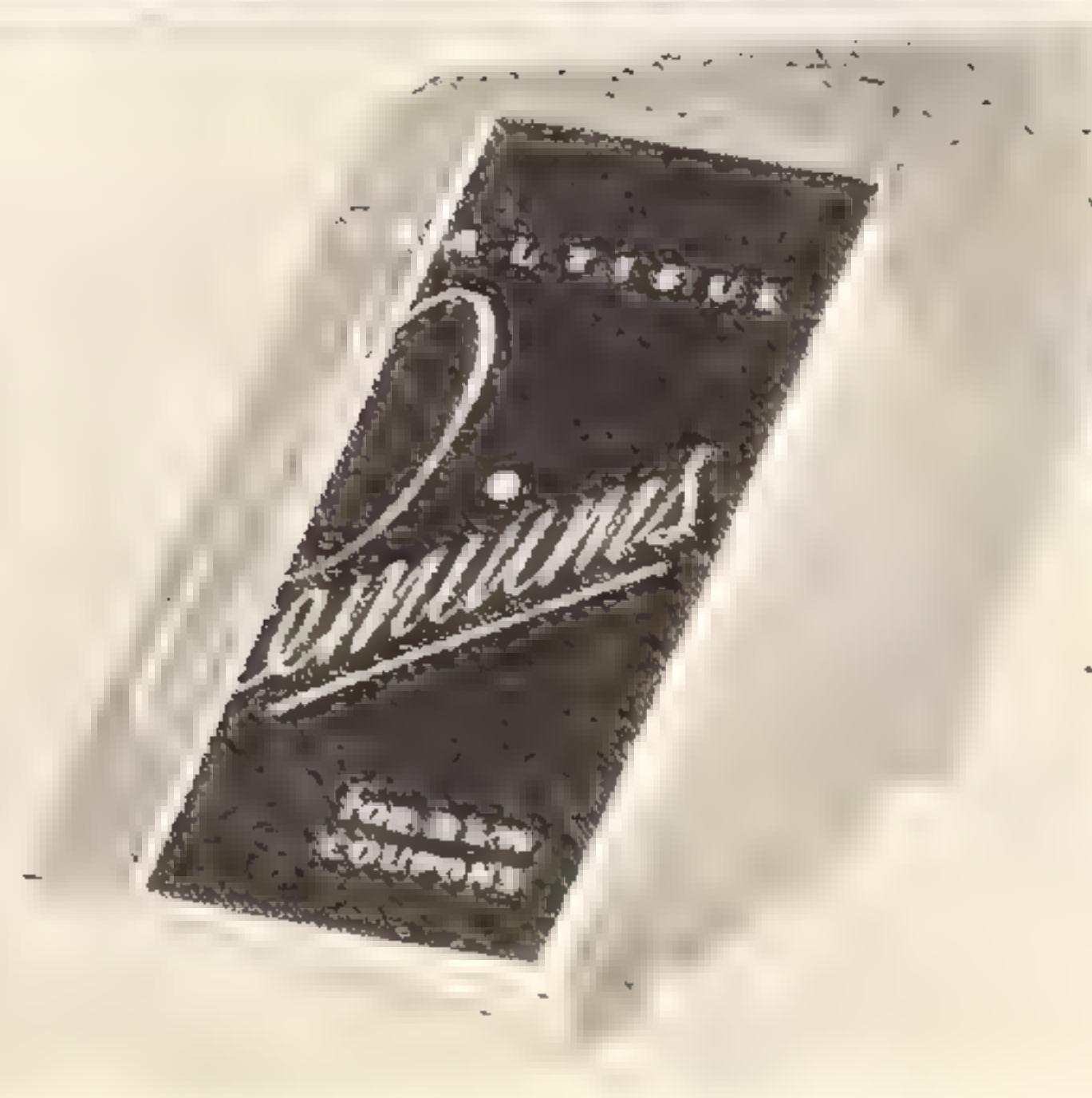
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detour to fall in love with anyone now. Perhaps some lonely Monday afternoon I'll wake up to the fact that I've been in love with you all the time."

That was the way things stood between them the day Nicole left with Suzanne for a holiday in Switzerland. Orloff saw the mistrust in the old woman's eyes as she followed Nicole into the plane. Taking Suzanne into her shop, making her her companion away from it had been the only thing in which Nicole had ever disobeyed Orloff. But she had stuck valiantly to her old friend.

Orloff was a superstitious man as all gamblers are. As he watched the plane take off he wondered if Nicole was taking his luck away. After all, she had brought it to him in the first place and now—his eyes clouded as he thought of Ranier, one of his figureheads who had come to him the night before afraid of the books he had doctored and the bonds Orloff had forced him to float.

If Ranier were right, if there really was suspicion directed at his shady dealings, if he should be arrested, what would happen to him. For Orloff knew the man well enough to know that he would talk if he found himself in a tight spot. And with Nicole gone he was afraid for the first time in his life.

It was her first day in Geneva that Nicole met Anthony Wayne, the young English diplomat Suzanne had struck up an acquaintance with, wanting him for Nicole the moment she saw him, and after she had introduced them she had made such an obvious move to leave them alone that they had both laughed.

Funny how it all began, laughing like that. There were so many things to do, so many things to say, so many things to laugh about. Long rides through the country, luncheons at little country inns, trips on the lake in the small tourist steamer, and always their laughter there between them and that new awareness of each other. Then one day Tony's eyes were suddenly serious as he turned toward her.

"I wish I'd known you ages ago," he said. "I wish we had pulled each other's hair as children and seen our names written inside a heart in chalk on the sidewalk. I wish it were our families who had made plans instead of my family and Helen's, because then it would be more like a marriage and less like an amalgamation."

He had mentioned that name before but so casually that Nicole thought nothing of it. Now her heart twisted as she looked steadily ahead at the road stretching in front of the car.

"When are you going to be married?" she said at last, and was a little shocked to hear her voice the same as always when everything else had changed so terribly.

"I'm not," Tony said quietly. "I've changed my mind. Do you know whenever I see a view like this I have an urge to yodel?"

It was fun to be able to laugh again, to laugh as if she would never stop laughing. Silly the things being in love did to you, she thought, making you laugh even when the car stopped on a lonely road miles from nowhere and refused to go on.

"Such a nice day for a walk!" Tony was unabashed. "It will give us a lovely big appetite."

"And such lovely big blisters," Nicole agreed.

"Distance is only a matter of relativity." Tony took her arm in a new possessive way. "I'll explain it to you on the way."

So the day sped before them with its laughter and its fairy tale Swiss countryside, with its incredible blue sky and the farmhouse they came to and Tony grinning as Nicole pounded on the door.

"Ought to be at least a skeleton in the

closet," she insisted, as she laughingly continued her pounding.

"If there is, the noise you're making will bring him to life."

"That's the idea." She laughed as she saw Tony peering into a window.

"What does a kitchen mean to you?" He demanded.

"Food."

"Inside!" He motioned toward the house with a grandiloquent gesture.

"But it's inside the kitchen, not us," Nicole giggled as Tony helped her through the window he had found unlatched and clambered in after her.

They found bread and potatoes and eggs and fresh country butter and then they heard the pigeons cooing in the eaves outside.

"Squabs!" Tony murmured as though in-



Social triumphs follow her rise to fame as an arbiter of fashion.
Kay Francis, as NICOLE PICOT.

spired, and in a moment he was back with two of the birds fluttering in his hands. "Here they are. Meet Annabelle and Mirabelle. Have you ever done any butchering?"

"That's your job," Nicole said doubtfully. "I think you're supposed to wring their necks."

But they discovered they could not kill the pigeons after all, so they were eating the omelet Nicole had made when the farmer and his family returned. Funny how it is when two people are in love. Even Papa and Mama Villette and their two little daughters found themselves laughing with these strangers who had usurped their home.

"I never was so excited since Papa pro-



The parade of fashions, an elaborate pictorial feature of "Stolen Holiday," two views of which are shown above. Orry Kelly, chief designer of the Warner studio, has created these striking costumes for the picture.

posed," Mama Villette sighed as Tony commandeered their cart with its cushioning of hay and insisted they all drive into Geneva for a party.

Only in a moment Nicole wasn't laughing any more, for Tony lifted her to the back of the cart and suddenly her pulses were racing and she felt the mad echo of his own heart answering. And now it was difficult to meet each other's eyes.

Strange how quickly laughter could give way to something almost like sadness. Even the Villettes sensed the new thing that had come to them and were almost silent during dinner. Then at last they clambered back into their cart again and

set out for home; and there was only Nicole and Tony.

"It's been a happy day," she whispered as they stood in the corridor outside her suite. "The happiest I can remember."

"Let me come in," he urged.

Again there was that fluttering in her heart like wild wings beating. The fear she had never known before.

"No," her hands held him from her. "No, not tonight, Tony."

But when she opened the door she held it until he had come in too. And then she was in his arms and his voice was saying, "darling, darling, darling," as if he could never stop staying it.

The ringing of the telephone brought them back from the far places of his kiss, back to the dark room and the moonlight filtering through the window and his arms trembling now as they held her.

"Hello," Nicole said in a voice still hushed and rapturous, a voice that changed, became almost frightened as she listened. For it was Anatole, Orloff's chief lieutenant in Paris, telling her that Orloff was in trouble and needed her.

"You must promise that you will never let Monsieur Orloff know about this call," Anatole said. And from her despairing heart Nicole brought out the words to answer him.

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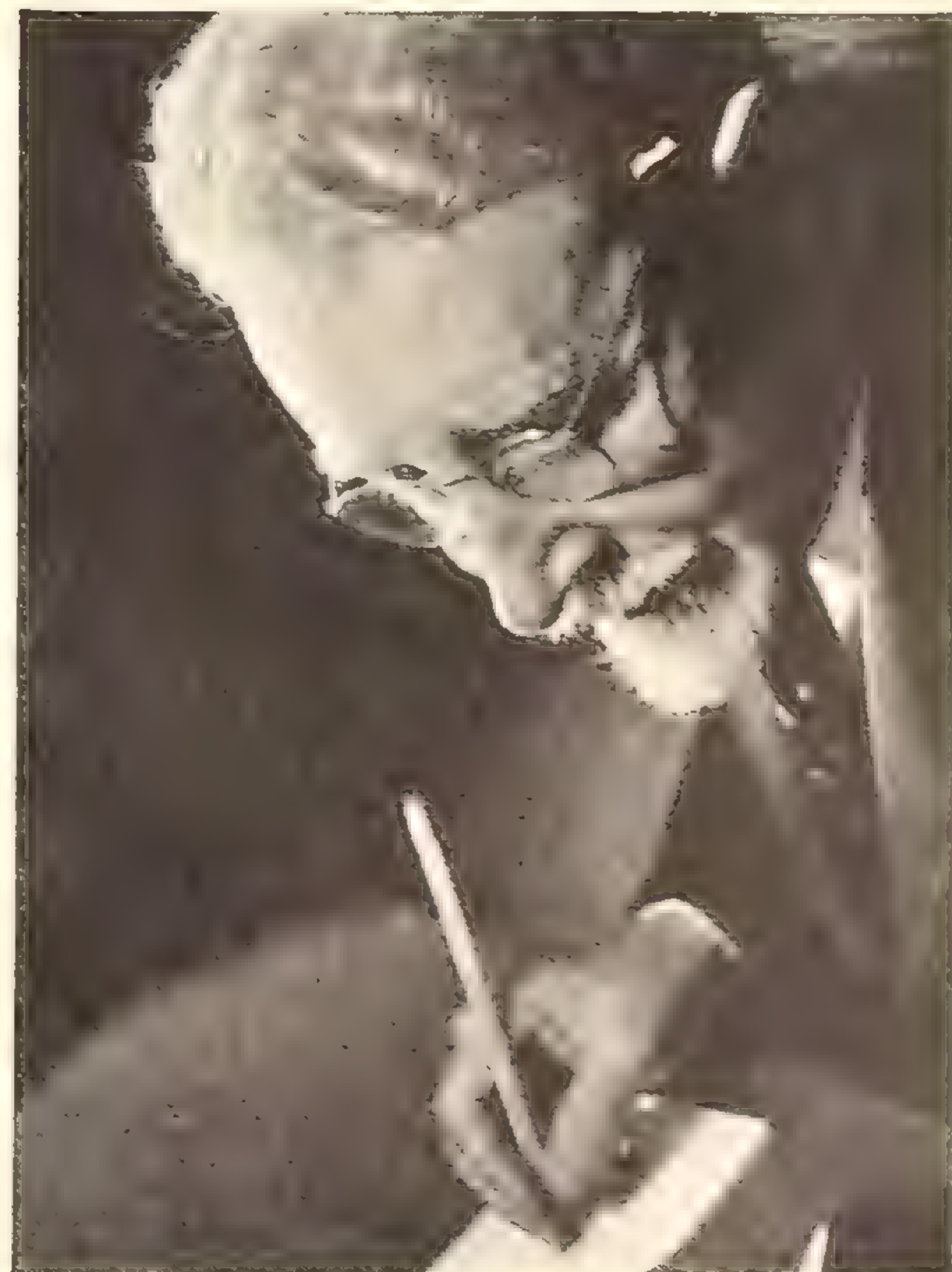
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"But of course, I'll leave at once. On the first plane I can get."

Orloff smiled grimly as Anatole turned away from the telephone. The thought of Nicole's returning was the first ray of hope he had felt since Ranier's arrest that morning. Now that she was coming he could fight the whole world if necessary. After all when a man was in trouble he did best to turn to a woman rather than another man.

Then she was there, and Orloff played the game of make-believe he had planned, so that it was she who drew the story from him bit by bit as if he were reluctant to have her know of his difficulties, as if even now it were he who was the stronger one.

Nicole's hands tensed as he blamed his friends for the disaster, and she believed him when he said he was innocent. Then when he had finished she turned to him.

"Will you marry me, Stefan?" she asked.

For a moment she remembered Tony and his arms around her. Remembered his voice, "darling, darling, darling." But she must put his arms and his voice away from her, put Tony away and Switzerland and the ridiculous ride on the farmer's cart and laughter and all lost lovely things away from her.

"We will have a wedding such as Paris has never seen!" She tried to talk gayly. "We will invite the most important people in the city, all the top government officials. Don't you see, it will publicize them as your most intimate friends! When your crisis comes they will be in the same embarrassing boat. In saving their own reputations they will have to save yours."

"Nicky, you're a genius." All his waning confidence was coming back to Orloff. Oh, he had been clever, cleverer than he thought when he picked this girl to be his unwitting partner.

It was on the day of her own wedding that Nicole met Helen. Even before she mentioned her name Nicole knew who she was, this girl who stared at her as if she hated her.

"I understand you and my Tony were great friends in Switzerland." The girl was wasting no words. "A friend of his told me all about you. Did you know the dear boy is arriving today? I left word for him to meet me here."

Then Tony was coming toward her and Nicole steeled herself to meet his eyes, to meet Helen's words as the girl chattered about her trousseau, tying Tony to her side with every soft word and gesture.

"Your taste is so exquisite." She was smiling as she spoke but Nicole sensed the malice under the soft words.

"Thank you." Nicole was avoiding Tony's eyes now. "Perhaps," she took a quick breath before she could go on, "perhaps it's because I understand so well. You see, I'm going to be married myself tonight."

Somehow she was able to get out of the salon, to withstand Tony's voice and his eyes sickening with pain, to lift her chin and face him calmly as she answered his questions.

"No, I didn't say it because I was angry, Tony." She saw the color leave his face but she had to go on, calmly, quickly as if she were not tearing her own heart too. "You see, I told Stefan I would marry him the night I came home."

"Why are you doing it?" he demanded. "Why?"

"Maybe it's because he's wealthy and famous." She saw him wince but still she went on. "Maybe it's because I want to put an end to gossip. But I'd rather you paid me the compliment of believing it's because I love him."

"Then what was it happened to us?" His hands reached out and turned her squarely around so that he forced her to look at him.

"A friendship." Nicole's laugh was shaken. "Or if you prefer, a flirtation."

There was a long pause, then Tony's voice came again bitter in its hurt. "I apologize for having been mistaken. But you see it wasn't that way with me at all."

He was gone then, the door closing behind him, closing him out of her sight, out of her life. And the sound of it was still in her ears as she stood beside Orloff in his drawing-room and heard the words that made her his wife.

A foolish gesture, this marriage, a quixotic gesture doomed to failure, for the ceremony was scarcely over when gendarmes forced their way into the house with an order for Orloff's arrest.

It was only when she saw him making desperate efforts to escape that she knew how mistaken she had been. For every word he said showed his fear and guilt. All the things she had admired in him were gone now. Only disillusionment remained. But there was still her loyalty to make her stand by this man who had been her friend. This man who was her husband.

So when he sent for her to come to his hiding place she felt she had no other choice than to go. Only when Tony came as she was leaving did she falter.

"If you are going to tell me not to go, I wish you wouldn't." Even changed as she was there was that undefeated spirit in her voice that won the man's quickening admiration. But his voice was bitter as he spoke.

"And if you are going to remind me that you are his wife and that your life is his and that you love him enough to follow him into God knows what, please don't. Because I won't enjoy listening."

For a long time they faced each other, his eyes defiant now, hers trying to hold back the tears that had been so close in all the torturing days without him. Then she said simply, "No, I don't love him." She shut her travelling case and took it in her hand and there was something in her manner that kept him from taking it from her and carrying it down to the waiting taxi. "I couldn't leave with you believing that."

She was gone then, and it was as if everything worthwhile and real was gone with her.

Tony, Tony, Tony! The words throbbed in her brain like tiny hammers. Strange, she had left him behind in the big empty house on the Champs Elysée, and yet here he was with her, in her heart and her



A screen troupier boards a troopship! Anna Lee, British beauty, is off to do a film of "Soldiers Three."



It's colossal! Jimmy Durante becomes a gentleman of the old school in an English picture.

brain. Realer somehow even than Dupont who met her at the door of the house Orloff had fled to.

She knew that Orloff was dead, even before Dupont found the words to tell her. The man's voice came grim with the horror of the thing he had been through. He could still feel the gun in his hand, could feel the coldness of the dead hand as he forced the smoking pistol into it.

"He committed suicide. It was for the best," he said, and tried to forget the horror of the dead face. To remember only that he had saved his own reputation.

The strange adventure was over now. Over as it had begun on a night in spring with the chestnuts beginning to bloom along the boulevards. The shop sold to pay some of the money Orloff had stolen with his crooked bonds and Orloff gone and Tony gone too. Only Suzanne and herself left to face the world together with their empty hands.

Then Tony coming to her again and lifting aside the bags Suzanne was packing and trying to take Nicole into his arms again.

"You're not going to ruin your life too," she protested. "You can't afford to have anything to do with me. Just because I'm not being hauled up for trial doesn't mean the notoriety is over. I am what the cheap papers will call a 'marked woman.'"

"My sweet," Tony couldn't be put aside so easily, "you were a marked woman from the moment I laid my lucky eyes on you."

Again wings in her heart, the old eagerness as if it were right that Tony should be saying these things and she listening. But it wasn't right. She had to tell herself that. Tony must not sacrifice himself for her.

"Listen." Her voice came desperately. "I worked with Stefan from the beginning. I knew what I was doing and I helped him. Now will you come to your senses?"

But Tony only laughed as he turned to Suzanne.

"It's an awful thing for a man to realize he's about to wed a consummate liar," he said cheerfully. "Nicole, you might as well give in. I'm awfully stubborn. As a child I once sat on a red hot stove and positively refused to budge until they had to send for the department to put out the blaze. I'm incurable. You might as well realize that and give in."

The words she had planned would not come with his arms around her like that. Instead there was the old surge of happiness as his lips found hers, the peace that came back again with his kiss.

LOOK OUT FOR THE "COMMON COLD"!

The "Common Cold" is the Common Forerunner of Pneumonia and Other Serious Diseases!

The Sensible Thing in Treatment

How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow.

Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a sniffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection*.

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires *internal treatment*. Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—may temporarily alleviate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from *within*.

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a

preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:

(1) It opens the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

(2) It checks the fever in the system.

(3) It relieves the headache and fever.

(4) It tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

A fourfold treatment, in other words, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine accomplishes definite and speedy results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine imposes no penalty for its use. It contains nothing harmful and is perfectly safe to take.

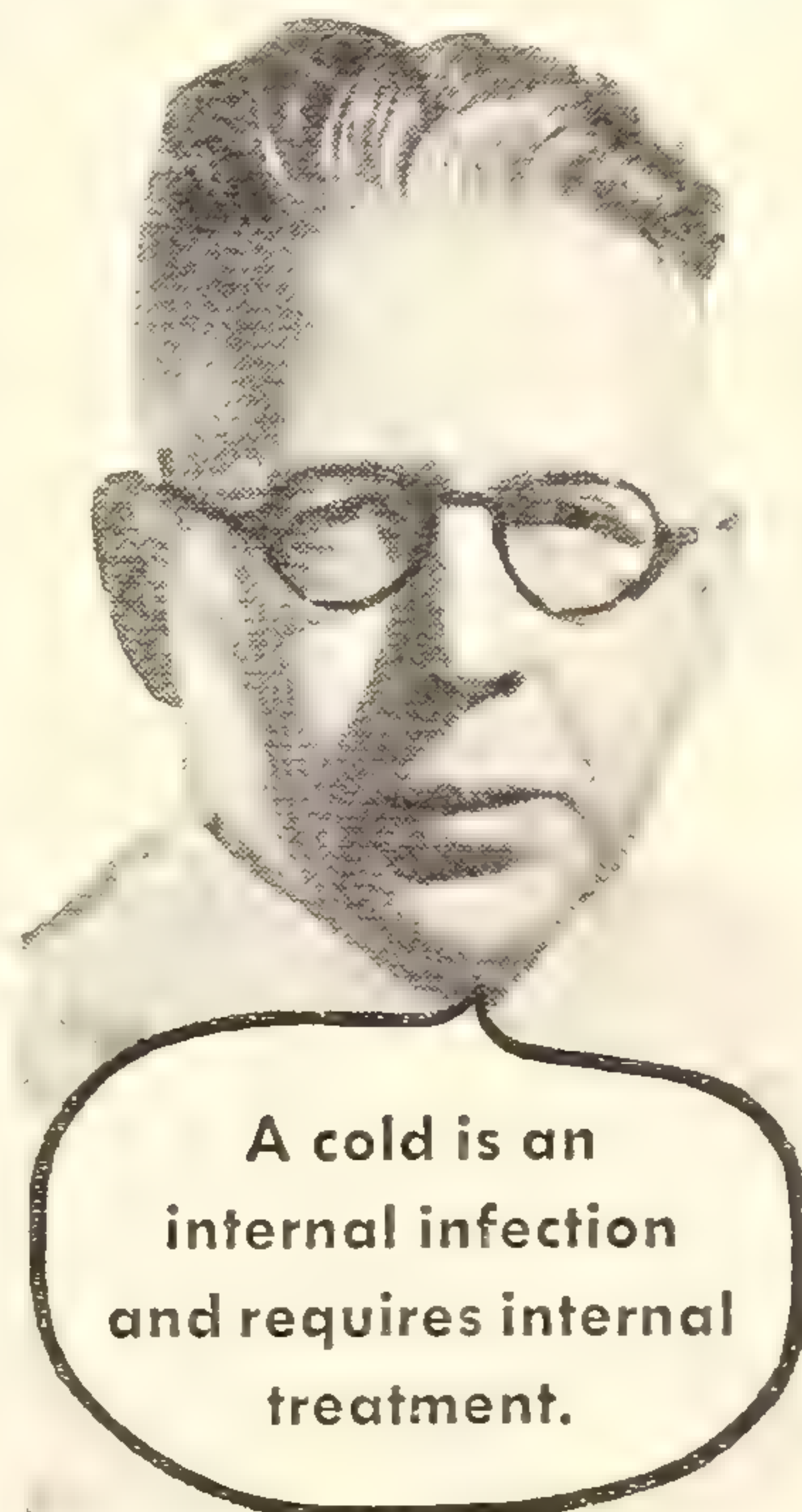
Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

Don't Procrastinate

When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

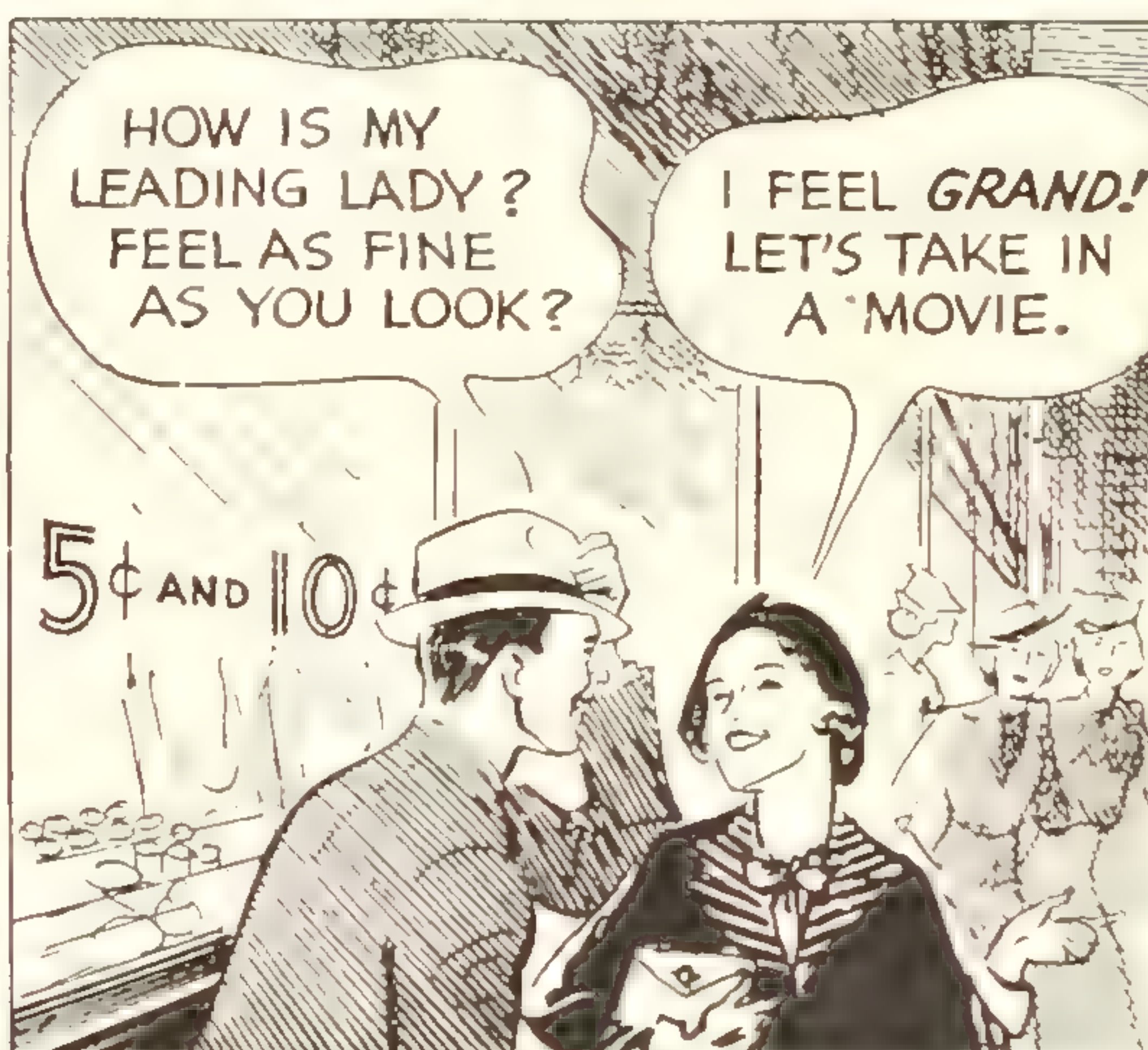
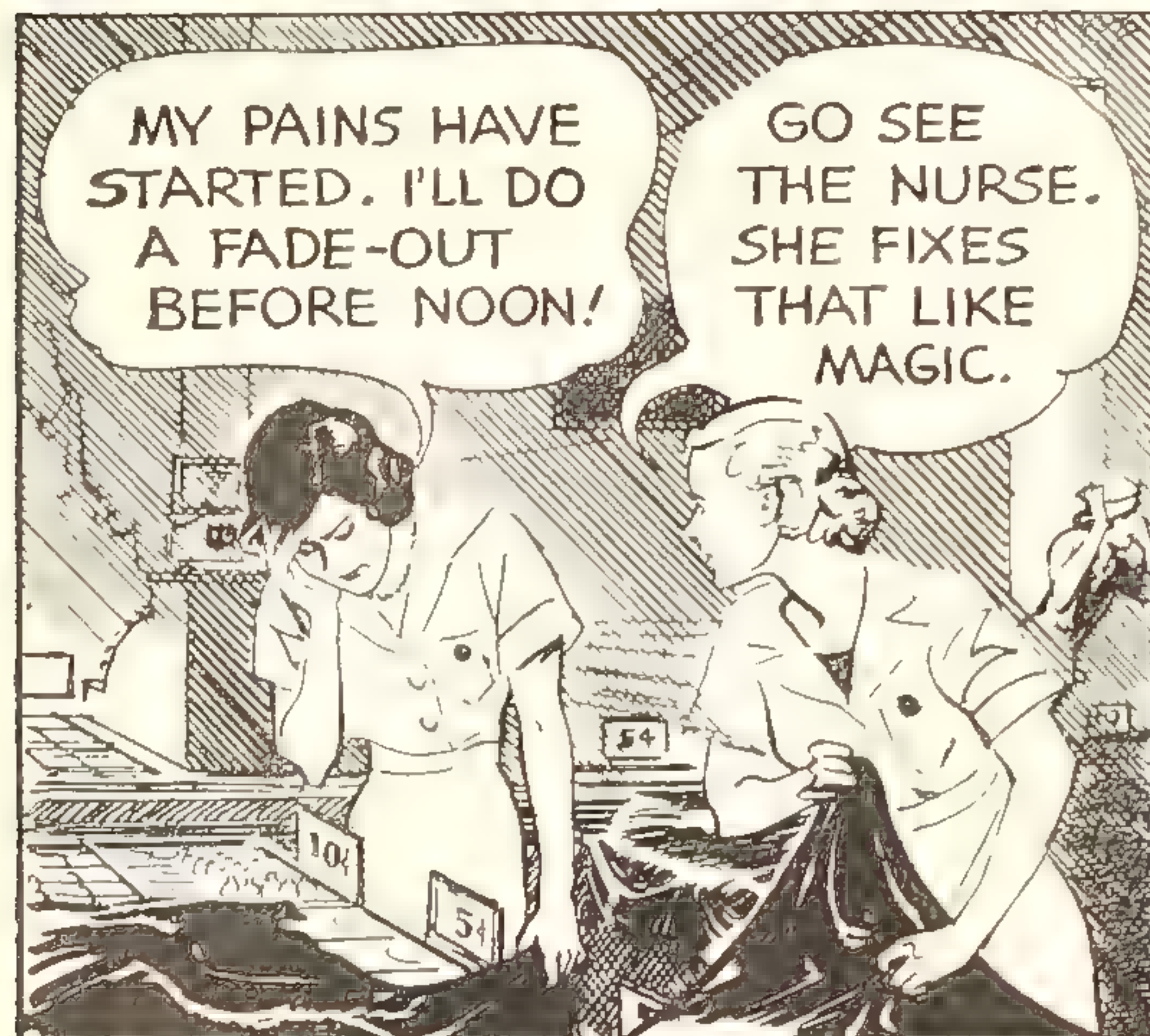
All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.



A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.

"FIVE-AND-TEN"



JOIN the modern women who no longer give-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period, including women who have always had the hardest time.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom you hadn't thought possible!

The **RIGHT** Lipstick Shade makes **SUCH** a Difference!



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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

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10¢ and 20¢
AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND has brought quick relief to thousands for whom other remedies failed

Asthmatic paroxysms are quickly soothed and relieved by the pleasant smoke vapor of Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound. Standard remedy at all druggists. Powder, 25¢ and \$1. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Write for **FREE** package of cigarettes and powder. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. WW-12, Rupert, Vt.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.



Most Exciting Newcomer

Continued from page 30

"inquisition scene" of "Girls' Dormitory"—a youngster who knows she's up against it, and has braced herself to meet the inevitable. Her face is grave, almost to solemnity. Under the mop of fair curls, her wide blue-gray eyes are guarded; but before very long you detect behind their reserve the appeal of a child for friendliness. Her smile, when it comes, is shy at first, carefully polite—only with restored confidence does she break into the frank laughter which seems to be her natural element.

"I do not talk English very well," she will plead, trying to throw up a wall between herself and the unknown danger lurking in interviews. "Even in French," she assures you hastily, "I do not talk much. I mean—when people ask me questions—when I must take myself ver-r-y ser-r-iously—" (you'll have to imagine for yourselves the charmingly accented speech, the trilled r's, the th's that turn into z's and s's)—"when I must make a long face and say I think this and this—while always I know that what I think is not so important."

She sat at a window that gave on the studio streets, and looked miserable. "Lady," her eyes entreated, "be merciful. Let me go." Turning for a moment's respite to the window, she caught sight of someone and jumped up.

"Lee!" she called.

"Where are you?" a voice called back.

"Ha!" she chortled gleefully. "I'm somewhere. I have to tell a story to that lady, and she's very bothered by me because I do not find how to tell it. She thinks I am bad. Come up and tell her I am not."

Lee was the script clerk who had worked with her in "Girls' Dormitory." Lee was her friend. With Lee in the room, she was a creature transformed. Gone was all trace of timidity and self-consciousness. She talked, she laughed, she was radiant. If she were at a loss for a word, Lee would supply it. If she couldn't explain a point to her satisfaction, Lee would interpret. Lee had her perfect trust. There was nothing to be afraid of now.

So she "found how to tell her story." How she was born in Marseilles. How she attended half a dozen schools in as many European cities. How, with no thought of the stage in her head, she planned to become a fashion designer. And how fate intervened, when she was seventeen, to make her an actress.

She was drinking coffee and chatting with a friend one day on the terrace of the Café de la Paix in Paris. Presently she grew aware of a distracting murmur about her. Looking up, she caught the amused glances of her neighbors turning from her to a young man who had planted himself a foot or two away and was scrutinizing her, as if she were an *objet d'art* he contemplated buying.

Before she could decide how to handle the situation, he had pulled up a chair and sat down beside her.

"Pardon, ma'm'selle. I am an artist. To me you are beautiful."

"That," she observed, "is very interesting. Goodbye."

"You misunderstand me, ma'm'selle. I am Tourjansky—a film director. Yours is the perfect face for my next picture. My card—" and he presented it with a formal bow.

That was the beginning. She played comedy ingénues until Marc Allegret, another French director, discerned her possibilities and cast her for the rôle of *Puck*

in "Lac aux Dames." "Before," she explained, "I was supposed all the time to make people laugh. With *Puck* I had to make them cry." The part was written into the script as the third lead. Simone played it with such haunting loveliness that, by the time the picture was cut, *Puck* was its star.

Winfield Sheehan saw it in Paris and offered Simone a contract. "I felt very surprised," she recalls, "and very proud I wanted to go and I did not want to go. I thought I am not yet ready to do good things. After the first spasm of pleasure and flattery, I thought: 'Well, I will rather stay here. Here are my people, here are my friends. Over there I do not know what will be.' Then they asked me again, and still again. From November to May I was like that thing in a clock which swings—how do you call it, Lee?—a pendulum. This way, that way, Hollywood, Paris, shall I go, shall I not go? Well, you cannot continue forever swinging, so at last I say: 'You must go, Simone. Maybe it is right, maybe it is wrong, I do not know.'



The Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby, Kodak as they go on vacation between screen assignments.

But since they ask you so much, you have to do it. It is written in your destiny."

Winfield Sheehan sent a memorandum to the studio heads of departments, announcing the signing of Simone, affixing the seal of his own enthusiasm in the sentence: "There is no doubt in my mind but that she will be an instantaneous hit." By the time she arrived in September, Fox had been merged with Twentieth Century. But Darryl Zanuck's belief in the little French girl was as strong as his predecessor's.

As for Simone herself—"I came here," she said, and paused, hunting for words—"well, there is a French expression—arms open—" She flung her arms wide to make sure I understood what she meant.

They tell of her first visit to a set, shortly after her arrival. Looking about fourteen in a white hat and white leather jacket, she was introduced to Ronald Colman. "I am awfully happy to meet you," she said breathlessly. "I have seen you in pictures and admired you so very much." Three minutes later she was introduced to Joan Bennett. Glancing cautiously about to make sure that Colman was out of earshot, she said: "I am awfully happy to meet you. I have seen you in pictures and admired you so very much."

"I was not saying a lie," she assured me earnestly. "I would have liked to tell them in different words my admiration—not the same and the same like a monkey on a stick—but my words were so few. And I was excited—excited to see them standing there, whom I had seen so often in the films—to think that soon I will be one of them—to watch how the scenes are made—just as in

France—no," she contradicted herself quickly, eyes glinting with mischief, "not as in France—better, better, better, better, better."

"Then I was not frightened. I came to be frightened later by things as they turned out. I see now it was most of all the language. I learned English in school, but it was just like I knew nothing. I knew words—how they looked in the book—but not how to put them in the mouth. Only I was so proud to speak English at all that I thought I am speaking fluently."

Imagine yourself, with a little high school French, going to Paris to embark on a movie career. Imagine yourself, with everything to gain or lose, trying to play an exacting part, to follow the slang and technical terms of the studio while you flounder in the darkness of a foreign tongue. Such was the case with Simone. She didn't even know what to call the camera.

"Where must I walk?" she would ask. "To that big black thing?"

Another girl might have given up—or demanded the time, accorded to many of our foreign stars, to study the language—or resorted to the feminine wiles of pathos and helplessness. She did none of these things. The very difficulties besetting her, challenged her fighting spirit. She couldn't fail Mr. Zanuck or herself. She wouldn't take an easy way out. So, tightening her wilful mouth, she grappled with the job. Sometimes her faulty English trapped her. Ignorant of the right words, or too weary and confused to call them to memory, she would use the wrong ones, which sounded right in French but meant in English something she never intended.

One day she had been forced to hold her head awkwardly tilted for minutes at a time. The muscles grew cramped, she endured it as long as she could. She wanted to say: "My neck hurts, my head is swimming. Let me rest, then I'll try it again." But she couldn't manage all that. She could manage no more than a despairing: "I cannot do it." A trifling incident, of no importance whatever, which was pounced on, repeated, exaggerated, till word got round that Simone was stubborn, was temperamental, refused to co-operate. And so from a molehill, as so often happens in Hollywood, a mountain was raised.

"I began to feel I was a fool to come here. Then Mr. Zanuck would talk to me. And I thought: 'If he believes in you—that man who knows so much—then you are still more a fool not to believe in yourself.'"

No surrender on her part, but a severe case of the flu, took her out of "Under Two Flags." "And while I am in bed, I say: 'Well, I am going to get this English, or this English gets me.' Slang," she pointed out with pride. "So I send to the *librairie* and buy a dictionary. And I talk. To anyone who listens, I talk. And if they don't like to listen, I talk just the same. So, when they are ready with 'Girls' Dormitory,' I have learned a little. And still better, I have learned how much I do not know."

"And even still better. I work with Mr. Herbert Marshall. I never had a partner like that in all my life. And I don't tell that for the thing, the publicity. I tell it from the heart. I cannot find to say how kind he was to me, that man. When I am mixed, he tells me softly the word, so nobody shall hear. When I do a close-up, he stands there at the side to say his lines, so it shall be easier for me. When I was so worrying, he would give me a helping look. He was so gentle, so sweet. Even when he must be severe with me in the scene, still he is sweet. He is—he is—he is not a *ham* person," she brought out triumphantly. "He is a gentleman."

It was during the shooting of "Girls' Dormitory" that Simone came into her own. Everyone was agreed on her piquancy,

SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. NEW EASY WAY



NEW IRONIZED YEAST OFTEN ADDS NEW CURVES —in a few weeks!

EVEN if you never could gain, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 2611, Atlanta, Ga.

HE SAID:

"You've got the loveliest hair of any girl here."



SHE THOUGHT:

"Then I'm the first one to discover Admiracion."

New Beauty for your HAIR

IN ONE TREATMENT

IMAGINE!—this new soapless shampoo treatment brings out all the glorious natural color, sheen, and softness of your hair—the very first time you use it!

Admiracion completely eliminates the soap film which even repeated rinsings never removed and which has been masking the real loveliness of your hair. Admiracion makes no messy lather. It washes away with just *one* rinse—so easy!

Admiracion is *more* than a shampoo because it contains *Davolene*—the most effective scalp tonic known to science today. It helps eliminate the causes of excessive oiliness or dryness, falling hair, or dandruff.

You will revel in the simplicity of your first Admiracion treatment. Marvelous for children's hair. Buy a bottle today; or send coupon for a 2-Treatment bottle.

Admiracion DeLuxe Treatments

If you have your hair done professionally, ask for an Admiracion DeLuxe Treatment next time at your favorite beauty salon.

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SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT



Dull hair brought to life

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

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Olive Oil for dry hair () Pine Tar for oily hair () Both 20c



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on her ability to romp through scenes whose chief requirement was that she be steadily cute. Then came the tensely emotional faculty scene. What would she do with that? Ruth Chatterton stood on the sidelines with Rosa Ponselle, who was visiting the set. Irving Cummings, the director, issued his final instructions. "Camera!" he called.

Simone faced Bromberg, her tormentor, listened to his tirade with the clear-eyed disdain of the young, brave in her innocence. Then came the thrust at her one vulnerable spot. Her eyes darted quick terror. "Oh, no," she gasped. "Please don't send for my mother," then turned in a panic to those other faces hemming her in, searched them desperately, found pity, kindness, sorrow, but no remission of doom—not even from the Herr Direktor, her final hope. The small figure slumped, life died out of the eyes. "Very well," said the toneless voice, "I will tell you the truth."

"Cut!" said Cummings. For a full minute nobody else said a word. Then, as by one impulse, they rushed at Simone—Miss Chatterton, Miss Ponselle, the faculty—patting her shoulder, drying their eyes, crying bravo.

She stood wide-eyed in their midst. "What was so wonderful about that?" she asked, grateful but bewildered.

"Some day soon," smiled Mr. Marshall, "I'm going to point with pride to the fact that I worked with Simone in her first American picture."

Can Simone act? For the studio at large the burning question had been answered. For the general public it was answered at the preview. The audience took her straight to its heart, applauding her first close-up, cheering the faculty scene, stamping its approval when the film drew to a close.

"I sat there," says Simone, "trying all the way to see things as if I was not I—to find what was good and what was bad, as if I was a stranger to the whole pic-

ture." She gazed at me like a good little girl, hands folded, eyes solemn. Then her lips twitched, and the laughter bubbled out. "I tried, because I know that is how one *should* look. But, oh—" she reproached herself, "I couldn't!"

"After it was finished—*pouf*—I went over like this. And when they said to me nice things, I wanted to embrace the whole world in my arms. Yet I could not find to say more than thank you. Must be I am dumb," she chuckled.

The powers at Twentieth Century-Fox just sat back and smiled. They had given proof of their faith in Simone long before "Girls' Dormitory" was finished—signing her to "Ladies in Love," matching her with three established beauties—giving her, what's more, the part of a girl who steals away the heart of Constance Bennett's man. "A nice part—I am in and out of the picture like a draft," murmurs Simone who, once she was learning English, learned it picturesquely.

If further proof were needed of her high place on the studio contract list, you have it in this: she is to play the beloved *Diane* in a new version of "Seventh Heaven." Her face lighted at mention of the fact. "You know," she cried happily, "we have the same dentist, Janet Gaynor and I. One day I came out like that," she puffed a cheek to absurd proportions, "and Miss Gaynor came in. She told me: 'I am so pleased that you play *Diane*. A French girl *should* play it.' That was sweet, *hein*? Right away the pain departed from my tooth for the pleasure she made me—just like a magic," and she nodded her head three times in grave confirmation.

The little French kitten has been taken out of her box, sniffed the air, revealed her enchanting grace and witchery, captivated hearts. If she can't quite believe that she's "really in the open at last," she's alone in her doubt. The rest of us know what lies in store for her—hard work, to be sure—but with it, the softest of silken cushions, the sweetest of cream.

Is Society Ruining Hollywood?

Continued from page 29

that be a lesson to the socially-minded in present day Hollywood.

Before the lorgnette invasion of Hollywood we were awfully happy in our childish sort of way with our glamorous, colorful, and highly impromptu parties, with our startling Bad Taste and there's really nothing so much fun as Bad Taste, and with our quaint intermarriage system which made us one big happy family. With everybody in town, practically, marrying Rudy Valentino and Jack Gilbert and the other boys it made marriage a very clubby thing in Hollywood, sort of a closed shop you know, like the mountaineers have in North Carolina. But now the wonder boys aren't content with those luscious Glamor Girls they neck so beautifully under the direction of Mr. Lubitsch—no, they must mate with Society, actresses aren't good enough for them. Fred Astaire married Phyllis Livingston Baker Potter who belongs definitely to the "Cabots-speak-only-to-Lowells-and-the-Lowells-speak-only-to-God" set of Back Bay Society. And now his pal Randy Scott, with all the pretty little girls in Hollywood, must needs marry Marion duPont, horse breeder, wealthy and social, of the Wilmington duPonts. Gary Cooper as you know didn't marry one of his leading ladies, but instead chose Veronica Balfe of Southampton and Park Avenue. Henry Fonda, likewise, chooses to marry into the social set, and may even be married, before

you read this, to Frances Seymour Brokaw, widow of George T. Brokaw, and herself the member of a socially prominent family. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., completely in character, snared himself an authentic Lady, the exquisitely lovely Lady Sylvia. His home at Santa Monica now has more Titles roaming around in it than Buckingham Palace.

Who turned Society loose on Hollywood? Who broke up our merry carefree goings-on, and made of us a lot of stuffed shirts with company manners for every day in the week? It was the Countess di Frasso, wife of one of the real titular personages of Italy, and formerly Dorothy Taylor of the Park Avenue crowd. It was Dorothy who arranged the weird introduction of Society to Hollywood, and discovered to her own surprise that she had started something. Society was just a little shocked several years ago when the Countess took big, gawky Gary Cooper in hand and transformed the six-foot Montana boy into a polished young man of the world. (Lupe never forgave her for that). Gary swapped his chaps and sombrero for star sapphire cuff links and the transformation was complete. Her snooty friends back East decided that Dorothy must be mad, hobnobbing with those vulgar actors in that impossible Hollywood, but they were just curious enough to see what it was all about. Di Frasso took a house in Beverly Hills and her home quickly became the

meeting place of Society and Hollywood. One look-see and Society moved in lock, stock, and barrel, and today, my friend, it is easier to find a needle in a haystack than it is to find a party without Society crammed to the rafters.

Now you can readily see why Society should get a big kick out of Hollywood, once the introduction was arranged. After all, movie stars are the most glamorous people in the world, gay, witty, entertaining, talented, and so, so beautiful, or handsome, as the sex may be. Society is noted for its solidness, and its sometimes bad looks. That Mayflower heritage didn't help much towards a breath-taking profile. But the poor Swedish immigrants who settled in the northwest and the Irish who got drunk every Saturday night managed to produce a progeny with eyes wide apart, long curling lashes, soft wavy hair, and a profile like an angel. (If you want to take the time you can trace back the ancestry of the movie great and you'll find plenty of Irish and Swedish, but no Mayflower). Only last winter a distressed Boston mater dashed hastily to Hollywood to break up a rumored alliance between Junior and one of Hollywood's Toby Wings. "Don't forget you're engaged to Ellen," said Mater severely. "She belongs to one of the best families in Boston." "Yes," said Junior wearily, "but the best figures ain't the best families." How true, how true.

As an example of the kick Society gets out of Hollywood we have the amusing story of Prince George's hectic visit several years ago. The H.M.S. Durban, on its world cruise, docked off Santa Barbara, and immediately the young Prince asked for permission to go ashore and see Hollywood. The permission was refused but the Captain finally consented for him to attend a very regal and social dinner party in Montecito. Once on shore King Ed-



The social side of Hollywood! Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldredge, attending a recent picture premiere with the Prince and Princess Lowenstein.

ward's young brother made a dash for the movie colony. Now Pickfair can scent Royalty for miles away, so when Prince George arrived in town he was greeted by Mary and Doug and tendered a very formal and imposing dinner at Pickfair. "This," thought Prince George, "is *not* the Hollywood I've read about." "Please," he said finally to the girl next to him, "is there any place we can dance?" The girl was Lili Damita, (now Mrs. Errol Flynn, but not then), and so when Mary wasn't looking Lili and the Prince slipped away and scurried over to Gloria Swanson's where the Prince danced and danced until all radio broadcasts were over. Then the party moved on to a night club and bribed the orchestra to play until five o'clock. But the Prince still hadn't had enough Hollywood

fun. So he rented the orchestra and took it back to Gloria's where he danced until ten o'clock the next morning. When he returned to his boat he was given thirty days confinement. But it was worth it!

Society names who have been on a look-see this last year include Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor who recently visited the Frank Shields; Gloria Vanderbilt and her twin sister Lady Furness who were the house guests of Connie Bennett; Mrs. Vincent Astor who visited Ethel Borden Hariman of the New York "400" and now a writer at RKO; the Count and Countess de Polignac who also visited Connie Bennett and asked particularly to meet Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, and Joan Crawford; Doris Duke Cromwell, ("the richest girl in the

The EYES that had to have "IT"!

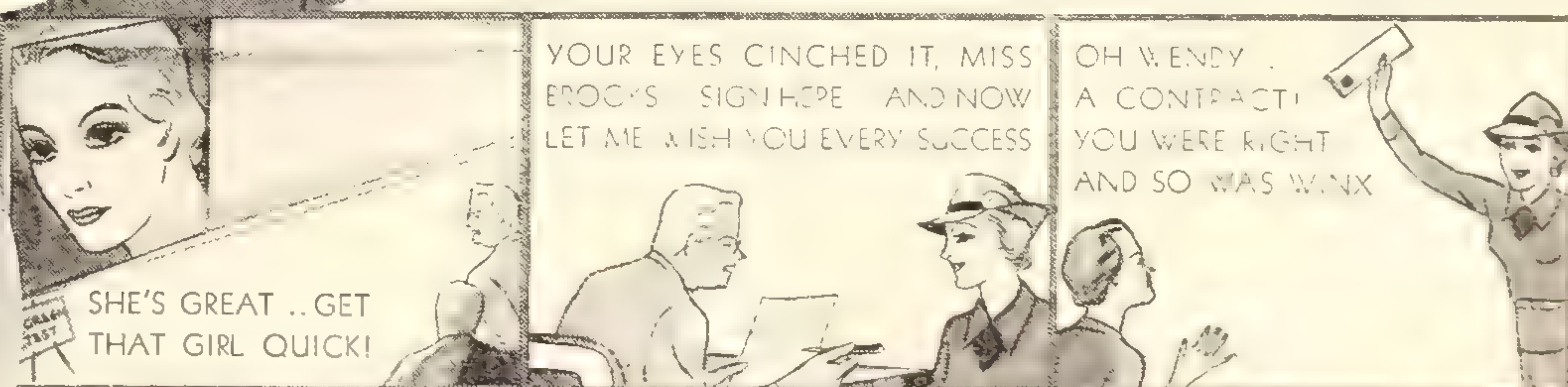


THERE'S no denying the fact that glamorous, alluring eyes have much to do with a girl's success in romance . . . or in business. If your eyes are dull and uninteresting, just try WINX, the favorite mascara of movie stars and lovely women everywhere. One application makes your eyes appear large, bright and starry . . . the lashes long, silky, shadowy. Truly, WINX gives you the full glory and beauty of your eyes. WINX is tear-proof, streak-proof and harmless, and actually keeps lashes soft. Try it next time. On sale at all drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

AND NOW TO BLEND THE MASCARA WITH EYE SHADOW. .SO... IT'S WINX IT WON'T SMART

WENDY, I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO BELIEVE IT. .SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT!

WINX Balanced Colors: Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh, "made-up" look. All WINX colors blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. With each other. For example, WINX Brown Mascara blends with WINX Brown Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you natural eye make-up.



WINX
Eye Beautifiers

COMEDY NOW- TRAGEDY LATER



CLEANS TEETH

Half-way care of the teeth is no joke. Clean your teeth regularly but don't neglect your gums. Neglected gums invite serious trouble, dentists will tell you. Why take that chance? Forhan's gives double protection. *Cleans* and *whitens* teeth, and at the same time *safeguards* gums.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from other tooth pastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon to *do both jobs*. With it you clean and brighten teeth; and at the same time you massage gums, just as so many dentists advise. Get Forhan's, today. It costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes—yet ends ordinary half-way care. Also in Canada.

Forhan's

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TOOTH PASTE
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Henry Fonda and Frances Seymour Brokaw. Their romance enhances the Society-Hollywood entente.

world"), who visited the Lionel Atwills; the Countess of Warwick, who is at present the house guest of the Douglas Fairbankses. Her husband, the seventh Earl of Warwick, has recently been signed by Metro for pictures and is due to report at the studio in a few weeks. Strange to say, Royalty and Society have never made a success in pictures; the public, unlike Hollywood, simply doesn't go for them. But perhaps the young Earl will prove an exception. Of course the racing season brought out Jock Whitney and his sister Joan Whitney Payson, Lord and Lady Cavendish—she's Adele Astaire, Fred's sister—and many others. Alfred G. Vanderbilt could be found dancing at the Troc almost any evening when the day's races were over with Florence Rice or Betty Furness. Barbara Hutton of the Woolworth millions dropped in for a friendly look-see, (Jimmy Stewart was her escort), before she married Count Haugwitz von Reventlow. The Honorable Mrs. Tanis Montague liked Hollywood so well she has taken a house here indefinitely. Oh,

really now, one just cawn't enumerate all the Society that has swooped upon us, one cawn't. There was a day, I faintly recall, when people stood for hours watching for a Gould, or a Vanderbilt, or an Astor to emerge from his Fifth Avenue Frontage, but not now; all the Goulds, Astors and Vanderbilts are in Hollywood gaping at movie stars.

The most social-loving of the movie stars are the Freddie Marches, who recently entertained the German Prince and Princess Zu Lowenstein. And the Bing Crosbys, who entered Society via the racetrack, which is a *bona fide* way to enter. Bing and his wife Dixie Lee are frequent week-enders at the Lin Howards' in Del Monte, the Lin Howards being the swanky polo crowd. Miriam Hopkins does all right with Society and only last month was entertained by King Edward. Connie Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Barthelmess, Gary Cooper, and Clark Gable are favorites of the blue bloods.

And what has the result of this social invasion been? Well, you can imagine. It has gone right to the pretty little heads of half of the Hollywood populace. Movie stars have completely lost their perspective. They take Royalty big, and they themselves have become distressingly stiff and formal. They can't relax any more. They shouldn't forget Prince George. It was not pomp and circumstance he wanted in Hollywood, it was a bit of hey nonny nonny. But I suppose we shouldn't be too hard on the poor dears. After all, they're only human; and if an Astor, a Vanderbilt, a Countess, and a Duke called you before you'd even had your second cup of coffee you couldn't help but feel a bit uppity, now could you? But oh, what a dreadful mistake Hollywood is making to take Society so seriously. Society can go Hollywood all right, but it is most important that Hollywood should not go Society. When a movie star "goes Society" she, (or he), immediately loses her audience, and once she has estranged her fans she forfeits her stardom, and when she has lost her stardom you can be quite sure that Society wants no part of her either. Beware of Celebrity-chasing Society!

Basil Rathbone's "Busman's Holiday"

Continued from page 63

Basil Rathbone, being an infant in the amateur game, doesn't develop or print his own films.

"I'll get around to that, in time, perhaps," he said, thoughtfully, "but I feel that I must master the camera first. When I know all about that, I'll be ready to experiment with the film. I believe I should have a real dark-room, fully equipped. I should also have more spare time than I possess at the moment. I can scarcely manage time to shoot all the pictures I want, to cut the movie film, and to plan effects, as it is. But when the time comes, I shall enjoy the experiment.

"Do you notice that so many foreign films cut the tops off the characters' heads? Probably this is an effort to bring out some interesting feature or expression. I must see what can be done about that.

"I believe you can use a mirror in a number of ways, if you are after something different. I took some shots of Director Boleslawski shaving on location, shooting directly into the mirror he was facing. It took some maneuvering to eliminate my own reflection, but I finally got the man and his shaving bowl."

If you have had trouble getting the sort of pictures you'd like to have of Grandma, Aunt Emma or the twins, perhaps there's a hint for you in the Rathbone method. Do something different! Get Grandma in her sunny kitchen, stirring something in a bowl, perhaps with a dab of flour on one cheek. Surprise Aunt Emma when she's taking the dogs for a run, or listening to the radio, or doing something that turns her attention away from your little black box.

As to the twins, if you must get them out into the sunshine in order to have the right light, pretend to take the picture very solemnly, and when they think it's all over, click the shutter.

"In fact," elaborated Basil, with a swift gesture taking in the universe, "all you need to make pictures is a good clear lens, a lot of imagination, and the ability to work out the thing first in your mind. When you've made some experiments, discovered your mistakes, learned what to avoid and what to include, you're ready.

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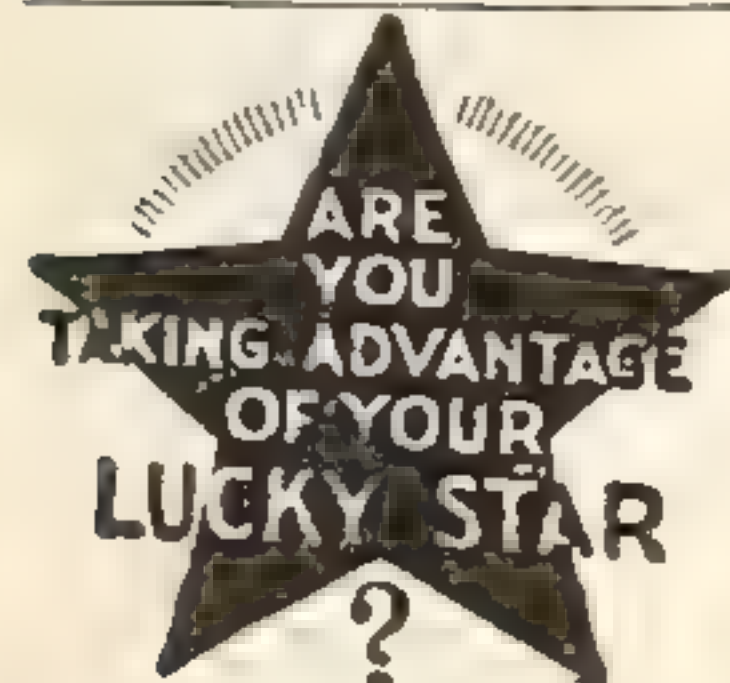
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Ann Is Happy Again

Continued from page 51

charge of Jane and superintends some of the child's lessons, teaching her elocution and dancing herself. She reads a lot, chiefly plays and books on the cinema and theatre, and occasionally goes to London in the evening to visit one of the West End theatres there with a couple of intimate friends.

Only once this summer has Ann made anything resembling an official public appearance and that was at the special request of Noel Coward who coaxed her in his own irresistible fashion to be his guest at the Stage Garden-Party. (This is a huge annual social event in London attended by every celebrity of the theatres and studios and the proceeds are devoted to the Actors' Orphanage of which Noel is now the president). Because the fete was to help the needy children, Ann broke her rule to stay in complete seclusion and arrived on Noel's arm exquisitely patrician in a flowing chiffon gown, a drooping picture hat and a regal cape of silver foxes. Admiring fans followed her in mobs all round the lawns, thrusting autograph-books at every turn, and Noel and John Loder had to carry her almost bodily into the tea pavilion, so insistent was the pressing throng.

Then Ann went back to her country retreat again and here she still stays contentedly, coming straight home each night from the studios where she is now making her first British film. Based on a play that was the outstanding success of our last stage season, it is called "Love From a Stranger," and Ann has the part of a woman secretary, slightly faded and afraid romance is passing her by, who casually meets an attractive man and falls madly, insensibly in love with him. Later she discovers his passionate protestations are merely the cloak for a sinister intention—he is a dangerous criminal who plans to secure her money and then murder her as he has slain two women before. There is a sensationally unexpected climax to the film, its tenser moments intermingled with comedy and certainly providing Ann with characterizing opportunities very different from her usual trend of rôles. Rowland V. Lee directs.

The film is being shot in the great new studios which Alexander Korda has recently erected a few miles outside London, where he is engaged with three productions himself and sub-letting the rest of his stages. To watch Ann in her spacious white dressing-room overlooking the gardens is to learn how vastly her make-up methods differ from the majority of screen players.

She never uses any grease-paint, explaining that it irritates her skin which is exceedingly sensitive. After heavily powdering, she darkens her fair eyelashes and brows with ordinary cosmetics and applies a warm poppy lipstick of the kind many blondes select for street wear. This is just sufficient to enhance the smooth perfection of her classic features, though naturally she does not require such strong lighting on the sets as if her face were painted in the more usual manner, and indeed any lamps trained immediately overhead are screened by the electricians before the light surrounds her.

"I haven't any beauty treatments," Ann confesses. "I just wash my face with fine soap and hot water and then splash it with the coldest iced water I can find. I never use rouge or eye shadow, simply a dusting of apricot powder and an outline for my lips. At night I cleanse my skin with cold cream, then a lotion to thoroughly pene-



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trate the pores and finally an astringent to close them. That's all."

She takes great care with her diet, having one complete meal of salad and fruit each day, but it is no effort to avoid fattening things such as candies and cakes because she dislikes anything sweet or rich-tasting.

She does spend considerable time brushing and generally grooming her glorious ash-gold hair, of which she is plainly proud and with adequate cause, for when she pulls out the pins it falls below her waist in rippling cascades.

"People have said all manner of unkind things about my hair," she remarks. "They think it is odd because they never see me going into a coiffeur's shop. Now I'll tell you the sober truth. I don't need to have any professional attention because my hair is entirely natural. It has never been tinted or bleached in any way. It has never even been waved. I keep it so long because I've never felt any desire to cut it."

Unlike many of our visitors from Hollywood, Ann has done very little shopping in London beyond ordering some tub frocks and a coat for Jane. Clothes do not particularly interest her off the screen; so long as they are comfortable and becoming

that is all she asks. She did buy some hand-knitted woollens for the fall, soft fleecy things in pastel shades of blue and coral and leaf-green.

These trim tailored jerseys, which she wears with a dark tweed skirt, seem perfectly to express Ann's own clear-cut personality since she is so quietly thorough and practical. She assists with all the details of her pictures, choosing the stories and making scenario suggestions, helping with the art direction and the costuming. As you would guess from her wide beautifully-chiselled forehead, Ann has keen artistic flair. She can "see" a scene perfectly, and accordingly finds it the easier to mould herself one with its atmosphere so that she seldom needs more than a single rehearsal beforehand.

She flatly contradicts that report that she is selling her Californian home. Indeed she plans to redecorate at least one of the rooms English style when she returns and will choose the chintzes and furniture here in London as soon as her present film is finished. With Jane, she hopes to live and work in Hollywood once more next year and Hollywood, I think, will find Ann Harding rested, refreshed, and happy again after her English "working holiday."

When Collegians Tackle Hollywood

Continued from page 32

emotional than his rather reserved manner indicates, and he did read the movie magazines and speculate a great deal about the picture people. However, he didn't treat himself to continual secret fantasies, nor ever feel that he had to "express" himself. He has a real brain and at an early age gathered that this is an exceedingly practical old globe. The busy ants were undoubtedly more smart than the frivolous grasshoppers—he didn't have to see the cartoon to realize it.

So, while innately impulsive, John has diligently endeavored to make a habit of tempering his todays for his tomorrows' security. Every time he's fallen in love he has eventually cried, "Whoa—I can't yet!" He is a romantic blade who has strength enough to restrict himself. When he takes a bride he'll furnish her with love and reasonable assurance that the bill-collectors won't bogey her.

In college John was selected the outstanding man in his class. They could hardly pick anyone else after he'd been president of the student council, of the dramatic society, and of the Deke fraternity. In his extra hours he was a sports editor on the campus paper, helped boss the Y.M.C.A., and sang in the university choir. He managed the basketball team during his senior year. He wrote model essays and consequently was handed a scholarship by the English department. He was awarded the enviable Phi Beta Kappa key for his excellent grades. ("I wasn't so keen about A's myself, but my mother had her heart on them," he grins.) He kept up his piano and when he wasn't in a college drama he was playing over the radio—and singing, too. That is, if he wasn't tied up downtown at the Cleveland Community Playhouse, where he was sought-after for semi-professional presentations.

Oh, yes, and he had to earn all his expenses above his tuition, which was taken care of by the scholarship he'd won by his high school record.

"My first job was painting huge marquee signs. I remember my first epic was of Jack Mulhall." (He paints portraits when he's in love and writes poetry besides.) "I sold stereopticons—magic lanterns. And I

spotted other jobs, such as nursing Boy Scouts in summer camps." An only child, the son of a business man who'd attended Carnegie Tech, John yearned for the East and Dartmouth. But he couldn't afford that.

He smokes a pipe when in a confessing mood. As he leaned forward in the easy arm-chair in his living-room, his honesty was positively refreshing.

"I had a hankering to be an actor, but I didn't even major in dramatics because I saw so many friends start off to battle Broadway—with such poor luck. I'd decided to evolve into an English prof." But Fate, in a jiffy, put Hollywood right around the corner for him.

One evening John recited "John Brown's Body" as the *piece de resistance* in a senior revue. Oscar Serlin, Paramount's talent chief in New York, happened to be in Cleveland and was an inconspicuous member of the audience. The astute Oscar hurried backstage after the final curtain and proposed a screen test. You'd presume that John would huzzah? Not he. He wasn't going to take a crazy gamble.

But when he reached home that night he began adding columns of tentative figures. He perceived that he wouldn't be receiving the money he'd counted on to help him through the graduate course required for the professorship.

"I thought for a few days, plenty hard. Then I determined to risk ignoble defeat. I airmailed a letter to Mr. Serlin, asking if he were still interested in me." He was, and promptly after the pomp of the commencement exercises a check came to pay John's fare to New York City for the test. As soon as he'd taken it he came on back. "And waited a month before I heard the verdict and another month before I was Hollywood-bound."

Paramount sent him his train ticket West. But in Cleveland, his home until this Break, he was accustomed to a diet of common sense. Instead of borrowing money to augment his limited wardrobe and to arrive with a flourish, he carefully packed his things in the family's suitcases and turned in the ticket. After all, he'd need some sort of a car to get about in, wouldn't he? That was when he bought the Ford.



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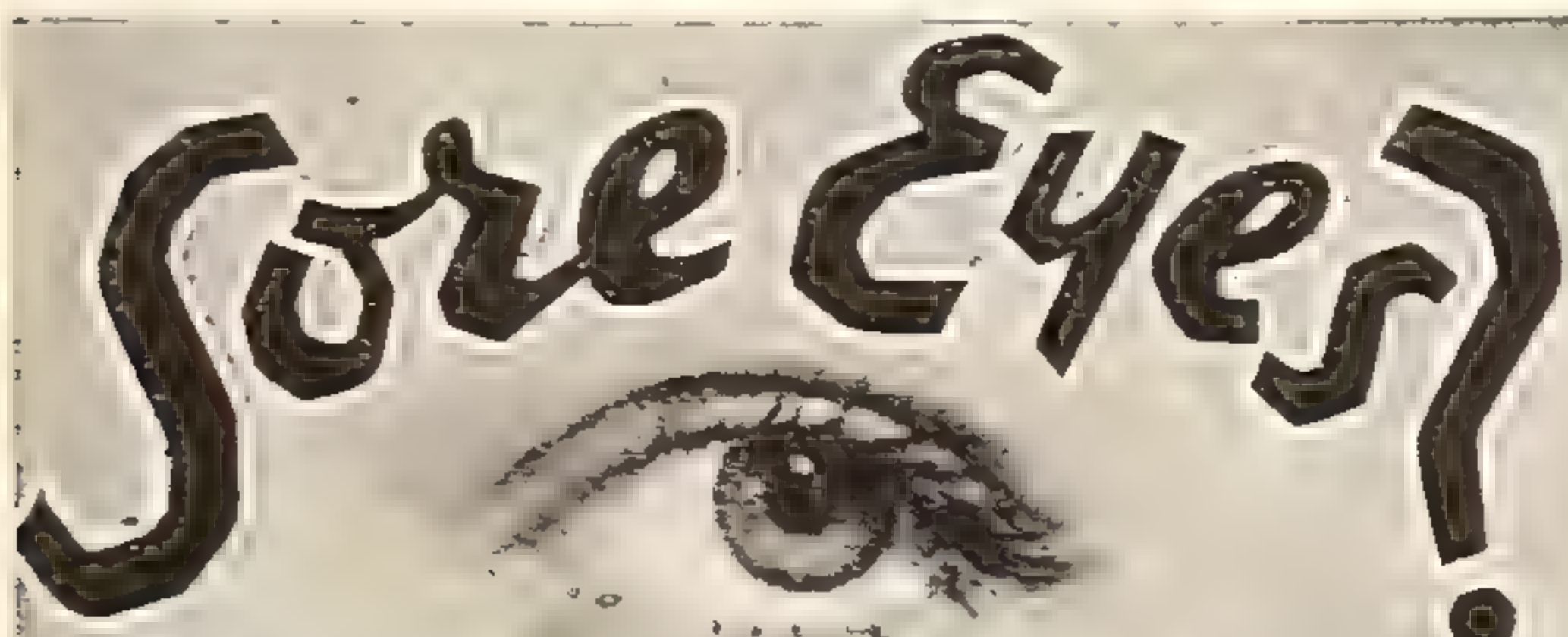
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(He completed his time payments on it not so long ago.) He struck out for California alone and plunged into more grief en route—he forgot to have his new possession overhauled.

"When I arrived here I stayed with a friend who was working at Paramount. I figured Hollywood would be more of a small town. And that I would be put to work immediately. Nobody at the studio paid any attention to me. I'd been so on the go at college I hated sitting around. I didn't make many friends, because I can't be a good-time Charlie. It was suggested, as I gradually became acquainted, that I stick around the publicity department, that I date some prominent actresses—to get my name into circulation. It's a pain for me to be forward; and I was irked at the idea of having to be that way to land a part.

"I met Fred MacMurray and Kent Taylor, and they were swell. When I kept reminding the casting office of my presence they finally gave me two bit rôles. Nobody told me to go to Phyllis Laughton; but I heard Fred MacMurray say he was in one of her plays, so I introduced myself to her." A brief conversation with John and she sensed his potentialities. She assigned him the lead in "Small Miracle," which she put on in a regular Hollywood theatre to show off the contract talent. All the producers and directors on the lot attended.

"For about three days I believed I was going to start going places," John remembers. Then the praise for his performance faded. In two more months he was given another bit. Meanwhile he'd moved from the \$35-a-month apartment he'd rented when his salary commenced. But into one only a little nicer. And a couple of weeks after his option was taken up, (at the end of his initial six months), he secured an agent. In Hollywood agents are generally of considerable value; they fight for parts for their clients. Still, two more months of idleness passed before John had his chance. Kent Taylor and Donald Woods were tested and, as a final resort, John—for "Annapolis Farewell." He stole the applause from those young veterans Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell.

The ball had begun rolling. Hecht and McArthur saw that film in New York and wired for him to be their hero in "Soak the Rich." On his return trip he brought his parents to Hollywood to live with him. He was then second fiddle to his pal MacMurray in "13 Hours By Air" and that merited soloing in "Border Flight." Frank Capra had the choice of all the town's juveniles and gave John the highly emotional rôle of Ronald Colman's brother in "Lost Horizon." And that loan-out cinched him in his own studio, and for the male lead in "Valiant Is the Word For Carrie." Now he's making "Right In Your Lap." Whenever he has a doubt about how to do a scene, though, he dashes over to Phyllis Laughton's office for advice. He'll always be open to suggestions.

I promised to tell you more of his house. It is on a modest street in central Hollywood, a plain white cottage with a humble front porch and an interior that's not an "interior"—if you follow me. It's merely unpretentious middle-class, but it's sunny and comfortable.

"It's cheap—the rent, I mean," John asserted. That's the chief attraction. Can you visualize the run-of-the-mill favorite deliberately keeping his feet on the ground like this?

"I do want a better home," he amplified, "but not until I can afford it. I can't until I manage to accumulate some capital."

"So you don't have to spend all your earnings?" I interposed.

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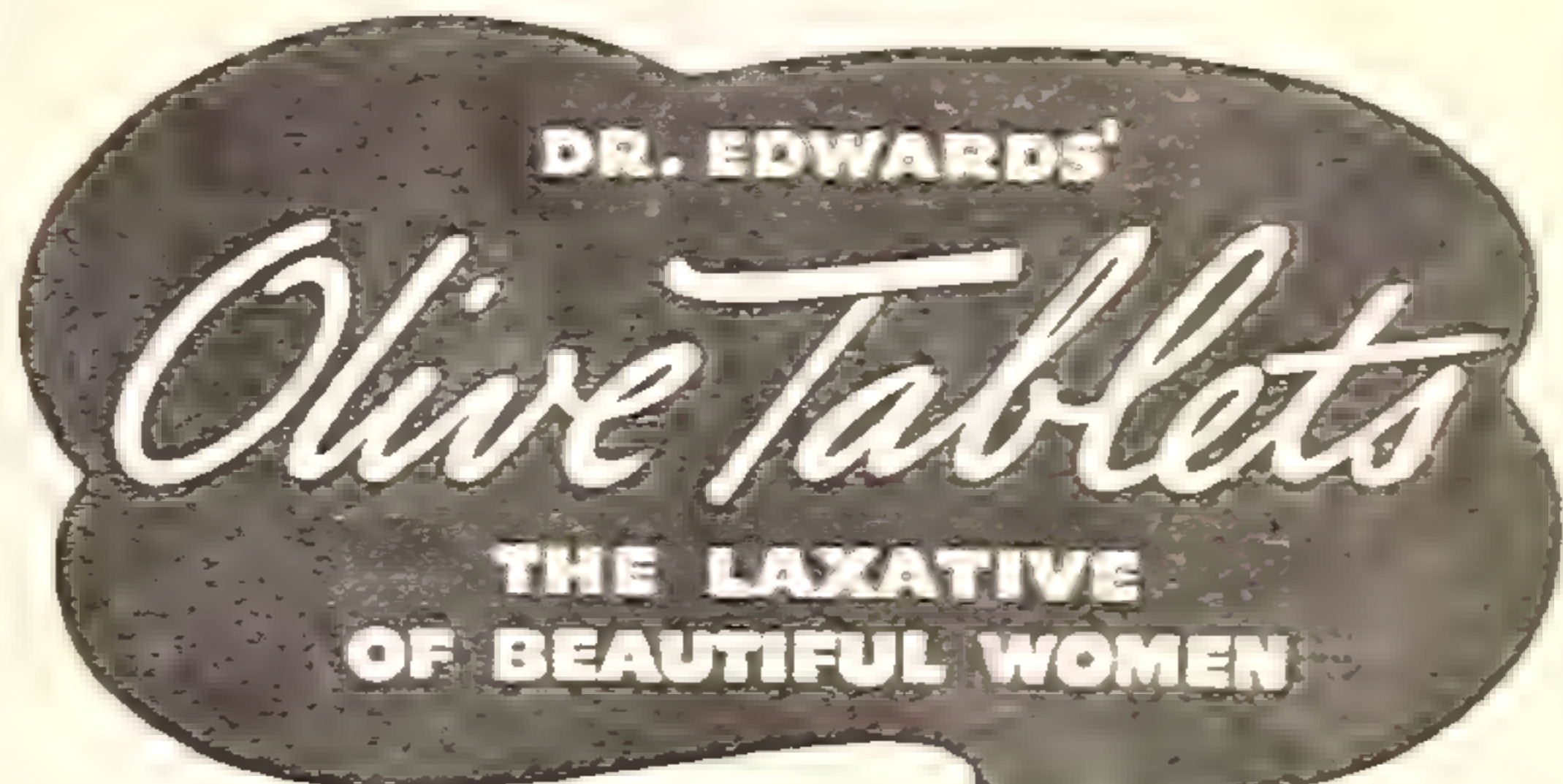
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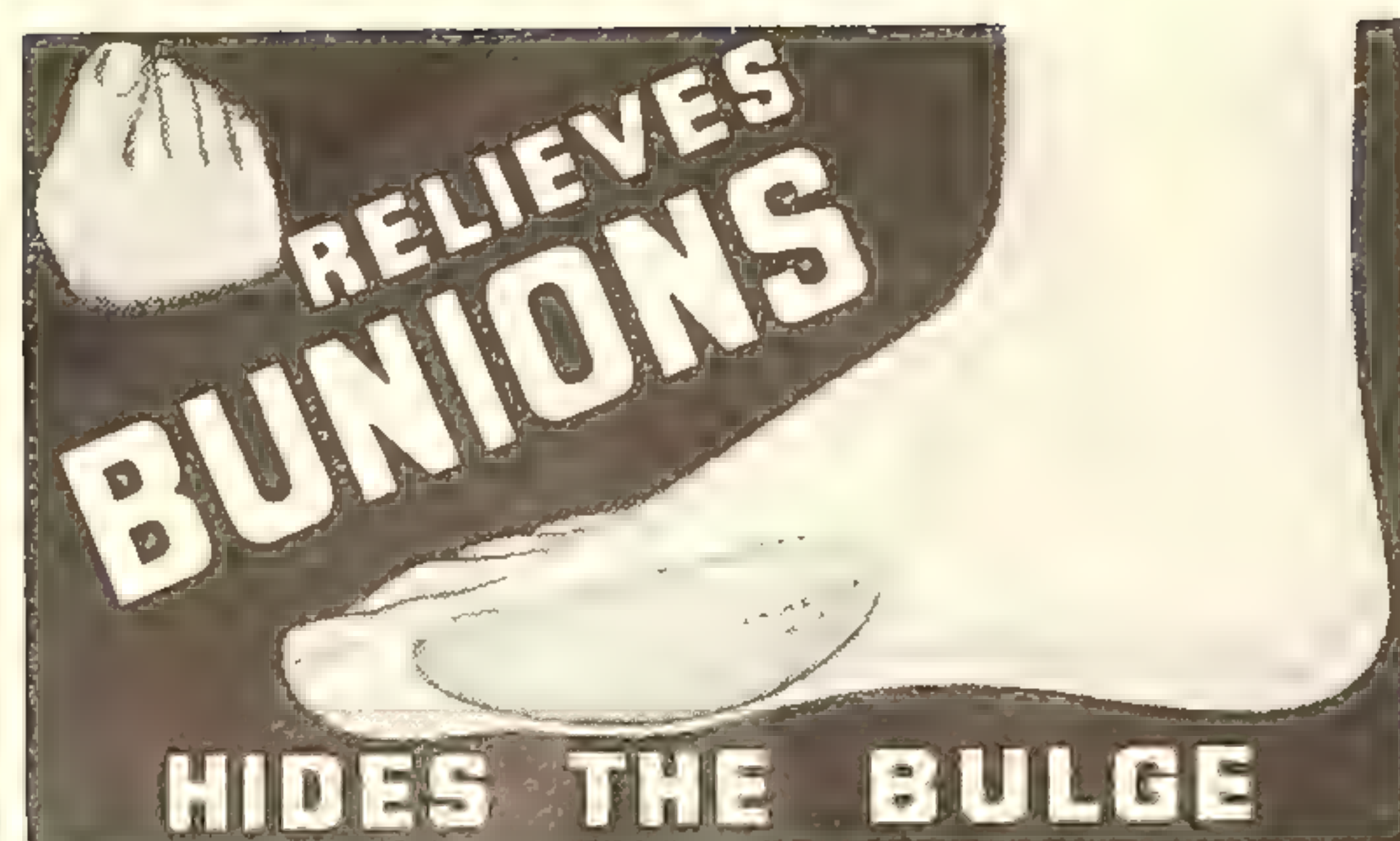
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counts at a tailor's. I've never had much, so it's no tragedy to be prudent." The only extra expense he has that he wouldn't have if he weren't in pictures is in the social column of his budget. He is fond of dancing and occasionally steps out to the Grove or the Troc. Then he splurges.

I knew a young fellow who tackled Hollywood at the same age as John, but in opposite fashion. This lad's parents took a suite in Beverly's most elegant hotel and in six months spent nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in a supreme effort to launch their son as a star. They entertained the "influential" folks lavishly. But when their money was gone the "in" that was to have materialized didn't. I think John's take-me-as-I-am is a far cleverer approach. He isn't cultivating flattering hangers-on, and so he'll never lose his head when his pay-checks leap into four figures.

His mental outlook remains the same. "This is a one-track city," he stated. "I have less occasion to discuss athletics, clubs, new phases of education, or literature." Yet in the bustle he hasn't abandoned his own concern with such matters. He still watches for the novels and biographies that are acclaimed in the book sections of the Sunday papers. And he still has time to keep tab on religion, the theatre and politics.

He is an amazing mixture of mature judgment and adventurous youth. He isn't foolish and yet he's a warm-blooded, inquiring male who couldn't be stumped by any dilemma. It's his nature to take disappointments philosophically.

A college man is proud of the "contacts" he has made. John's unobtrusive geniality made him popular in college and it's doing the same thing for him in Hollywood. Sincerity is a characteristic that's hard to resist. But he has left the state where he went to school; so the yesteryear's "contacts" are of no assistance.

"I haven't been in love since I've been here," he swore to me before I left. In Cleveland he wasn't so immune. There he was invariably on the verge of rhyming June with moon—only he's too accomplished a poet to stoop to that! The story behind his story is that he doesn't want to settle down yet. He's ambitious to build up a nest-egg—and, if I'm telling tales, to investigate the foibles of femininity a bit more deeply.

"Marriage," he maintained, "requires two minds that are different, as well as two



Acme

Stepping lively! Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson, above, are coming along fast on the screen.

hearts that beat as one. A man and wife must contribute a fresh slant to one another. Two careers jibe if they're not in the same line. I don't imagine I'll want to marry an actress."

His first sweetheart was a gorgeous brunette and instinctively he seems to be seeking a similar type. A blonde, so far, has never particularly intrigued him. But here's a surprise: what's the first essential in a woman for him? *Beauty*. "I insist upon it!" The second trait must be intelligence. He prefers athletic girls. But if you aren't skilled at tennis and golf, don't pull the old clinging-vine gag on John. He abhors trying to teach a miss who'll never catch on. Invite him to sit in the parlor and dial in some swing melodies. He likes to hold hands!

When Collegians Tackle Hollywood

Continued from page 33

tutored languid sorority misses—she wouldn't join a sisterhood herself, because she's an ardent individualist and doesn't believe in secret rigamaroles. This bought her necessary books. She was in all the college plays, which of course were presented and rehearsed at night. There were always three evenings free, however, and she utilized them to hurry downtown and usher at the local Paramount theatre. That paid for her clothes.

"My great desire was to go on the stage," Frances declared to me on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's "Come And Get It." She's shy with strangers until you hit upon something you have in common with her. She wouldn't turn voluble if you ventured a risqué story or offered a Hollywood tidbit gossip about so-and-so's carryings-on. She has definite, well-formulated opinions and one method of provoking her into speaking is to start an argument. However, I went to Stanford myself, so when she said she did show reviews for her college paper during her freshman year my in-

spiration was to admit I'd done the same. After which we were off to a flying conversation. She'd hopped over onto the other side of the footlights, but democratically "recollected when."

"I graduated in February of 1935," she explained, "and as I said my objective was the theatre. There wasn't any there in Seattle and I hadn't enough money to get to New York, to assault Broadway. Then overnight magic began popping. A Seattle newspaper wanted a representative college girl to go to Russia and report exactly what she observed. A Hollywood columnist persists in describing me as a beauty contest winner. I wasn't! They chose the girl by the best essay submitted on a political topic. So in March, a month after finishing at the university, I was off. And, between you and me, chiefly because it was the only way I'd ever get to New York!"

She went alone—across the continent by bus and then to Leningrad and Moscow, with brief stopovers in Berlin, Paris, and London. I think this is a clue for you, to



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her competence and self-possession. College molded her into an intelligent, self-reliant young woman and it is these qualities which distinguish her in Hollywood. She is adventurous and feminine, but she has a trained mind. She doesn't accept statements without giving them an undaunted once-over.

"I couldn't tackle my real goal until I returned—which wasn't until May. Then I didn't even do that, for on the boat back I was introduced to a doctor. I'd always read that you're liable to meet people on shipboard who may accidentally alter the course of your life. It's so! When this acquaintance listened to me talk about my Broadway ambition he remarked that he had a friend who was a theatrical producer. On the day I landed I met him.

"The stage season was over. Why didn't I try pictures?" Frances had never given a second thought to Hollywood, so far as she herself was concerned. Her heart had thumped for Broadway. But since there was no casting until Fall and she had to secure a foothold of some kind, she agreed this was an idea. On her second day in New York City she was escorted to the Paramount office by this second acquaintance. He had a hunch she'd interest the talent scouts.

She did. One glance at her, (she's slim and of medium height—her expressive hazel eyes dominate perfect camera features), and they inquired into her plans. Her voice, thanks to four years of college dramatics, was exquisitely modulated. It was evident that here was no amateur, but a superior possibility. They offered her a film test.

"One lesson you soon learn in pictures," smiled Frances, "is patience." She didn't get the test until the middle of August. Meanwhile, she studied the technical angles they told her about and the dramatic scenes they picked for her to do as her try-out. (They selected the most difficult episodes in "The Lake"—the stage play that almost sunk Hepburn). There followed anxious weeks of waiting for the decision. Then on September 19th, a year ago, they presented her with a long-term contract. It was her twenty-first birthday, by the way. She arrived in Hollywood a fortnight afterwards.

"Did they proceed to make you over?" I inquired.

"No," replied Frances quickly. "In New York they'd bobbed my hair, which I'd worn long, and pulled out most of my eyebrows. Experimenting. Out here they liked my natural brows and let me be my own self.

"Pictures are much harder work than I anticipated. But I've no objection to that. They're fascinating; there are so many things to be mastered and I feel as though I'm the luckiest of persons.

"Naturally, I've found picture people different from the average. Their personalities are stronger; they're more colorful. They've a tempo and a philosophy that their business has developed. But I adore Hollywood for allowing you to live as you please.

"I'd heard you have to put up a 'front,' and spend a lot 'keeping up with the Joneses.' I've had to do neither and haven't had to fight out of any mold. I haven't bumped into any wildness. Probably there is some, if you want to search for it. I'm busier by far than I've ever been before, but in my spare hours I indulge in the same sort of informal fun I always have. I enjoy talking, having friends in for 'pot-luck' suppers, spur-of-the-moment dashes to a movie. And tennis.

"I haven't met many stars. Hollywood isn't one big chummy family. You only become acquainted with famous players by being cast with them or going around socially. I've never given a hoot for the



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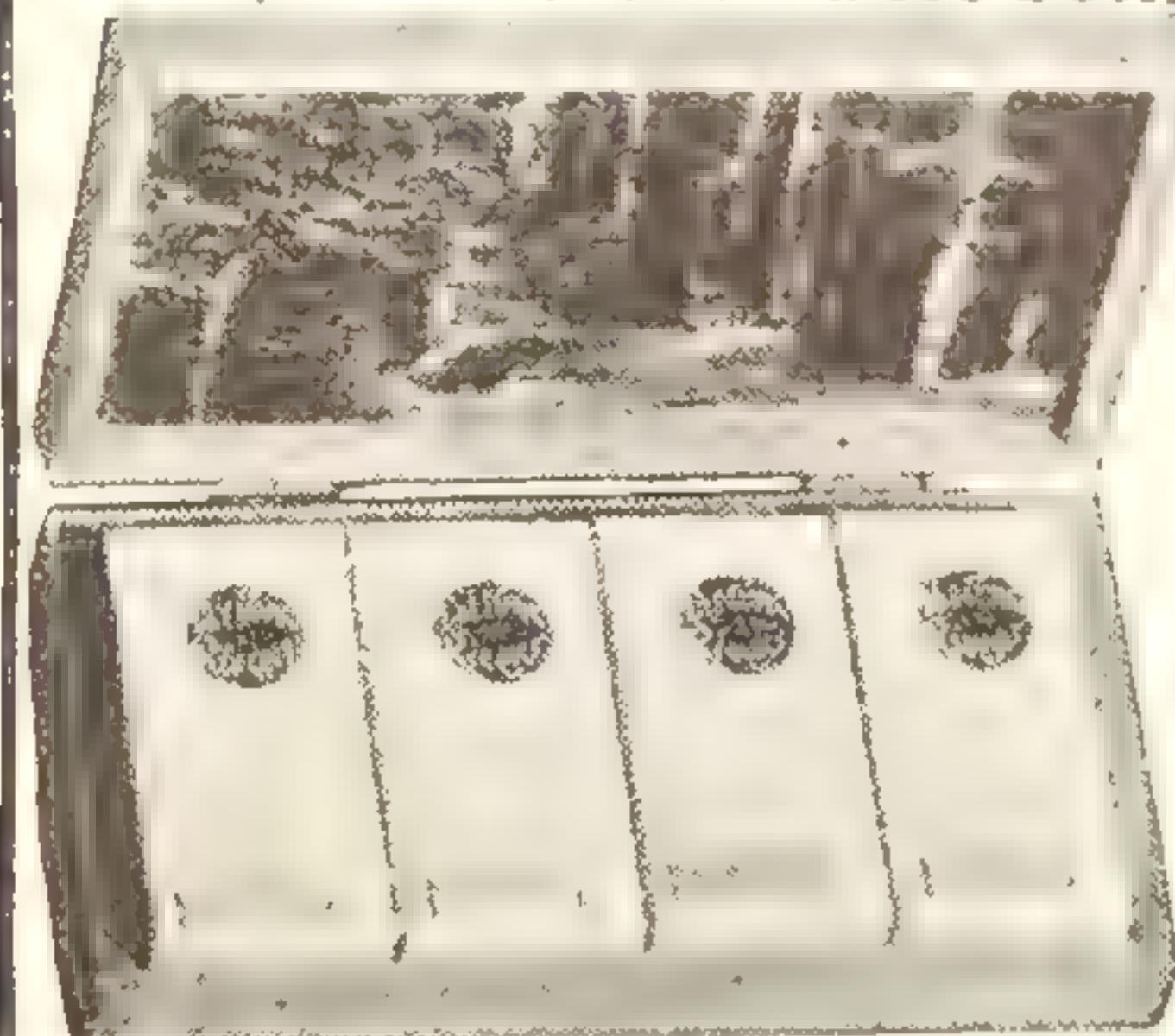
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social game, and I haven't time for it now, anyway. I don't care much for clothes and I continue to dress, off-screen, just as I've always done. Which is simply." Frances owns two evening gowns and isn't scheming for more!

"There has been no studio pressure on my private life," she went on.

"But your marriage," I interrupted. "Did the studio okay it?"

Frances not only has a booming career, but she fell in love with a very handsome, husky blond boy. Hollywood has given her the ideal romance along with the magnificent opportunity.

She smiled again, and patted a straying wave into place. "I neglected to ask if it was all right! I guess they would have argued." Wise judge of human nature! College not only taught her to be tactful, but it endowed her with a balance. When she met the man she didn't hesitate. She was working on her first film, and utilized the first week-end to drive to Yuma. She's modern to her capable finger-tips, but she is smart enough not to lose out when love comes along. Her husband is Lief Erikson, and he's also under contract to Paramount. You've seen him in "Girl of the Ozarks" and "A Son Comes Home." It never rains but it pours! Fate has held back nothing once it recognized Frances's readiness.

When she'd been in Hollywood a month she stumbled upon a peculiarity of the town. You can't get a part or you're rushed from one to another. For four months all she did was take tests to display the acting ability of various actors. She was the foil. And, yes, she did go over to Phyllis Laughton's "school." Miss Laughton is Paramount's dramatic coach. The first actor with whom Frances was teamed in a practice skit was no one else but Lief. Since she knew only the people she'd met casually at the studio—her brother and sister were settled in Los Angeles in newspaper jobs, but they were out of the Hollywood sphere—she was thrilled when Lief began courting her. The sun shone brighter every morning outside her tiny apartment at the notion of meeting him anew.

One day an executive, viewing some tests, wondered why she never was given a rôle. "Too Many Parents," a program release, was being cast and Frances found herself in the lead. Her début was so successful that she was immediately put into the lead in "Border Flight." It was obvious that she had punch, and so she was moved up into the front row, becoming Bing Crosby's beautiful heroine in "Rhythm on the Range."

Samuel Goldwyn had seen that first film and tested her for the double lead in "Come And Get It." First she is a redheaded vixen who demonstrates the misery of love to Edward Arnold. Then she reappears as her own daughter. But this time she's sweet—the type Joel McCrea goes for. And

Mr. Arnold, too—seems he won't be his age!

Being the feminine star of this costly production, Frances has a portable dressing-room on the set. But she didn't lead me to it. She prefers to sit in a plain wooden chair right out where everyone else is. Her attitude is that of a student, and she watches the handling of the lights and props and the myriad contributing details.

The Goldwyn employees can't get over how different she is from the temperamental, luxury-loving actresses to which they're accustomed. The Misses Sten, Hopkins, and Chatterton have never hesitated to raise a bit of you-know-what when crossed.

"She drove herself into the studio this morning," confided an overwhelmed publicity man. "She has a Ford I bet didn't cost more than \$35. It's the most dilapidated car I ever saw! The front bumper was twisted almost to the right fender and on the left running-board was a sack of kindling. She held it on with her left hand—she's taking it home tonight for firewood!"

Can you stand it? I can. Frances considers what's important—her actual work—and declines to mortgage her forthcoming income. She contends, to quote her further, that "there'd be less typing if stars studied as hard after they'd hit the top as they did while climbing. It's claimed frequently that producers won't let players be versatile; but do players really attempt to be?" I assured you she had opinions, and clear-headed ones.

"What socks me," the frank fellow from the front office added, "is how she lives. Can we take any elegant home sittings? Does she throw any smart soirees for us to whisper about to the columnists? We cannot; she does not. Here she is with this swell break and she isn't installed in a swanky apartment. Nor in a Brentwood number. She rents a tiny frame house that hangs precariously over a hill up in Laurel Canyon." He sighed. "We couldn't photograph it, but darned if I don't admire her. She's sure regular!"

"A statement was sent out panning college drama courses, and it was attributed to me," Frances concluded. "I wrote to the coach I had at the university that I'd certainly not been that ungrateful. I am all for training such as I had; it's been of tremendous help. Technique has to be acquired, and it can be through practice under expert teachers. As for a college education in general? It's worth-while, most definitely, if you apply it to the problems you encounter—even in Hollywood!"

Frances Farmer understands that there are too many things in this current world besides pictures ever to be spoiled by her fine fortune. She can discriminate. So she is finding Hollywood an exciting—but a hard-working community. She's strong for it and it's thrilled over her.

Shining Eyes Are Key to Beauty

Continued from page 66

smart to use it on brows as well as lashes. The effect was startling but it brought too much blue around the eyes and looked artificial. You won't see much blue mascara used that way now. Black and brown are the colors to make eyebrows look their best. The prime duty of eyebrows is to form a becoming contrast to the flesh tones of the skin at the same time they harmonize with hair.

A trick new aid to eyelash beauty is a little comb applicator that puts on the mascara, (cream, cake, or liquid), separates the lashes and curls them up—all in one fell swoop!

What subtleties of beauty are encased in those little containers of eye shadow, provided you understand how to choose your color and apply it! Eye shadows now come in every conceivable shade—blues from clear turquoise and aquamarine to the deepest midnight hue, green, purple, amethyst. Silver, gold and stardust iridescent shades impart glitter for glamorous evenings. And the soft, subdued mauve or carnelian shades lend depth by day while they form an effective background for more colorful shades by night.

The purpose of eye shadow is just what its name implies—to create a shadow that

will intensify the color and brilliancy and beauty of the eyes. The idea may be fairly new in personal beauty. But it goes away back to the 18th Century in art, when the French painter Chardin discovered that there are many colors in shadows besides brown and applied this knowledge to his masterpieces.

Eye shadow should never be smeared over your entire eyelid simply as a blotch of color. It should form a natural shading determined by the contour of your face. Never begin it close to your nose, but start about the middle of the eyeball and blend it up from the edge of the eyelid, more lightly toward the eyebrow and out on the temple. If your beauty budget allows you more than one eye shadow, have the first a neutral shade like mauve or carnelian and apply this all the way to the eyebrow and out on the temple. Then use your more colorful shade just over the outer half of each eyelid.

It's really great fun to experiment with eye make-up to find out just the shades

and combination that will do the most for you when you're wearing different colors. If you've always had a passion for art but never settled down to expressing it, try your skill with your own face as the canvas and your eyes the center of the picture.

Actually, your eyes are the determining factor for all the make-up you use, as a very wise cosmetic manufacturer realized when he brought out matched make-up keyed to the eyes as an easy method for those in doubt to select flattering, harmonizing shades for their own individual coloring. This manufacturer tested make-up on many hundreds of women and found that invariably the color of the eyes was the key to all make-up shades—powder, rouge, and lipstick as well as eye shadow and mascara. So—if you haven't a natural flair for harmonizing make-up nor the time and patience to do your own experimenting, all you have to know is the color of your eyes to choose a make-up ensemble that's both becoming to you and in perfect harmony.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 65

IT'S a saxophone at the Hugh Herberts'. The pickle-puss comedian had it delivered at darkest midnight, so that the neighbors wouldn't start complaining before he got in a few choice notes.

THE way it looks right now, things might become quite serious between Anita Louise and Bob Abbot, wealthy Bostonian. When Anita was passing through New York, she insisted that Bob accompany her to all the affairs given in her honor. Now Bob is in Hollywood and is constantly seen at Anita's side. Originally he came for a short visit, but is planning on lining up a movie executive job.

THE boys who take those publicity shots are calling her "Norma Shearer, trouper." Out on the golf links, Norma was doing a fashion layout on what the well-dressed sportswoman should wear. Most actresses would have insisted on being driven back to the club house, where they could change their clothes in comfort. Norma, realizing the boys had dozens of pictures to get, insisted on making her changes right in the back of the studio location car.

THAT cigarette case and lighter Barbara Stanwyck gave to Robert Taylor on his birthday are almost too beautiful to use. They are made of platinum and ebony. In the center of each are the letters R. T. done in rubies.

GUESS who really has gone Garbo on us in a big way? It's none other than our own party-loving Carole Lombard, who hasn't been seen out publicly in many a day. What's more, Carole doesn't want one single word printed about her romance with Clark Gable. Her close friends say it is still going on and much more serious than Carole wants the world to believe. And it was only yesterday that wild horses couldn't have kept Carole home for an evening. It must be love.

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POOR Bob Young's happiness was pretty short-lived. It's been several years since Bob has been in a class A picture on his own home lot. So he was pretty thrilled when he learned he was to play opposite Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Love On the Run." Joan was happy that Bob was to be in the picture; so was the supervisor and the casting director. Just when things were about to get under way, Director Woody Van Dyke stepped in and told Bob that he felt the rôle would do him more harm than good, because he was the wrong type. Bob still knew he could do it, but Van had his own ideas and there was nothing left for Bob to do, but be disappointed.

AT A Mexican party given by Margo, whose star is rising in Hollywood, all the guests were called on to perform. Margo sang a plaintive Mexican love song. Francis Lederer surprised everyone by pulling a harmonica out of his pocket and playing a Czecho-Slovakian folk song. Afterwards he sang it without the music. When they called on John Beal, he rose to the occasion, by making a speech. "I'm unprepared," said John, "had I known I was going to be called on, I would have brought along my pipe organ."

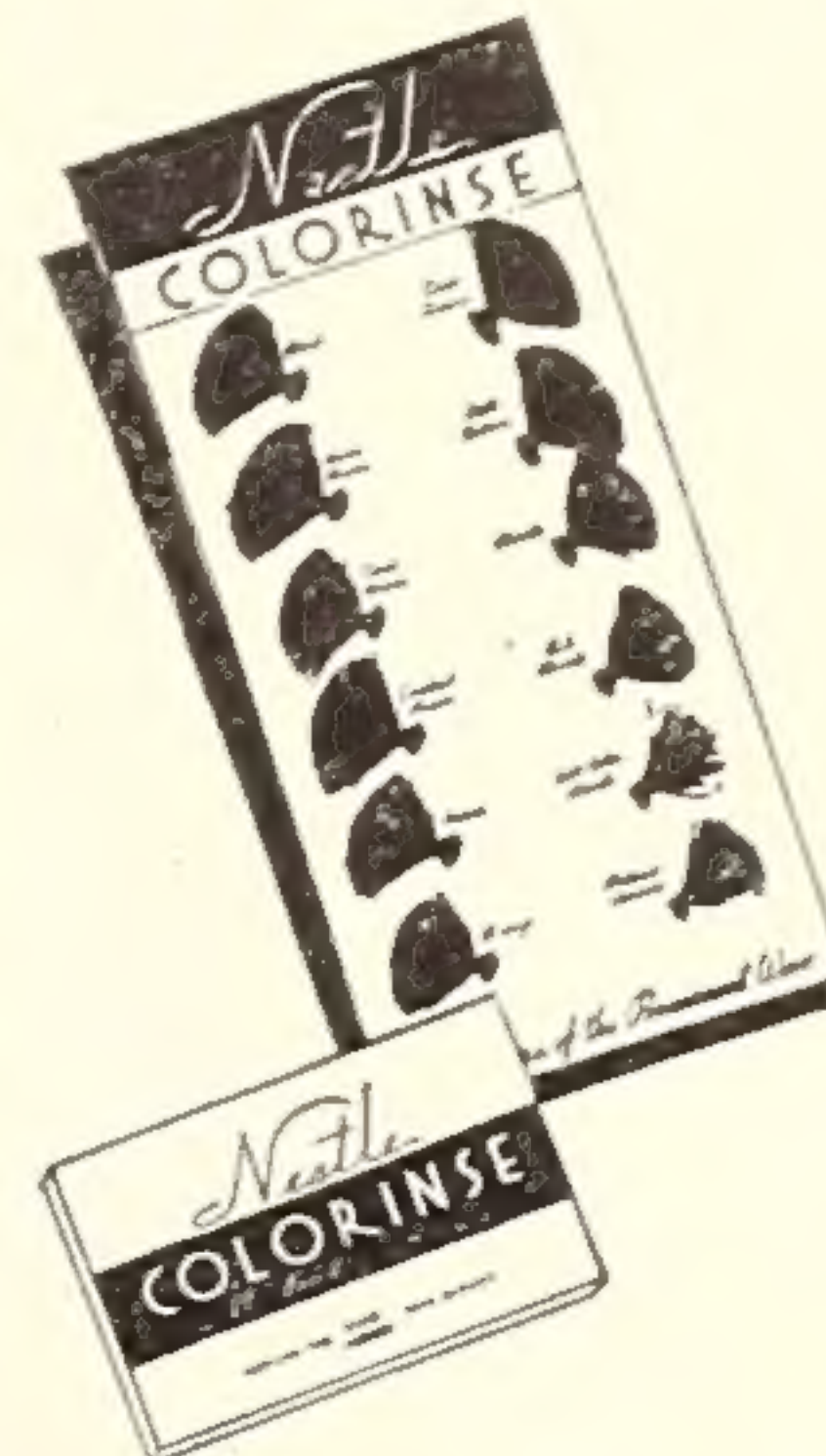
ON A RECENT trip to Europe, Fred Astaire had such a limited stay, he didn't have time to write to his friends back in Hollywood. Before sailing home, he sent each one a cable. Instead of signing his own name, Fred used the name of "Bojangles." (*Bojangles of Harlem* is the very special number in the current Astaire-Rogers film.)

THOSE who witnessed Lily Pons' return to the R-K-O lot, report it was an exhibition worthy of a grand opera star. Lily stood up on the back seat of an open car and threw kisses. When she saw the electricians and prop men, who had worked on her last picture, she cried out their names. It was all quite gay and Lily carried it off in her usual charming way. Best part of it all, she is thrilled to be back making movies again.

ON ACCOUNT of their doing a picture together, M-G-M would have you believe there is definitely something between Eleanor Powell and Jimmy Stewart. When
(Continued on next page)



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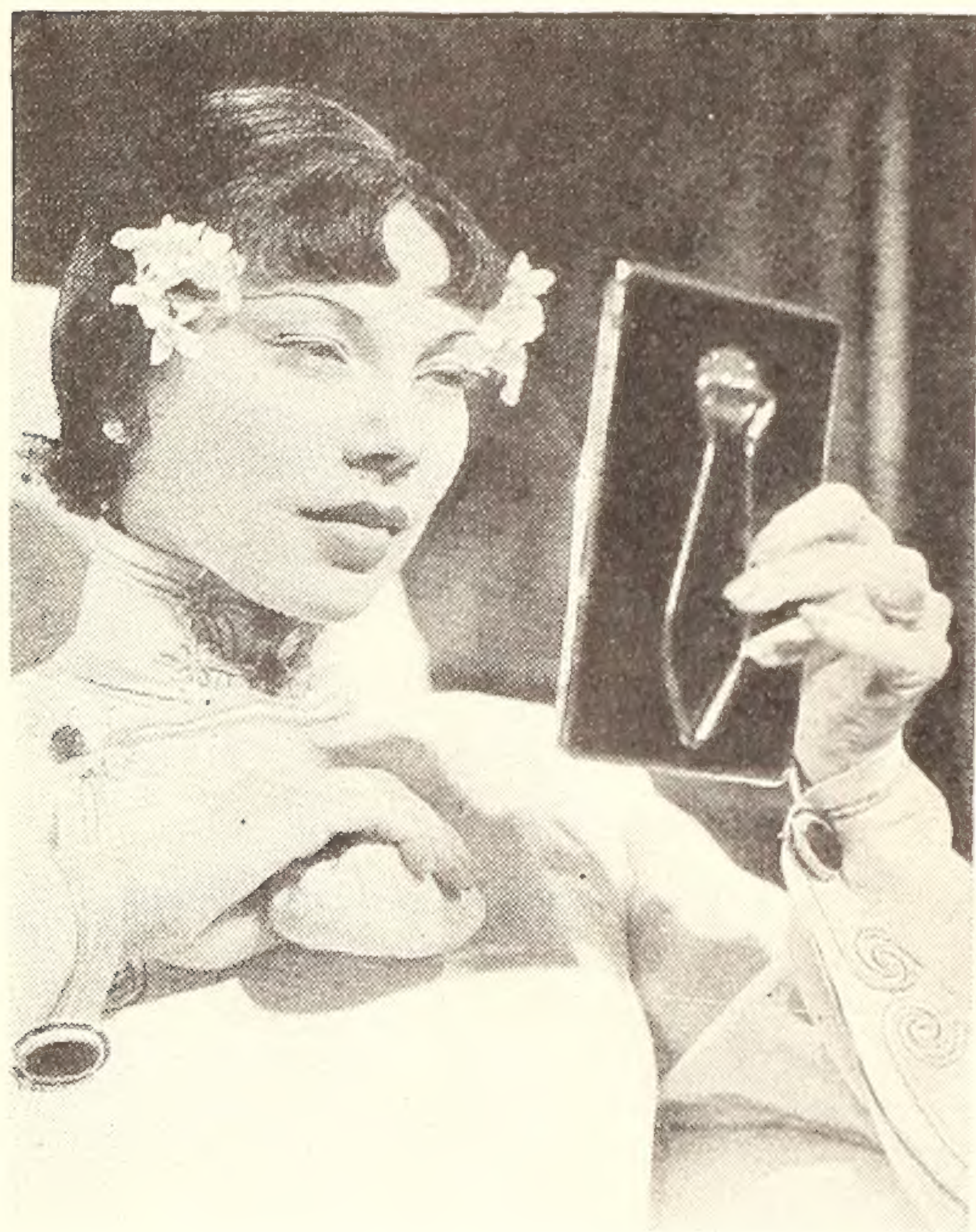
Name _____ City _____ State _____ Age _____

Lili Damita gets ready for a ducking, in a bath scene that breaks the De Mille tradition, for a Grand National screenplay about South America.

Jimmy goes out for an evening, it's almost always with Ginger Rogers or Virginia Bruce. But neither one of the above named ladies is really the girl closest to Jimmy's heart. You'd be that surprised to know who she is. And as a matter of fact, the young lady herself may not even be aware of it, because Jimmy isn't one to wear his heart where it can be photographed.

THE John Beal imposter has caused John so much trouble that he is now taking every precaution to protect himself. At first John took it as a huge joke when he heard that someone was going from city to city, posing and using his name. But now letters are beginning to pour in from irate Beal fans, who censure John for his unbecoming conduct. Most of the letters come from the Middle West.

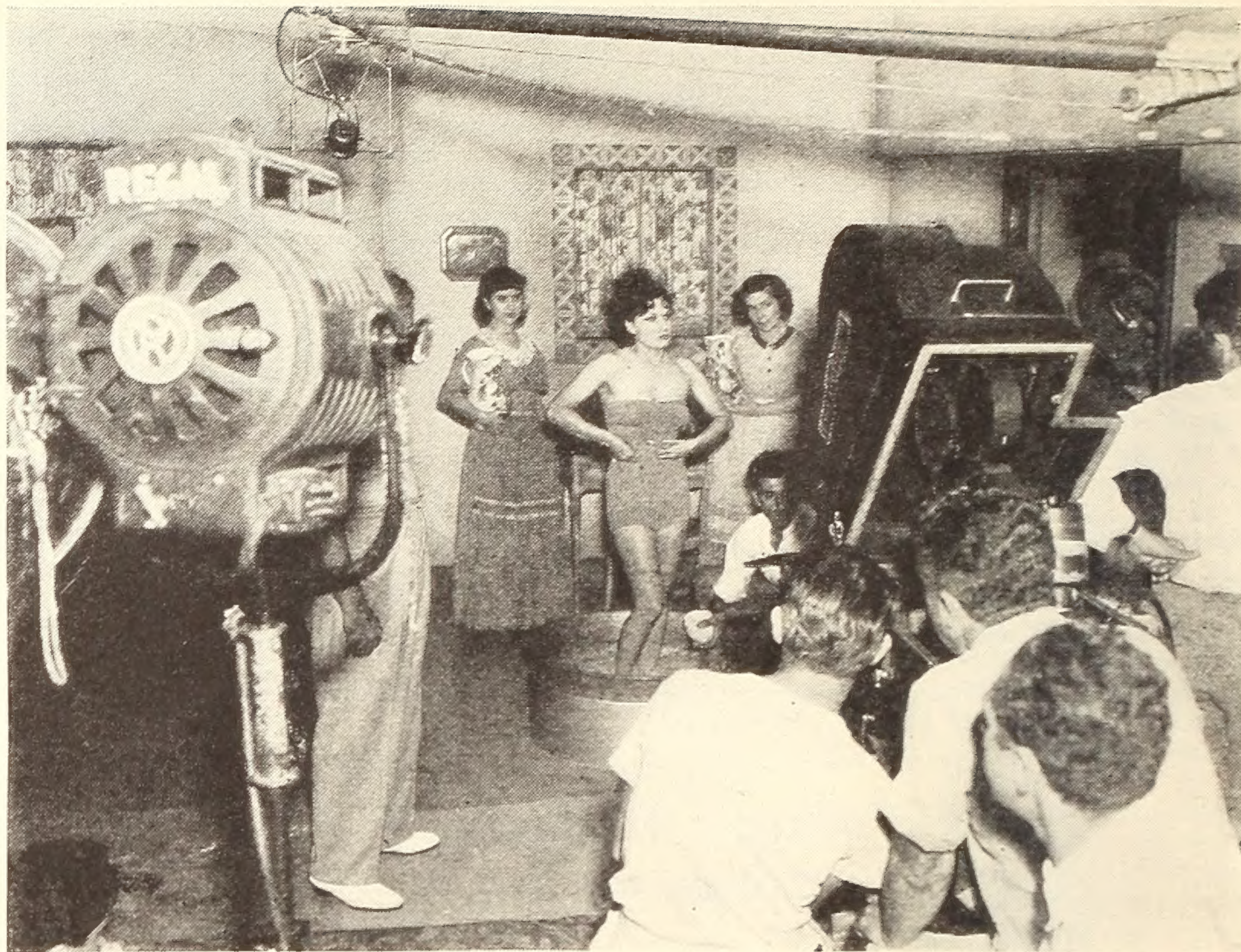
ABOUT the proudest young man in Hollywood is one Louis Hayward. When the Riviera Country Club announced its first annual steeplechase, Louis entered his favorite mount. It was his very first time and yet he came away with the grand prize.



Make-up makes West meet East, as Tilly Losch, Viennese dancer, prepares to play Lotus in "The Good Earth."

THERE are two people who will be very happy to move into the new M-G-M dressing-room building. Franchot Tone has had the dressing-room right beneath Freddie Bartholomew's and Robert Taylor has been quartered under Eleanor Powell's. When Eleanor and Freddie start in doing their taps, there's nothing for Bob and Franchot to do but grin and bear it, and pray for moving day.

MYRNA LOY'S engagement ring from Arthur Hornblow happened to be a star sapphire. After they were married, he promised to give her a diamond on their first anniversary. Naturally, Myrna thought he meant the first year. Instead, a month to the day, after they were married, she found a jewel box at her dinner plate. It contained one of those new bangle bracelets. Attached was a tiny diamond ring and a tiny gold wheelbarrow that meant, "won't you take care of my garden." P.S. Arthur Hornblow is a gardener.



TO THE very date and day, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable started their new picture, by celebrating their five years as a screen team. It was 'way back when Joan did a picture called "Dance, Fools, Dance," and insisted on Clark Gable playing the handsome gangster. From that picture on, Clark rapidly climbed to the top. In honor of the occasion, the studio outdid itself with an ice cream and cake party for the entire company.



George Arliss meets himself—and is he surprised as he plays his first dual rôle, as star of "The Nelson Touch."

YES, Luise Rainer leans a bit toward the eccentric side. At lunch time she starts off with two big pieces of apple pie. Next she goes for a tuna salad and usually tops that off with a bowl of soup. If this is a little bewildering to read, just imagine what the poor waitress goes through, when she waits on Luise.

NOW that Anne Shirley has openly declared her friendly feelings for Owen Davis, Jr., John Howard is paying attention to Arline Judge. They never miss a single dance at the Trocadero and Arline dances with her eyes shut. Um-m-m--m!

MADGE EVANS just received a box of rare rose bushes from a fan. The note that accompanied the gift explained that each plant had been named after one of Madge's closest friends. The night Madge received her present, she told Una Merkel about it over the phone. "I suppose there'll be a cactus plant named for me," cracked Una.

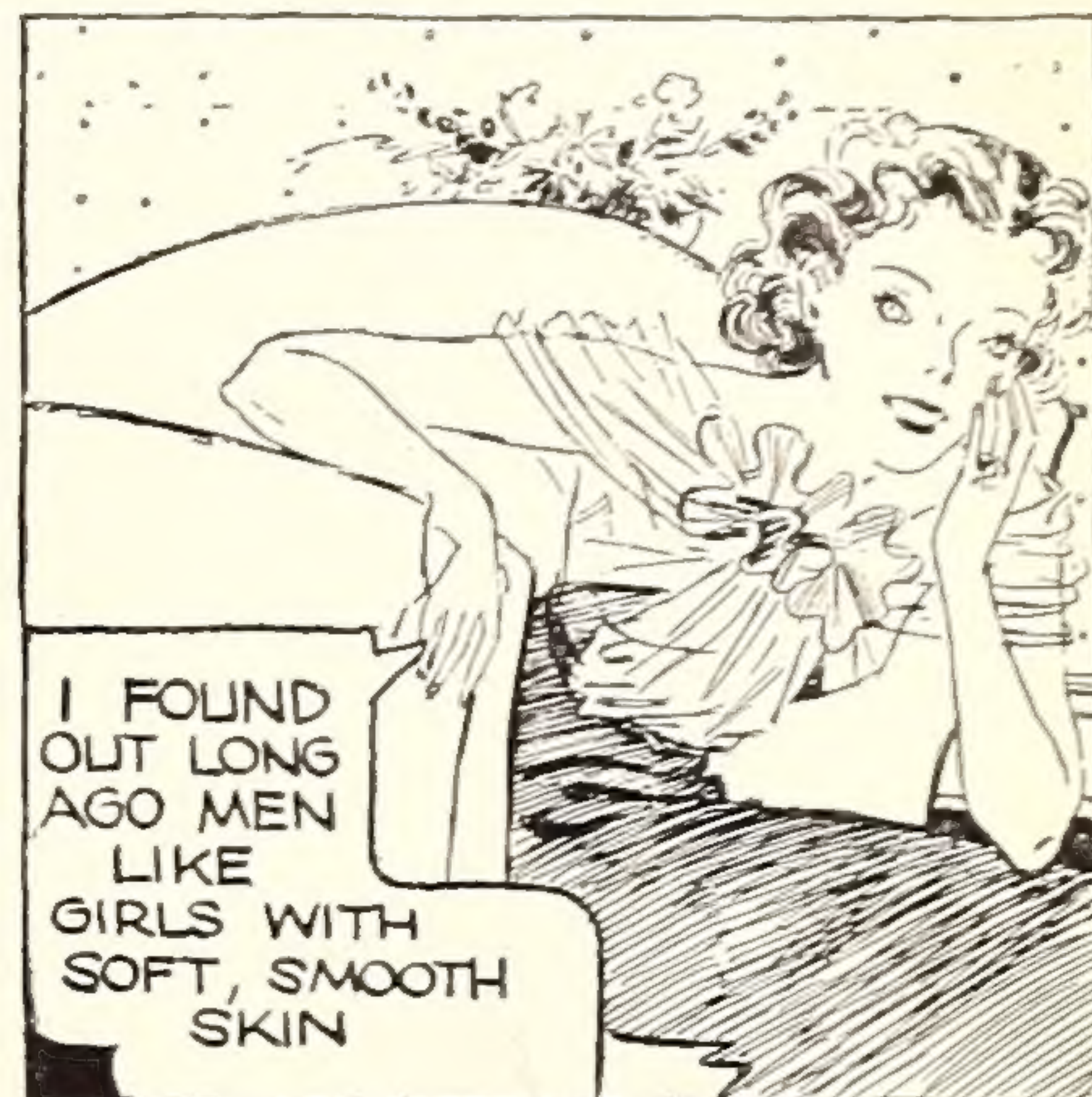
MELVIN DOUGLAS has been having the time of his life entertaining his two aunts, who are visiting him in Hollywood. The ladies have passed their seventieth birthday, but a little thing like that doesn't stand in the way of their pleasure. They insisted on seeing every premiere and dining at every café. When Melvin took them to the Trocadero, he had to plead fatigue to get them home again.



Marlene Dietrich and Richard Tauber, old friends, meet again in a London studio. With them is Diana Napier.

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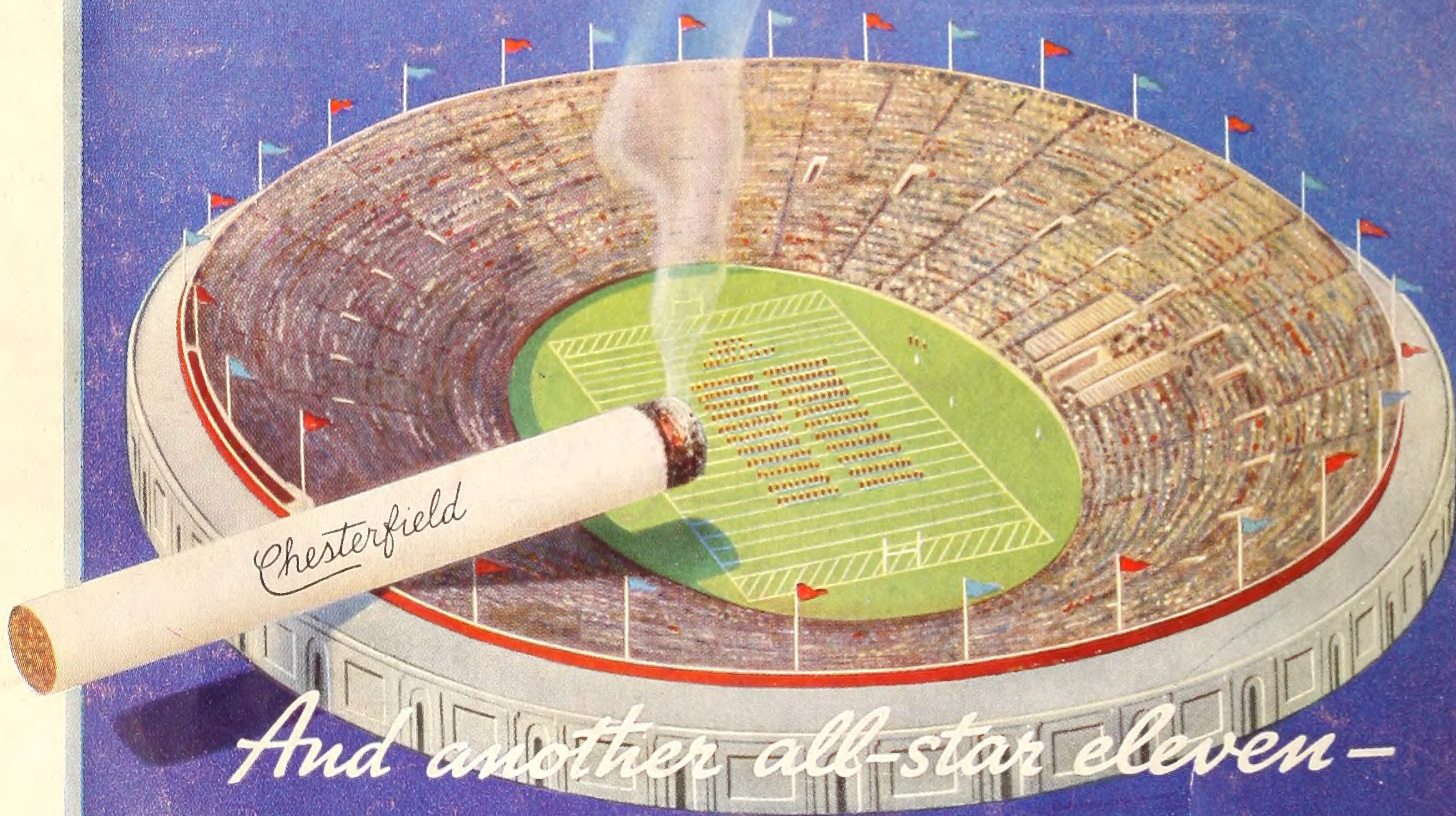


YOU want to have the charm of smooth, clear skin. So follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap.

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Fifty thousand wild adherents -
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